OLD WEST

47304
Fall, 1976
75¢

THE LAST CHOCTAW
"WITCH KILLER"

VON GHROLMAN'S THREE
SILVER BARS

ABILENE, KANSAS –
FASTEST TOWN IN THE WEST!

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

JOHN HANCE OF
GRAND CANYON

—boss of the Biggest Ditch
in the World

Grand Canyon from Desert View, Arizona / Gene Ahrens

Continuing--"SIX HORSES"

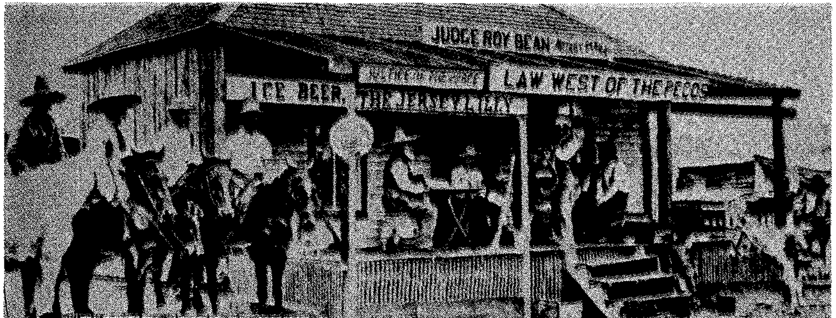
—Old book about the West's first stage lines, their drivers and waystations, their passengers and the Indians who "waited at the pass"!

HOMICIDE AT WINCHESTER

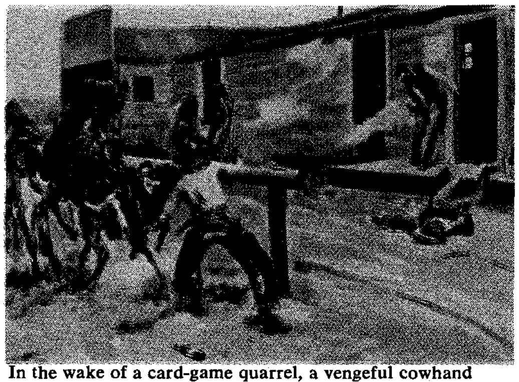
A LADY GOES TO THE MINES

Midnight shoot-outs...duels at dawn...
Law and Order...Frontier Style!

Western History Collection University of Oklahoma



Beer and law receive equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon-courthouse in Langtry, Texas.



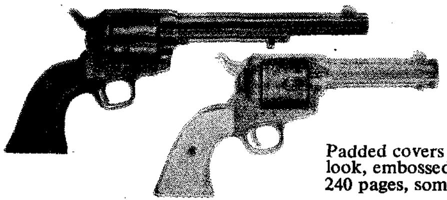
In the wake of a card-game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mortally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Gambler.*

Montana Historical Society

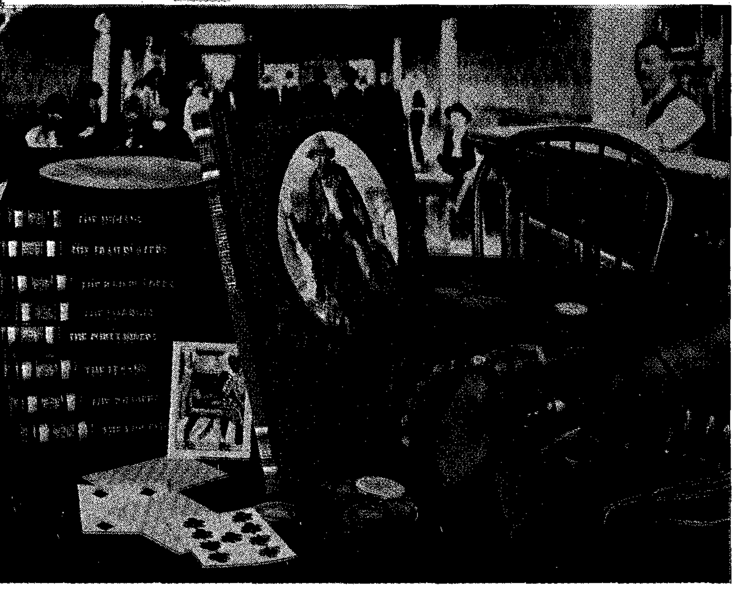
Hangings were often heralded by invitations to the press and other interested parties.

Pinkerton's Inc.

A grim squad of Union Pacific riflemen rides in a special train, hunting Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch.



"God did not make all *men equal*," Westerners were fond of saying, "Colonel Colt did."



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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

BOREIN'S COWBOYS

Edward Borein—Drawings & Paintings of the Old West, Volume II: The Cowboys, (Santa Fe Village Art Museum, Santa Fe, $25.00) was compiled by Nicholas Woloshuk, Jr. who also compiled *Volume I: The Indians,* now OP. There is a brief foreword, an informative introduction and "A Word on Experts" all by Nick. "A Second Frederic Remington" by Edwin Emerson is reprinted from *The Columbian Magazine* of July 1910. The remainder of the 146 pages—drawings, watercolors, and paintings are by Borein, all of range life. Six of the illustrations are in color. The edition consists of 2,000 numbered copies signed by Nick. Strongly recommended.

GOLD!

200 Trails to Gold (Doubleday, $8.95) by Samuel B. Jackson is an authoritative guide to known mines and lost mines throughout the West. Jackson, with twenty years' experience as prospector, grubstaker, and mine owner, has developed numerous properties. He presently owns two inactive mines and is putting one of them back into production. The author devotes the first four chapters to California, the next two to Nevada, then east to Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. He then covers the Pacific Northwest, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Alaska. Jackson's advice on geology, maps, claim jumping, purchase of tax delinquent property, and other opportunities may be the very information you need to strike it rich.

COLORADO-NEW MEXICO LORE

Raymond M. Beckner covered the New Mexico-Colorado border country for forty years as a writer and news reporter. In addition to writing the news as it happened Beckner gathered material for feature stories about the past from the old-timers and in the libraries and museums in the area. His book *Along Colorado Trails* (Raymond M. Beckner, 415 No. 15th St., Canon City, Colo., 81212, $5.95) includes a number of condensations of magazine and newspaper articles about the people and places in the border country. Billy LeRoy, the boy bandit; Jesse Benton, lawman; Lucien Maxwell of the Grant; Bill Coe, outlaw; Old Bill Williams and Kit Carson, mountain men; Ceran St. Vrain, partner of the Bents; Eliska P. Horne, first settler in Wet Mountain Valley; and Col. Albert Pfeiffer who won Pagosa Springs for the Utes in a Bowie knife duel with a huge Navajo warrior in 1866 are among the people Beckner wrote about. Other chapters cover Boggsville; Sharp's Trading Post; Pueblo in 1846; Independence; Hardscrabble Creek; Bonanza; Mace's Hole; Creede; Granite; Fairplay, Parrott City and others. The book is enhanced with a number of photos. This is an entertaining book. Recommended.

☆ ☆ ☆

Guns Along the Silvery San Juan (Raymond M. Beckner, 415 North 15th Street, Canon City, Colorado 81212, $3.45) is Beckner's account of the activities of the loosely knit Stockton-Eskridge-Wilkinson band of gunslingers in the San Juan basin. Both Ike and Port Stockton were in Lincoln County, New Mexico, during the "war" and Port claimed he rode with Billy the Kid and his gang. Harg and Dyson Eskridge, younger brothers of Dow Eskridge, Durango rancher, often rode with the Stocktons. Burt Wilkinson, gunman and handy in disposing of stolen cattle, was the fifth mob regular—from time to time Jim Garrett, Lark Reynolds, Will Hughes, Tom Rodigan, Charlie Allison, Oscar Pruitt and a number of others were identified with them. Beckner does a good job of following the tracks made by this gang of cowmen gunslingers who were sometimes on the side of the law (Port Stockton served as town marshal at both Animas City and Bloomfield) but more often used their ranching operations as a cover to market their neighbor's cattle. There are some nice photos in the book. Worth the money.

RANCH GIRL

The story of growing up on a ranch in the mountains of Shasta County, California is told in *Hardscrabble* (University of Nevada Press, $5.00) by Anita Aldridge Kunkler. The account covers the first eighteen years of her life 1907-1925) and is a down-to-earth record of events in the lives of people in isolated rural areas of the West. The author wrote numerous articles about her hill country people before combining them in a final manuscript shortly before she died in 1967. Dr. Wilbur Shepperson of the History faculty of the University of Nevada edited the manuscript for publication in an admirable fashion—retaining the author's spirit, intent and literary flavor. Dr. Shepperson also wrote an informative foreword about the Aldridge family and its moves from the Appalachians that ended in the Shasta County hills. One of the author's very first memories is of a bullfight on the ranch—it was invaded by a longhorned black Spanish bull and challenged by the ranch Shorthorn. Not all the incidents covered are as exciting but they faithfully record a way of life in a period not long past that is entertaining and informative. Strongly recommended.

TEXAS CLASSIC

Home and Other Moments (Texas Western Press, $8.00) is the fourth book about Texas people, things and life by Elroy Bode, the El Paso schoolteacher. Bode grew up in the Hill Country and the first segment of this book is about his boyhood there. There are stories and sketches about El Paso, Losers, Moments, The Land, and Reporting. His reviews of Larry McMurtry's *The Last Picture Show* and *Moving On*; *North Toward Home* and *The Last of the Southern Girls* by Willie Morris; and the trilogy about Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian sorcerer—*The Teaching of Don Juan, A Separate Reality*; and *Journey to Ixtlan* by Carlos Castaneda constitute a high spot in the book. Bode has insight, and his use of words is beyond reproach. If you are not yet acquainted with the charm of Bode's style and tales this is a good place to start. Recommended.

PICTORIAL HISTORY

Portrait of America (American Artist, $1.50) is a special issue of the magazine in recognition of the Bicentennial of the nation. Nancy Heller and Julia Williams wrote the text for this pictorial presentation of the American land and its people by eight great American painters: Winslow Homer—the great American coast; John Sloan—the American City; John Steuart Curry—the farmlands; Albert Bierstadt—the Western frontier; Charles Sheeler—industry as landscape; Eastman Johnson—the Old South; Edward Hopper—alone in America; and Georgia O'Keefe—the Southwest. Certainly a distinguished list and the selections of their paintings seem excellent—yet somehow the portrait seems unfinished. Why not Charles M. Russell on our grasslands and Catlin or Alfred Jacob Miller on the American Indians? However, the limitations of the format are recognized and you get a lot for your money in this special.

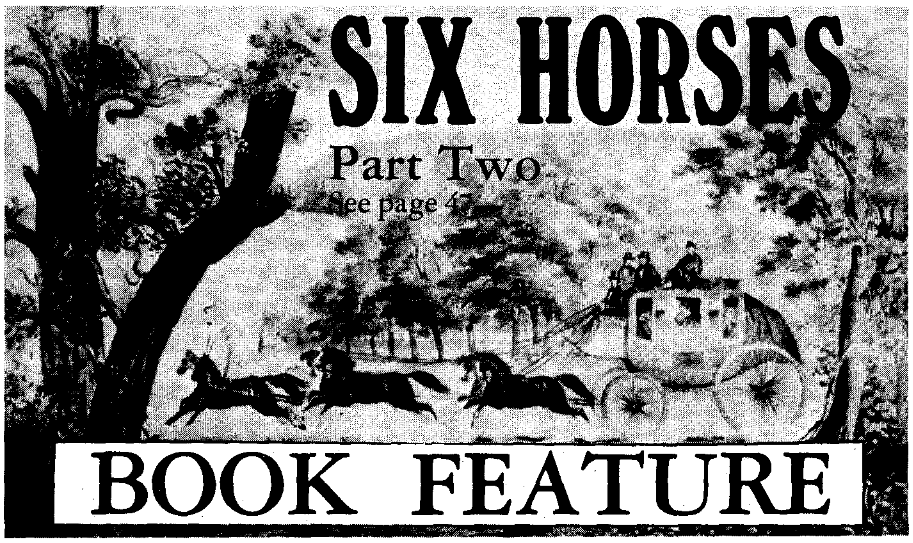
BLACK MESA PEOPLE

Papers on the Archaeology of Black Mesa, Arizona (Southern Illinois University Press, $10.00 cloth—$5.95 paper) as edited by Dr. George J. Gumerman, field director of the project and associate professor of Anthropology at Southern Illinois, and Dr. Robert C. Euler, director of the project and research anthropologist at Grand Canyon National Park, presents the results of excavations and investigations. Black Mesa is a large elevated land mass comprising a part of the Navajo and Hopi reservations in northeast Arizona. Using data from fifty-eight sites (six excavated) on the pipeline that transports coal from the Black Mesa to southern Nevada, several specialized reports are included. In addition there are

(Continued on page 5)

OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION



California Stage Co.

FALL, 1976 VOL. 13, NO. 1 WHOLE NO. 49

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Grand Canyon from Desert View, Arizona

The pilgrim of the Grand Canyon . . .
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A drygoods department in 1918.
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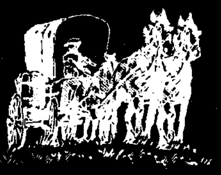

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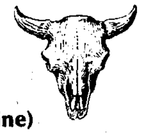

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LETTER RIP!

Walter Overton

My uncle, Walter Overton, passed away Saturday, March 20. I thought you might like to know as you have the last article he wrote set for publication sometime in the near future.

I worked very closely with him all of his life and I am ready to do anything, such as reading proof, on the article you have. He regarded having his writings published in your magazine a very great honor.—Claude Bagge, Gulf States Publications, P. O. Box 111, Elberta, Alabama 36530

The article to which Mr. Bagge refers is "Midnight Alarm" which is scheduled for the December *True West*. Walter's recent stories are "The Dancing Countryman" (Fall '74 *Old West* and "Six-Shooter Serenade" (November '75 *Frontier Times*). He was the author of twelve sketchbooks and was a long-time newspaperman. He was also one of the kindest people we've ever run across. Some of his work will also appear in upcoming issues of *Relics*.

Homesick Reader

I remember Texas—the windswept plains under open skies. Undulating hills that roll gently to far horizons stretched out endlessly. Texas is not the cities, is not the towns; Texas is the land, the people. Texas is a spirit—beautiful, open, free.

Other Texans here in Independence, Missouri also remember as I do, and carry the same feelings and memories in their hearts as I do. That's how it is with displaced persons—especially displaced Texans.—Louise Sanford, 1415 N. Liberty, Independence, Missouri 64050

Colonel Jack Potter

Your OLD WEST book bonus, "Cattle Trails of the Old West," by Colonel Jack Potter, brought back lots of memories to me. I was born at Hayden, New Mexico and lived there with my grandparents until I was thirteen years old and they had both passed away. Then I moved to Clayton to live with my father and sister. We lived for quite a while just across the street from Colonel Jack Potter and I went to school with some of his grandchildren. Then when I was sixteen years old I met a boy from Colorado and we were married by Col. Jack Potter who, at the time (1938), was justice of the peace for Clayton.

My, it is wonderful to read stories like this of people we knew and were raised with. I buy all of your magazines and remain your faithful reader.—Susie Singleton, 1718 Laurel Street, Chico, California 95926

Our Author Makes Good!

You have a man who has written several good stories for you about the old days and artifacts of other times. Some of the events of which he has written happened near Spencer, Iowa and northwestern Iowa. The man's name is Don Buchan.

I can recall back in the early 1940s when I used to drive an old Chevy coupe and I would catch up with Don hitchhiking along the highway toward Spencer. I would stop and give him a ride. He was interesting to visit with as we rode along.

Today, however, *he* drives a Cadillac and *I* drive an old Chevy!—K. La Verne Morris, 1626 2nd Avenue E., Spencer, Iowa 51301

Don's last story in *Old West* was in the Summer '74 issue—"Warm Weather Ne'er-do Wells"—and his most recent was in *True West*, "The Mystery of Trumbull Lake."

J. B. Okie of Lost Cabin

In the Spring '76 issue the article "J. B. Okie of Lost Cabin" lists my name but not my sister's. She is Mary Okie Ahlborn.

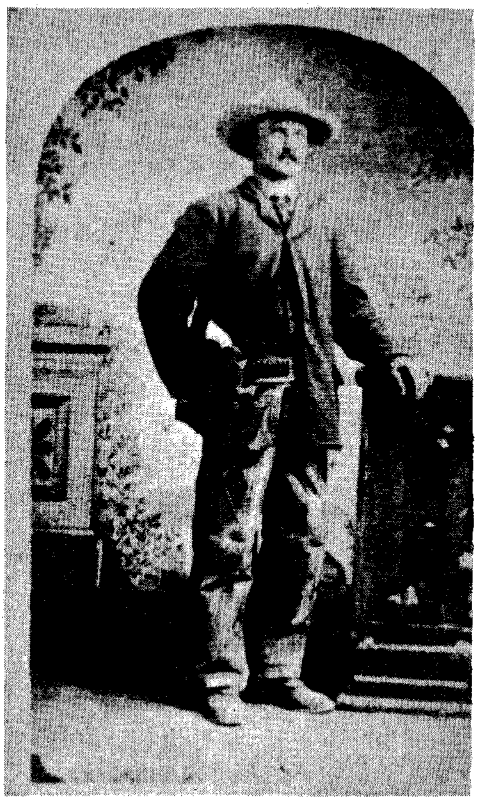
I enjoyed the article and also seeing the picture of our beautiful house. That was truly a mansion with every convenience: gas light, hot water heat with radiators in every room, the mansion fully staffed with help and maids in uniforms of black with white bib aprons.

We also had a recreation hall for nearby ranchers, a dance hall with player piano and rolls of music. We had a greenhouse for fresh vegetables the year around and beautiful cut flowers, carnations and roses.—Mrs. St. Claire Okie Hayden [Address withheld by request.]

Musicians of the West

I am a musician—played guitar and sang in California and Arizona—and would like to contact anyone who used to play with me from about 1946 to 1955. I've been in the hospital three times recently, and have been thinking of Jessie Ashley, Freddie Shelton, Phillip Ball, Allen Sherrie, Ollie Grey, Bob Bailey and Dude Huston, just to name a few of the many. I'd sure appreciate knowing the whereabouts of any of them.—John Yates, Highway 62 West, Salem, Arkansas 72576

Does anyone recognize this man? Printed on the back of the original photo, "W. R. Finch, Billings, Montana—Photographs taken by instantaneous process."



Old Picture

The enclosed print is a picture that has been in my family (Turnage, O'Dell, Pierce and Stone) for many years. If it will reprint well enough to be seen, I would like for it to be in one of your magazines. Maybe someone among your readers can tell me who the man is. There is no date on it, only the name of the photographer, "W. R. Finch, Billings, Mont."—Mrs. Howard Shoelen, Rt. 1, Perry, Arkansas 72125

Carl Smith, Dead at 117

A recent obituary in the Seattle *Post Intelligencer* listed Carl Smith, dead at 117 years of age on Sunday, February 22. I didn't know the old-timer personally and regret not having had the pleasure of meeting him. I am sure he could have enriched our lives with colorful yarns of bygone days.

The article said he was born on Christmas Day in Cherokee, Kansas in 1858. His father had gone there to escape slavery in Virginia and lived to be 121, as did Carl Smith's mother, a Cherokee.

Carl was in the U. S. Army for thirty years, serving in Indian skirmishes on the frontier and later in Cuba, the Philippines and China. He also rode with the Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill Wild West shows. In 1916 he settled in Seattle and was a longshoreman for twenty-three years.

It's sad to think that he lived only a few blocks away and I didn't know of his existence. It's not like the old days when a person knew his neighbors for miles around. These days a person can live for 117 years and not be known by those just a few blocks away. This great nation of ours has come a long way in 200 years but it makes me a little sad when I think of the price we've paid.

I'm not a writer so I can't express in words what I feel, but one thing I can say—I love your magazines.—Mrs. Kathleen Oquist, 3217 So. Orcas, Seattle, Washington 98118

Oregon Graves

I found an old graveyard just out of Milton-Freewater, Oregon and I thought you might be interested in these names that I took from headstones:

EZRA B. POST born November 19, 1851, died May 19, 1891

E. B. and M. POST died February 26, 1881.

MARY DEMARIS born January 11, 1830, died October 5, 1904

MICHAEL GAUP GONE HOME born December 25, 1805, died November 23, 1888

EDGAR HILL FATHER 1849-1924

A. W. GARRED born June 15, 1830, died December 1, 1899

ENOCH DEMARIS, SR. born March 21, 1813, died November 3, 1887.

ROB'T SUMMERS born in Pennsylvania November 31, 1829 died December 30, 1880

BERTHA, DAUGHTER OF E. AND E. S. HILL died December 13, 1908, AGED 17 yrs. 10 mos.

JOHN GRAMAN, WIFE LAVINA October 18, 1882

The headstones are in perfect shape and not too many people know where the graves are located. This is just a few of the many graves there.

Milton-Freewater is ten miles south of Walla Walla, Washington and thirty miles north of Pendleton, Oregon.—Mike Sisson, 411 N. W. 2nd, Milton-Freewater, Oregon 97862

J. R. Dunnehoo

I am trying to locate some information on a J. R. Dunnehoo who purchased a fancy engraved nickel plated .45 Colt single action in 1899. He bought this gun through a dealer in Sherman, Texas; however, he must have moved on since there are no records of any kind on him in Texas.

I wish you would place this inquiry in one of your magazines so that some reader may see it and recognize the name and write me. I have made a long and fruitless search so far for the identity of Dunnehoo (an old spelling), so your help will be greatly appreciated.—Jim Kattner, 621 Lockwood, Richardson, Texas 75080

(Continued on page 31)

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

three theoretical papers dealing with population growth, social organization, and cultural correlates. People have lived on the Black Mesa a long time—carbonized corn remains were recovered from five sites ceramically dated between A.D. 620—775. Maps, photos, tables and charts supplement the text. This is a continuing study—there will be other reports.

THE CHIEFS!

Sioux Indian Leaders (Superior Publishing Co., $13.95) by Mildred Fielder is an interesting presentation of the lives of eight chiefs and the roles they played in the Sioux's encounters with the white man. Ms. Fielder writes about Crazy Horse, the warrior; Spotted Tail, the strategist; Gall, Reno's opponent; Martin Charger, and the Shetak captives; Red Cloud, the schemer; Chauncey Yellow Robe, bridge between two cultures; and Ben Reifel, Sioux congressman. Over 140 photographs, an extensive bibliography, and an index add much to the text and use of the book. Original source material has been used when possible. The author has written extensively, including thirteen books on railroading, mining, hiking, biography, and poetry. Recommended.

COWBOYS SAY IT SALTY

It is good to have *Cowboy Slang* (Superior, $5.95) by Edgar R. Potter back in print. It was first issued in 1971 and was soon OP. There are numerous illustrations by Ron Scofield, including nine in color. In addition to the dictionary of slang there is much on brands, brand reading and ear crops. As special features, brands of forty-two famous old Montana spreads are shown and a brief informative chapter on rodeos in included. Worthwhile.

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ABILENE, KANSAS

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Joseph G. McCoy

Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection

Theodore C. Henry

Three photos, right, Courtesy Western History Collection, Oklahoma Historical Society

Thomas J. Smith

James B. Hickok

Ben Thompson

— the fastest town in the West (with either hand!)

BY WAYNE GARD

ABILENE, whose saloons, gambling rooms, dance halls, and bordellos were crowded day and night throughout the cattle shipping season, was the frontier cowboy's dream come true. Here he could wash off the dust of the long trail from Texas, quench his thirst, try his luck at the gaming tables, and find girls bidding for his company. For four years, beginning with the fall of 1867, Abilene was the most dangerous town in Kansas.

Until the summer of 1867 Abilene had been a quiet little settlement on Mud Creek. It had a dozen log cabins, roofed with dirt, and a few business buildings, also built of logs. John P. Simpson ran the Bratton Hotel, with six rooms and a shingle roof, and had a stable near the creek for the horses of guests. Nearby were Tom McLean's dugout blacksmith shop, Josiah Jones' saloon, and William S. Moon's Frontier Store.

All this changed when Joseph G. McCoy, a young livestock dealer from Illinois, moved into Abilene. By that time the old Shawnee Trail that had brought Texas Longhorn cattle north had been virtually blocked by mobs of farmers in Missouri and Kansas because the cattle were bringing a dreaded disease spread by the ticks they carried—an ailment the farmers called Texas fever.

There was need for a new trail farther west, one that would skirt the farming communities and thus avoid trouble. Joe McCoy had the vision and the enterprise to build the terminal for such a route—later called the Chisholm Trail—and he chose Abilene, on the Union Pacific Railroad, as the place to load the cattle that drovers would bring from Texas. He built shipping yards, an office, a bank, a three-story frame hotel called the Drovers Cottage, and a large livery stable. Then he invited Texas ranchmen to bring their cattle.

With the arrival of the first herds in the fall, Abilene underwent a change of character. It acquired new stores, saloons, gambling rooms, dance halls, and the biggest red-light district in the state. On every hand there was someone ready to relieve the trail hand of the wages he had just pocketed.

The Texas cowboys, weary from the dust, swollen rivers, and stampedes of the trail, liked what they found in Abilene. "Cut loose from all the refining influences and enjoyments of life," wrote one newsman, "these men toil for months behind their slow herds. They see scarcely a house, garden, woman, or child for nearly a thousand miles. Like a cargo of sea-worn sailors coming into port, they must have—when released—some kind of entertainment. In the absence of something better, they at once fall into liquor and the gambling saloons."

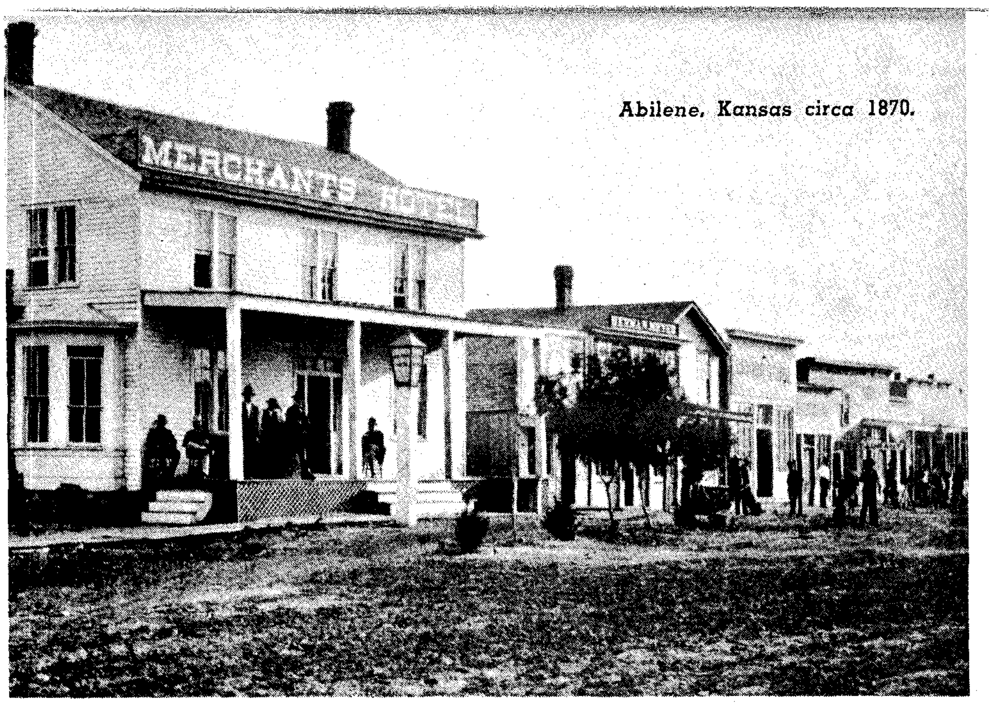
With his herd pastured outside of town awaiting sale and shipment, the cow hand looked eagerly for entertainment, even though he knew he likely would be gypped. As one of his songs put it:

You strap on your chaps, your spurs, and your gun—
You're goin' into town to have a little fun.
You play with a gambler who's got a marked pack;
You walk back to camp with your saddle on your back.

MOST of the saloons were in the part of town south of the railroad known as "Texas Abilene," particularly on zigzagging Texas Street which some called Hell Street. Besides the bars in the hotels, Abilene had seven saloons in the summer of 1870—the Alamo, the Bull's Head, the Elkhorn, the Pearl, the Old Fruit, Jim Flynn's, and Tom Downey's. The next cattle season brought others, including the Applejack, the Lone Star, the Longhorn, and the Trail. All did a thriving business. Some had pianos, or even brass bands, to lure the thirsty cowboys. "Hell is now in session in Abilene," the Topeka *Commonwealth* observed in July 1868.

In the late summer of 1869 the Texan owner of one saloon, the Bull's Head, had trouble with some of Abilene's permanent citizens. To advertise his place he had painted on its front a picture of a defiant red bull, with the animal depicted as realistically as in the livestock journals. Although such bulls were seen on the streets every day without causing any comment, the picture was denounced by leading residents as an affront to women and children. They raised hell with the owner for two weeks until he finally had the offending bull mutilated with fresh paint.

In splendor and popularity, though, the Alamo Saloon ranked first. On Cedar Street, facing west, it had a forty-foot front, with three double-glass doors that were always open. It also could be entered from the back and from stores on each side. Its long bar had polished brass fixtures and rails. Behind the bar an array of bottles was reflected by large mirrors. On other walls were paintings of



Abilene, Kansas circa 1870.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

nudes in Renaissance styles. Opposite the bar were gaming tables and a small orchestra that played day and night. Faro and monte were the most popular games.

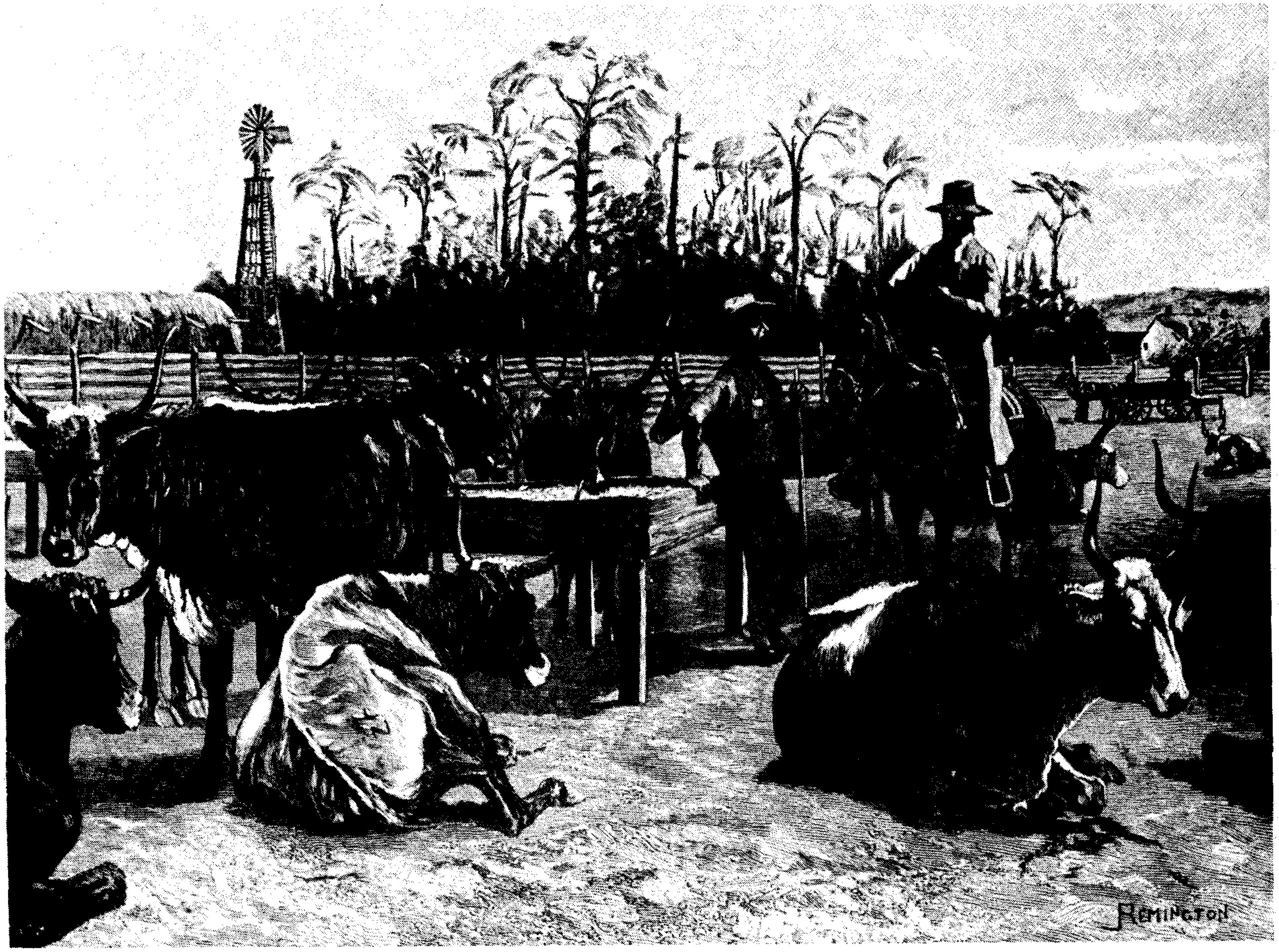
Other excitement was found in the dance halls, which the cowboys entered without bothering to take off their spurs, their pistols, or their broad-brimmed Stetsons. Most of the punchers were poor dancers, but the girls didn't mind, since after each dance the patron was required to buy drinks for his partner and himself. McCoy had no use for the dance halls. "Few more wild, reckless scenes of abandoned debauchery can be seen," he observed, "than a dance house in full blast."

Yet even McCoy couldn't help finding amusement in some of the things he saw: "With the front of his sombrero lifted at an angle of forty-five degrees, his huge spurs dangling at every step, his revolvers flapping up and down like a retreating sheep's tail, his eyes lit up with excitement, liquor, and lust, [the cowboy] plunges into it and 'hoes it down' at a terrible rate in the most approved yet awkward country style, often swinging his partner clear off the floor for an entire circle, then 'balance all,' with an occasional yell akin to the war whoop of the savage Indian."

As busy as the dance halls were the many brothels, most of them in the Texas section at first. During the cattle shipping season women arrived in Abilene from cities as far away as Chicago, St. Louis, and Memphis. They worked on the streets, in the saloons, and in front of their crude cribs.

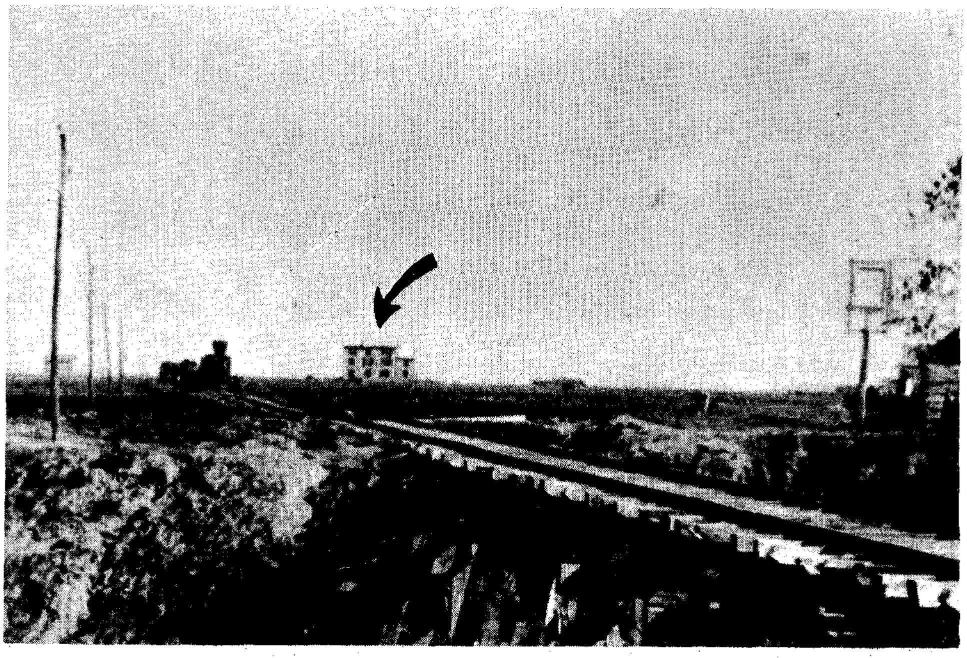
In the spring of 1870 the ladies of Abilene, outraged by this annual invasion, induced their officials to take action. The sporting women then moved to the bank of Mud Creek at the northwest edge of town. A year later they were relocated to the southeast edge of town, in a section called McCoy's Addition by some and by others the Devil's Half Acre. "The women built houses on this ground,"

"Texas Cattle in a Kansas Corn Corral" by Frederic Remington appeared in *Harper's Weekly* April 28, 1888.



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka a lumber dealer noted. "Some of them were more than a hundred feet long. Beer gardens, dance halls, dancing platforms, and saloons galore were there. Hell reigned there supreme. Money and whisky flowed like water down hill, and youth and beauty and womanhood and manhood were wrecked in that valley of perdition."

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



The new Drovers Cottage Hotel (arrow) in this September 1867 view of Abilene looking east from Mud Creek. One of the early houses, right.

MEANWHILE professional gamblers enriched themselves at the gaming tables where stakes sometimes ran into thousands of dollars. One Texas drover, after selling his herd, was reported to have lost thirty thousand dollars at a single sitting. "I have seen a hatful of gold lying in a loose pile on these tables," recalled an Abilene man. "But if anyone had tried to steal it, he would have been bored full of holes in a twinkling."

Cow ponies waited patiently at the hitching racks while their owners made the rounds of Abilene entertainment. Often it was in the small hours of the morning when the cowboys, with throbbing heads and empty billfolds, rode back to their camps. With thugs coming in to prey on the punchers, crime was frequent. A local editor observed that "there was a larger number of cutthroats and desperadoes in Abilene than in any other town of its size on the continent."

John Wesley Hardin, the notorious Texas gunman, who was in Abilene in 1871, said: "I have seen many fast towns, but Abilene beats them all. The town was filled with sporting men and women, gamblers, cowboys, and desperadoes. It was well supplied with barrooms, hotels, barber shops, and gambling houses; and everything was open." Ben Thompson, a saloonkeeper who later would become marshal of Austin, Texas, found Abilene swarming with such scoundrels as pickpockets, footpads, burglars, crooked gamblers, and confidence men.

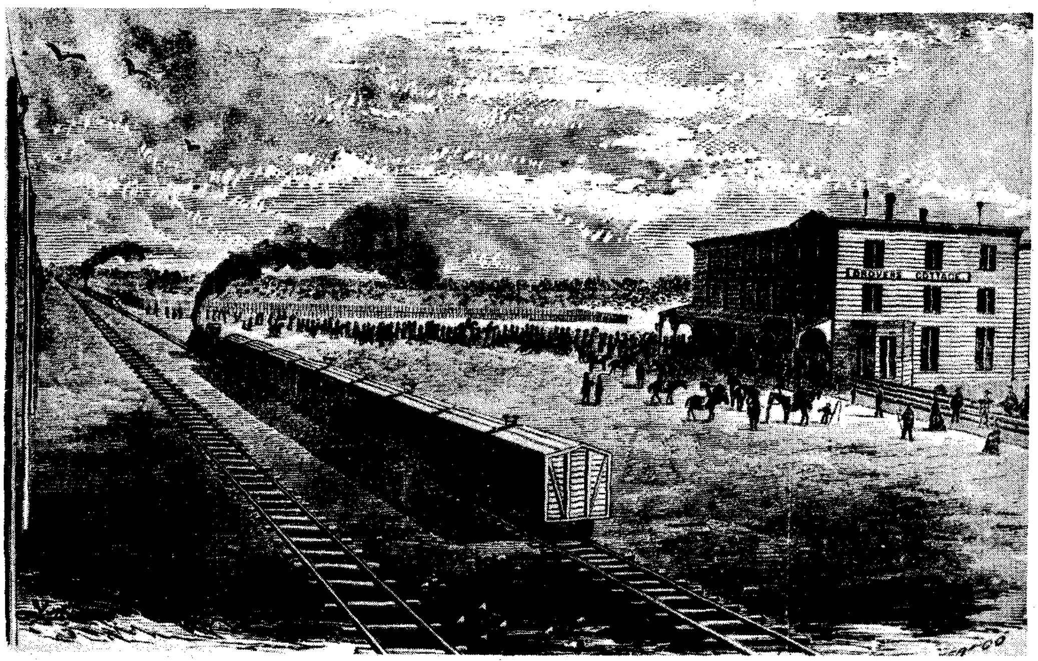
Much of the revelry was witnessed by J. B. Edwards, then in his twenties, as he delivered ice to the saloons and hotels —ice cut from the Republican River and retailed at six cents a pound. "When a man from Texas got too much tanglefoot aboard," Edwards noted, "he was liable under the least provocation to use his six-shooters. Not less than two were always hanging from his belt. If his fancy told him to shoot, he did so—into the air or at anything he saw. A plug hat would bring a volley from him at any time, drunk or sober." Yet Edwards himself was immune from the stray bullets. He died in Abilene in 1950, at the age of 106!

Civilizing influences on the north side of the tracks had little effect on life in Texas Abilene. By the cattle shipping season of 1870 the town had two churches and a small stone school. The county was building a two-story brick courthouse and a tiny stone jail. Before the jail walls were entirely up, exuberant cowboys destroyed them, so that further construction had to be done under guard.

The town trustees tried to restore order that year with an ordinance forbidding the carrying of fire-arms. The notices of this action, when posted in public places, were shot to bits by displeased Texans. So the town fathers began looking for a marshal. They tried several local men without success, then imported two officers from St. Louis. But the cowboys scared this pair out of town in a single day, shot the lock off the new jail to free a Negro cook from a cow camp on Mud Creek, shot out street lamps, and filled with bullet holes the office of Theodore

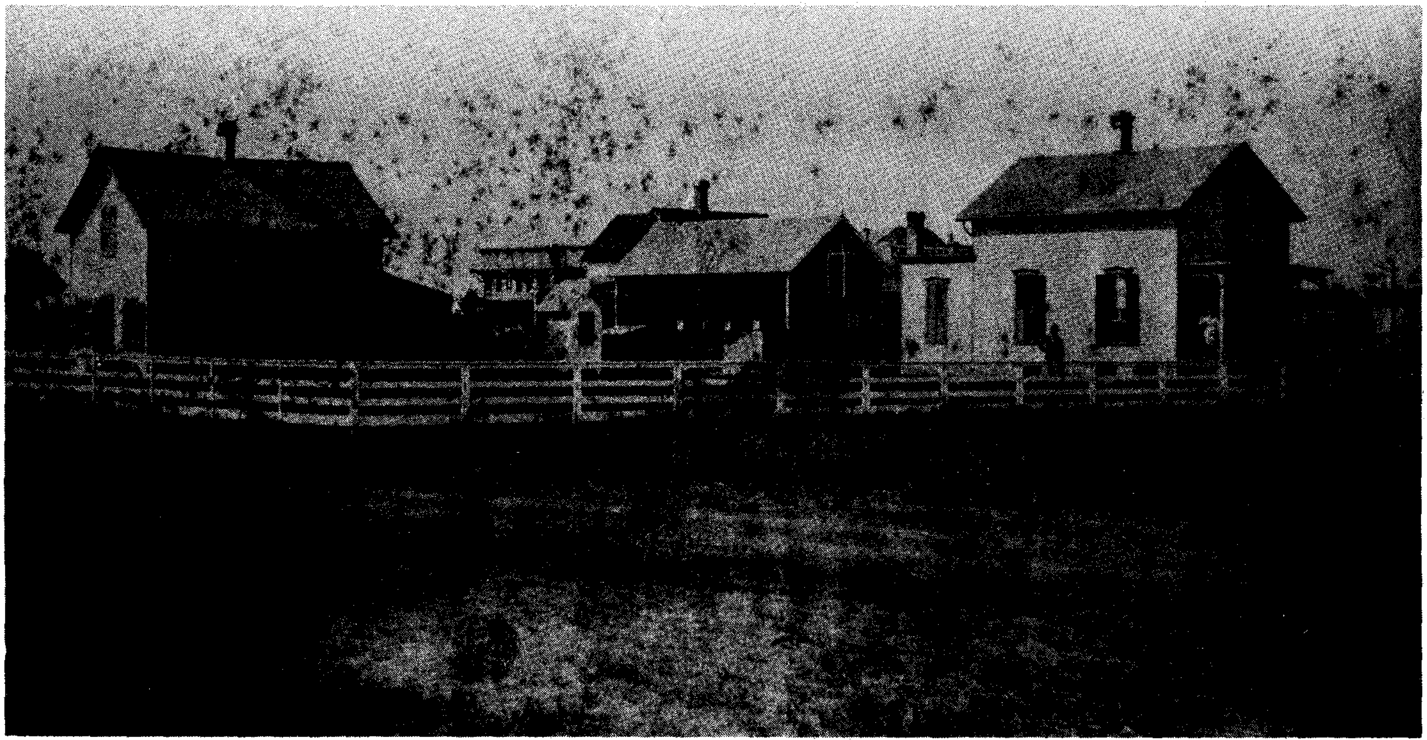
Photos below Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

The Drovers Cottage Hotel, with the stockyard behind, as it appeared in the 1870s.



The Pearl, one of the seven saloons in Abilene in 1870.

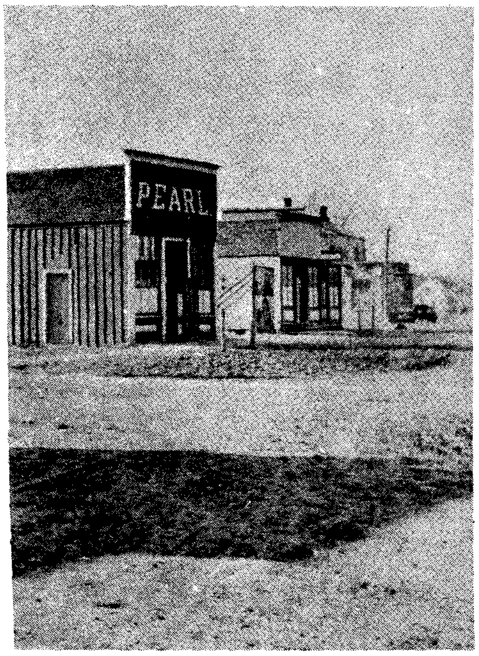
Courtesy Dickinson County Historical Society



View of the two Henry homes, taken in 1874. The first frame house in Abilene, left, built by Mrs. H. Henry in 1868. Then in 1872 T. C. Henry constructed the house on the right. He is standing at the side; his wife and little son are on the porch.

C. Henry, chairman of the trustees.

In desperation the trustees wired for an officer who had been successful in Nebraska and Wyoming. He was a husky Irishman, Tom Smith. On arriving in Abilene on Saturday, May 30, Tom Smith looked over the situation and took the job at $150 a month, later raised to $225. After he pinned on his badge and started walking toward Texas Abilene, a cowboy known as Big Hank began to taunt him. When the new marshal ordered the ruffian to hand over his gun, Hank refused and began to curse. The marshal quickly felled Hank with a terrific blow to the jaw, took his gun, and ordered him to leave town at once. Hank left quickly, glad to get away from the gibes of the cowboys who had gathered to watch the encounter.



This clash quickly spread the fame of Tom Smith in the saloons and cow camps. But in a camp on a branch of Chapman Creek, northeast of town, a hardcase called Wyoming Frank bet that he could ride into town and defy any demand that he hand over his pistol. Frank arrived in Abilene the next morning, Sunday, before the new marshal had appeared, and began drinking and boasting. When Smith came walking down the middle of the street, Wyoming Frank began insulting him and trying to draw him into a quarrel.

After Frank refused the first request for his gun, Smith backed him into a saloon, where a crowd quickly gathered. After another refusal and some vile language, the marshal delivered two lightning blows. Taking the six-shooter from the belt of the offender who by then was flat on the floor, Smith said, "I give you five minutes to get out of this town. And don't you ever again let me set eyes on you."

In the crowded saloon the astonished spectators were left speechless. Then the owner stepped from behind the bar and handed Smith his pistol.

"That was the nerviest act I ever saw," he said. "You did your duty, and the coward got what he deserved. Here's my gun. I reckon I'll not need it as long as you're marshal."

Next the others offered Smith their six-shooters. He told them to leave their weapons with the bartender until they went back to their camps.

FOR the next five months, with the help of a deputy, Tom Smith kept order in Abilene. He used his fists more often than his gun, and he never killed anyone. He had only a few troubles, usually with some cowboy who had just arrived from the trail and hadn't yet learned that good behavior had become the rule.

Tom Smith remained in Abilene until November 2, after most of the Texans had gone. On that day the sheriff, who had been unable to arrest a farmer wanted for murder, asked help from Smith, who by that time had become a deputy United States marshal. With his Abilene deputy, Smith rode out to the dugout of the accused farmer, who was found with a neighbor.

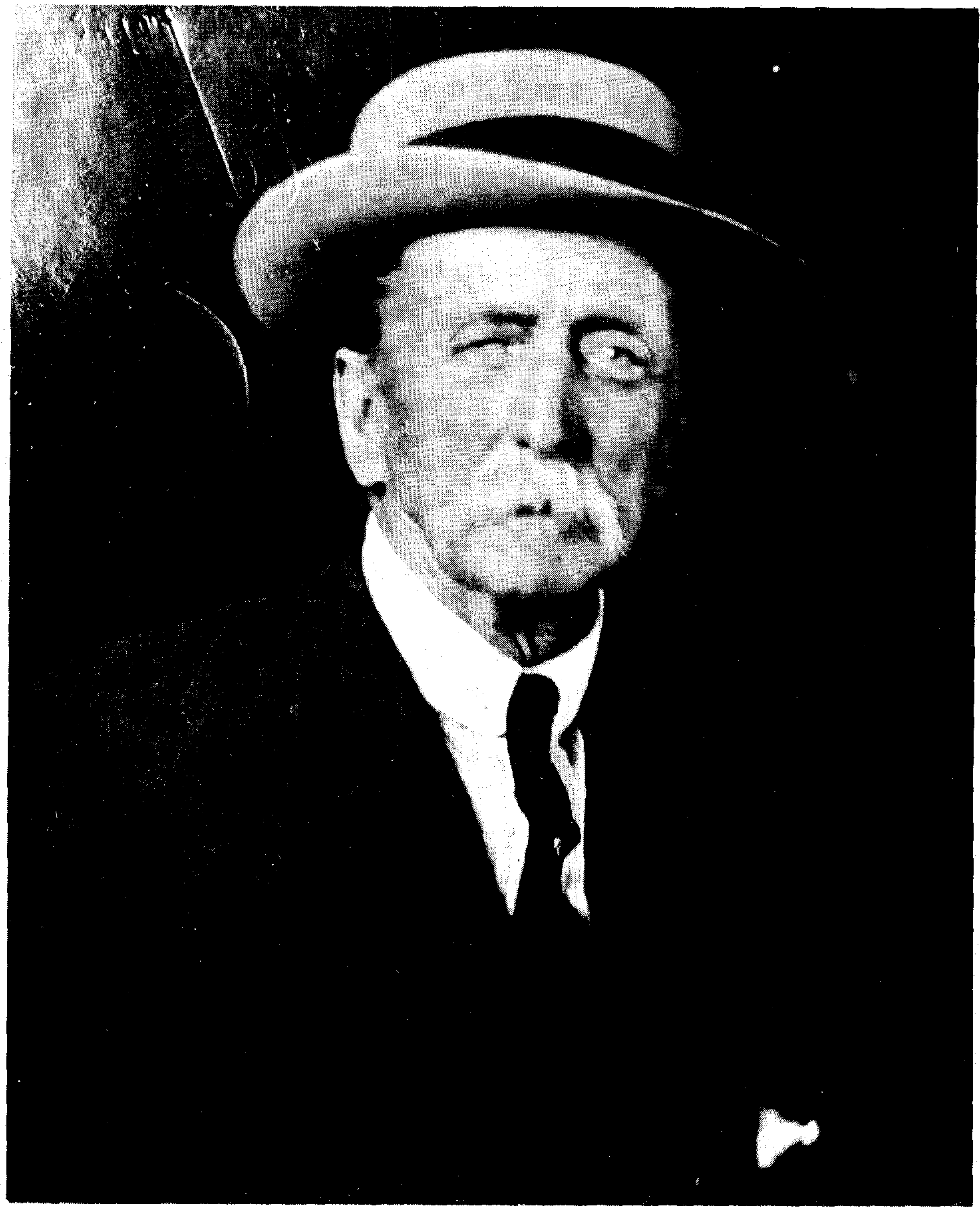
As he started into the dark dugout, Smith was shot and wounded by the accused man, whom he dragged outside. There the visiting neighbor struck the marshal on the head with his pistol, then picked up an ax and chopped his head almost completely off. The deputy, instead of trying to help Smith, left his horse tied, ran to another homestead, where he found a fresh horse, and rode into Abilene with the tragic news.

Abilene gave Tom an elaborate funeral. On the morning after his burial on the prairie, law officers caught the fleeing farmers, who later were tried and sent to prison.

During that winter, Abilene had little need of a marshal, but in the spring a new one had to be found. The choice was a long-haired man who had been a scout and spy in the Civil War and had been marshal of the Kansas town of Hays. He was James B. Hickok, better known as Wild Bill.

Hickok had an enviable reputation as a pistoleer. This reputation enabled him to keep reasonable order in Abilene in its peak shipping season, although he did not work as hard at the job of marshal as had Tom Smith. He made his headquarters at the Alamo Saloon, left most of the patrolling to his two policemen, and

(Continued on page 36)



Captain John Hance in 1912. Courtesy Arizona Collections, Arizona State University, Tempe

JOHN HANCE OF GRAND CANYON

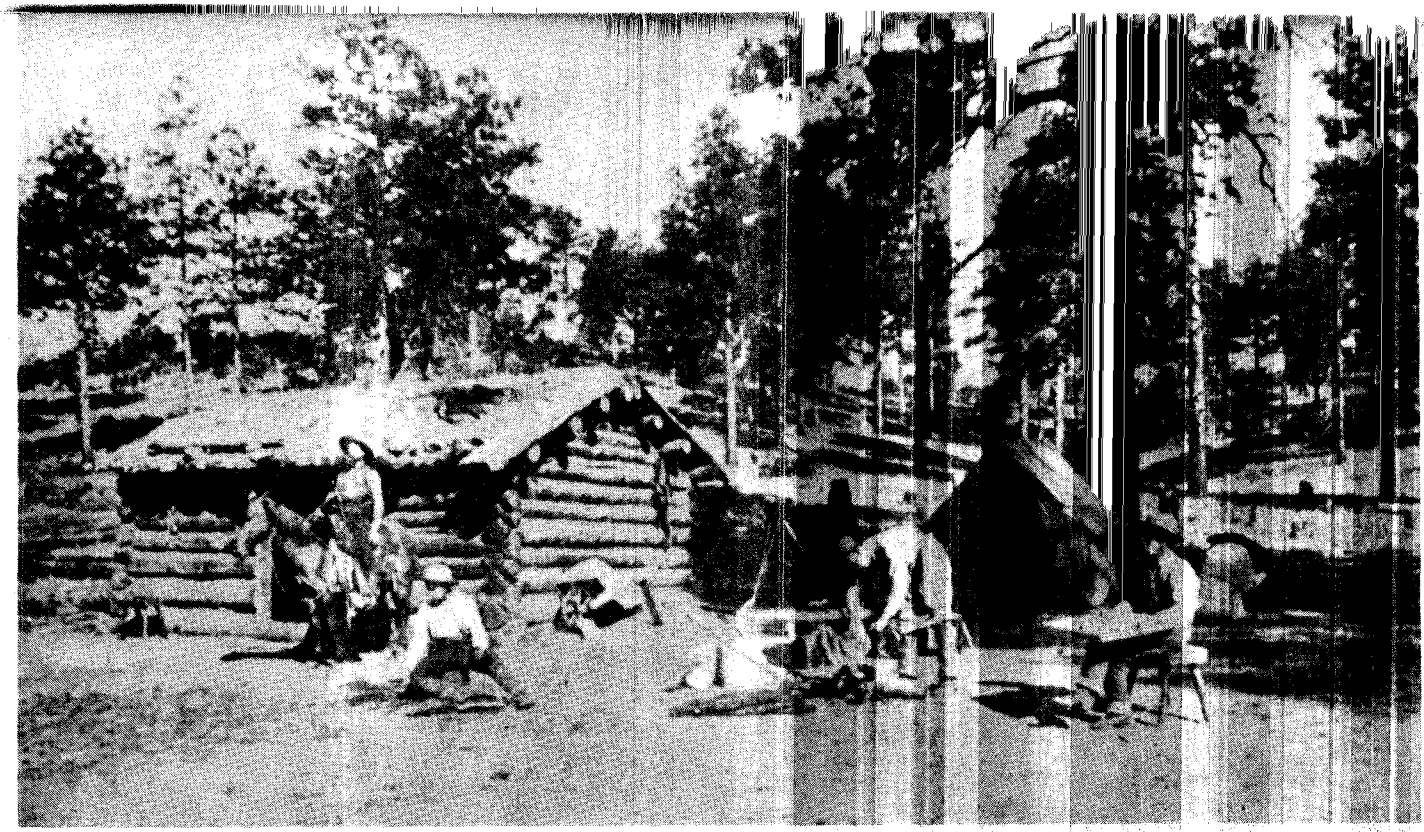
This burro man was boss of the "Biggest Ditch in the World"

BY DONALD N. BENTZ

Photos Courtesy Author

MARK TWAIN is supposed to have said that "a prospector is a liar with a hole in the ground." That description could be applied to many of the early newcomers to the American Southwest, but it fitted one of them almost perfectly. This man was a prospector, guide, miner, hunter, mountaineer, trail builder, explorer, nature lover, soldier, Apache scout, dispatch rider, hotelkeeper, and between 1912 and 1919 (the last seven years of his life) the only paid prevaricator in the world. His name was Captain John Hance.

The early history of this captain of mendacity can be authenticated only in part. It is certain that he was born at



The original Hance cabin, 1885.

Courtesy Department of Libraries and Archives, Phoenix, Arizona

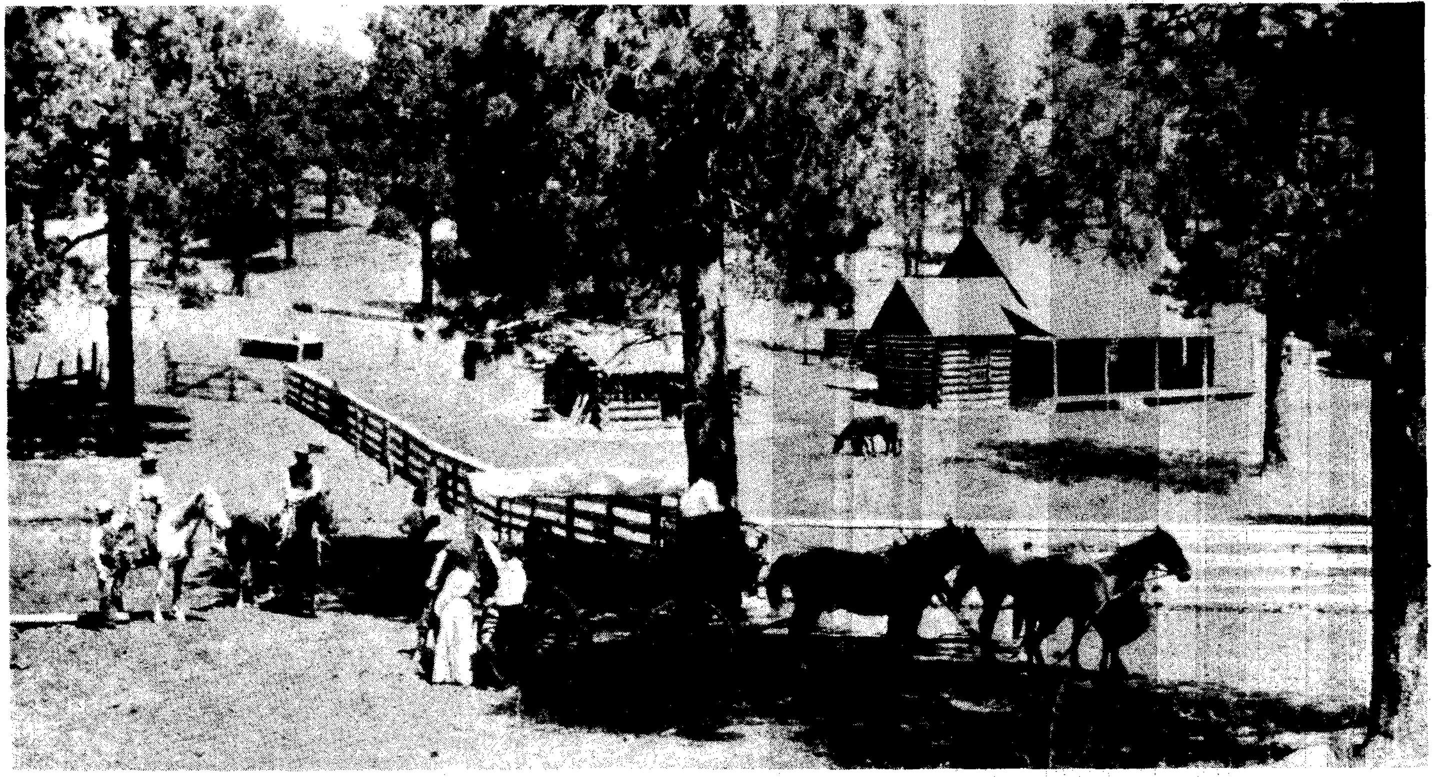
Cowan's Ferry in Tennessee. One date given for this event is September 7, 1851, but it is more likely he was born sometime between 1834 and 1839.

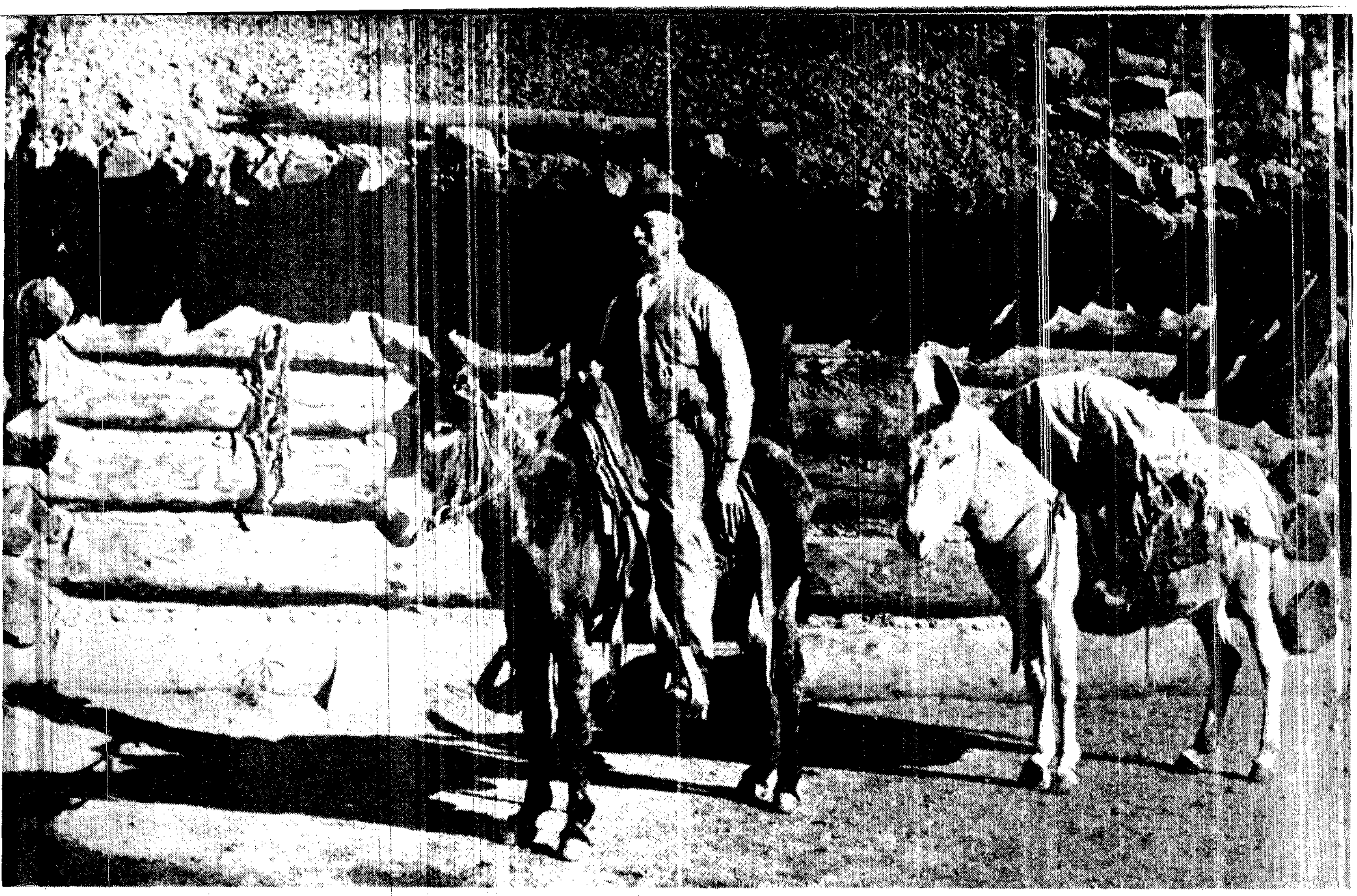
The Hance family moved to Phelps County, Missouri in 1852. During the Civil War John served with the Confederates until he was captured, whereupon he switched sides and fought for the Union. After the war he followed the life of a plainsman, being a dispatch carrier out of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas in 1865. Unsubstantiated stories are told that for a short time he rode with Quantrill's guerrillas, and after that was an Apache scout for Kit Carson in New Mexico. Be that as it may, it *is* known that he, along with twenty other venturesome frontiersmen, including his brother, George W. Hance, did arrive in Prescott, Arizona Territory, on December 4, 1868. Along the route from Missouri to Arizona eight others in the party were killed by Indians.

John and George Hance soon located at Camp Verde, where George ran the sutler's store and purchased a farm. For many years the two brothers hauled wood and supplies for the soldiers, and fodder for the stock, at the army post at Camp Verde. When approximately 3,000 Apaches were moved from the Verde Valley to the San Carlos Reservation a wagontrain of eight teams belonging to the Hance brothers was hired to move the helpless Indians and their belongings.

Hance's log cabin, behind the trees (center), and his hotel, right.

Courtesy Department of Libraries and Archives, Phoenix, Arizona





Hance and his burros.

Courtesy Department of Libraries and Archives, Phoenix, Arizona

FROM 1868 to 1881 John Hance was also an active prospector and miner. Sometime between 1881 and 1883 he "discovered" the Grand Canyon. Actually Garcia Lopez de Cardenas sensed the beauty of Arizona when in about 1540 he beheld the Grand Canyon. Since that early date, however, only a handful of men had ever explored it or prospected it.

So it remained for John Hance to become the patriarch of the Grand Canyon. He fell in love with the world's biggest hole in the ground. The mysticism of the Canyon touched him and he remained infatuated with it until his death almost forty years later.

HANCE explored the Canyon several times before he decided to settle here. In the years before 1883 he worked as a cowboy for William F. Hull, who with his brother Phillip had a sheep ranch quite a few miles south of the Canyon. (Bill Hull first viewed the Grand Canyon in February 1880, but it was not until June 26, 1884 that he entered it.)

Breaking horses for the Hull spread was one of Hance's main jobs, but he also kept an eye on some of the Hull sheep which were grazed near the rim of the Canyon. Luckily a small spring was also discovered near this spot. So when Hance decided to quit cowboying and take up prospecting and mining in earnest he knew exactly where he wanted to make his headquarters.

At first he erected a flimsy cabin under the shelter of the pines, but it was so deep into the woods he could not see the Canyon. Hance then moved almost to the very rim and built a sturdy cabin of logs, with finely dovetailed corner joints. This cabin was not only the first residential building on the south rim of the Grand Canyon, but it also became the nucleus of a 160-acre ranch site which Hance officially homesteaded. Soon burros, horses, and cattle were added to the spread.

It was no mere coincidence that Hance built his cabin very near the head of an old Havasupai Indian Trail which led directly, if somewhat precariously, to the bottom of the mighty and colorful gorge. Hance improved this six and one-half mile trail and it became the first privately built route into the Canyon, ending on or at the south bank of the Colorado River. On both the north and south banks of the river, and to the east and west of the "Hance Trail," the lanky and spade-bearded prospector staked out his claims to copper and asbestos deposits.

In the next few years Hance did establish, develop, and work a few mines, laboriously packing the ore to the rim. At the bottom of the "big ravine" he built another log cabin. Here he would live during the winter, leaving the worst of the cold and snow over a mile above him. At both locations he maintained vegetable gardens.

Quite a few miles west of the Hance Trail was a small area known as the Indian Gardens. Here Hance planted his vegetables and had remarkable luck with pumpkins, whose vines grew up the side of the Canyon.

But the winter months were long. "Many's the time I ain't heard a human voice for six months," he once confided to a friend.

"What do I do to pass the time? I read the almanac over and over, from the front to the back, then back again, and sometimes I sing hymns."

Because asbestos mines were rather uncommon, Hance thought in the beginning he had a good thing going. But it wasn't too long before he realized that the cost of getting the ore out of the Canyon and back to civilization for processing was prohibitive.

LADY LUCK stepped in (in 1885) on behalf of Captain John Hance. A prominent Flagstaff, Arizona lumberman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Ayer, visited the Canyon, and hiring Williams and Phillip Hull as guides they used the Hance Trail to make their way to the bottom of the chasm. Hance was their guide for the inner Canyon hike, and they were impressed.

As word spread, more and more tourists turned up at the Hance cabin, using it as a focal point to enjoy the scenery of the Canyon, and Hance was more than happy to oblige them. He welcomed the travelers to his homestead, allowing the visitors to pitch tents around his cabin. In his spare time he achieved almost maximum use of the little spring close to his cabin by constructing a reservoir, or tank, nearby.

Hance charged a group rate of twelve dollars per day for his services as guide, philosopher, and friend. He further assessed each person one dollar merely to use the Hance Trail.

Hance realized he had found another type of "gold mine," and he exploited his new find immediately. His was the first tourist camp and the first tourist guide

(Continued on page 45)

Buck and His Monument

BY TED VAN ARSDOL
Photos Courtesy Author

—a wizard on roundup

W. Irving Wadleigh

A SEATTLE monument to W. Irving Wadleigh's horse Buck has vanished, but it served for a while to commemorate a notable animal and the open-range era that lasted briefly in the inland Pacific Northwest. The Phelps and Wadleigh livestock business was probably the second largest in eastern Washington in the 1870s.

Buck was buried in Lakeview Cemetery in Seattle, and Wadleigh had a granite shaft erected over the horse's remains. On the south side were engraved these words:

BUCK
My favorite Cattle Horse
Died September 20th, 1884
Aged
18 years and 6 months

Wording on the east side stated:

For 13 years my trusty companion
in blackness of night, in storm,
sunshine and danger.

On the north side of the shaft were the words:

Corralled.
In adversity Faithful.

"Few monuments have ever stirred greater controversy," reported one writer, referring to the dispute over whether a horse should be buried in a graveyard with humans.

IRVING WADLEIGH, a native of New Hampshire, was working for a New York merchant when he was entrusted with a shipload of whiskey destined for San Francisco. Wadleigh, unable to sell his whiskey in the Bay City, traveled on to Portland, disposed of the whole shipment at a profit, and became one of the earliest employes of the Ladd and Tilton bank, which was founded in Portland in 1859.

Wadleigh was still residing in Portland, working as an accountant, when he first saw Buck. The horse was described as "a magnificent sorrel, a Thoroughbred," standing 15 hands high.

"Full of admiration for so magnificent an animal," a newsman commented, "Wadleigh purchased the sorrel, and it accompanied him to eastern Washington." There, Wadleigh had entered into a livestock venture with E. D. Phelps, in the Yakima Valley area which was unfenced grazing land at that time. W. S. Ladd of Portland had a financial interest in their operations also.

A. J. Splawn, who was head buyer for Phelps and Wadleigh for seven years, said they first came to Parker Bottom in Yakima Valley in 1869. Phelps and Wadleigh reportedly bought up Yakima Valley land and consolidated it, until Ben Snipes, the "cattle king" of eastern Washington, bought the 1,500 acres. For about a decade, however, Phelps and Wadleigh were the largest beef cattle buyers in Washington Territory.

Phelps and Wadleigh had an important base at what is now Loomis, in northern Okanogan County, Washington, but a nephew of Wadleigh, Harold L. Bean, who resided at Port Orchard, Washington, stated:

"Their ranch and headquarters was at White Bluffs on the Columbia River and the extended operations, such as Okanogan, were developed as they tried to grow. Wadleigh told me that they ranged cattle from Fort Walla Walla to the Canadian boundary, and included lower Snake River, the Fort Simcoe area and lower and upper Yakima Valley, as well as the east side of the Columbia."

The route which was the main outlet for most of the Phelps and Wadleigh cattle was through the Cascade Mountains to the Puget Sound communities, which were small at the time. Trail drives by Phelps and Wadleigh is in a news item for 1871. The firm, described as "large cattle dealers doing business in the Yakima and Klickitat valleys," had one band that was ranging up into the Kittitas Valley toward Snoqualmie Pass which was "intended for the Puget Sound market."

Splawn recalled that during the period he worked for Phelps and Wadleigh he bought about 90 per cent of the cattle

(Continued on page 25)

VON GHROLMAN'S THREE SILVER BARS

BY RAY D. RAINS

Photos Courtesy Author

WHEN Herman von Ghrolman arrived in Arkansas Territory in 1833 it was nothing but wilderness. That was fine. For a German ex-soldier searching for a place of refuge, the banks of Little Red River seemed made to order. Besides, here he had friends—friends whose hurried withdrawal from the Old Country had been much the same as his.

John Hilcher (later changed to Hilger), the Gunglings (later called Yingling), and a family named Weiche (Wish) were all from Germany. Under considerable pressure in 1831, the three families escaped the dangers of religious persecution and eventually settled along the rich, fertile land of the river which threaded a wild frontier in Arkansas.

It is not known whether von Ghrolman arrived in America a wealthy man, or if he accrued his wealth the first four years as a ferry operator and farmer. It is recorded in the White County archives, that in 1837 he owned 765 acres of river bottom land and was among the highest taxed men in the country.

However, by 1840, Herman von Ghrolman's life had undergone a grave change, one that brought criticism and heart-felt disappointment from his German friends.

The transition began with a friendly visit to the James King farm a short distance below von Ghrolman's ferry. King was the earliest settler in the region, having landed at the confluence of Fourteen-Mile Creek in 1817. King and his family arrived just in time to see the last of the Osage Indians reluctantly give up their hold on the land and make their way toward the west.

Von Ghrolman found James King a most unusual man with many exciting experiences to relate about the vast new country. In spite of a language barrier between the men, von Ghrolman learned of an incident (occurring to King and one of his sons) that set his adventurous heart racing.

IT WAS late summer of 1825 that King and his boy caught the river at low stage and, through the need of bear grease, paddled their dugout upriver some six or seven miles. Landing on the south bank of the stream, they began scouting the area for grizzlies. At this point the river gave way to a high bank where a level strip of land existed some distance before a mountain and bluffs took over. It was here, King related, they found eight human skeletons scattered about the ground.

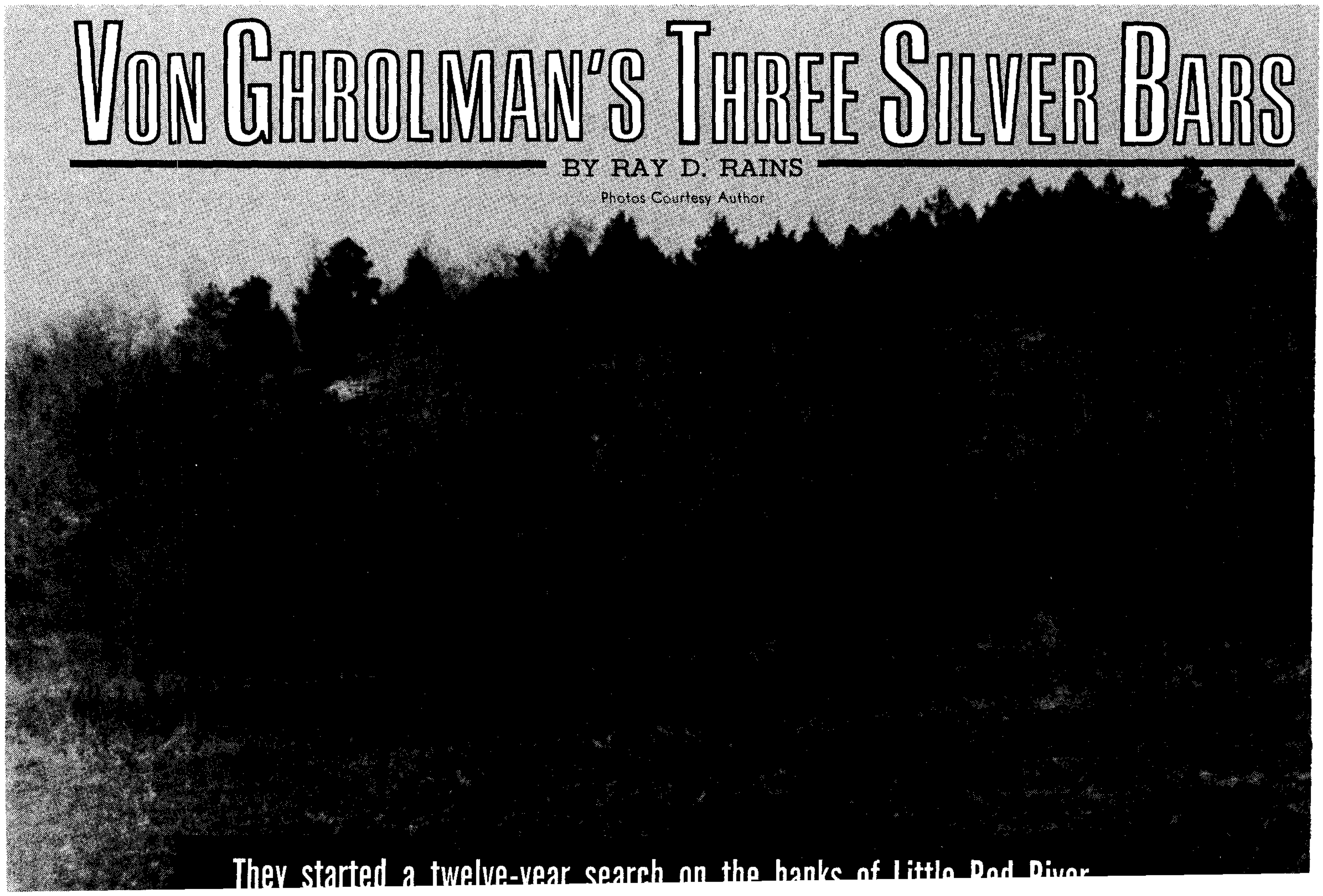
King, a very religious man with the highest morals, went about gathering up the remains to bury them. When he and his son had gathered together all they could find, they fell to work clearing away the underbrush for a grave. It was then they turned up an old musket buried beneath the rotting leaf mold. Searching the area more closely, they found three more. All seemed to be of the same vintage but a type unknown to King.

Von Ghrolman asked King if he still had the muskets. When the old guns were produced, von Ghrolman went wild with excitement. As a former German soldier, he knew at a glance they were not of French origin and neither were they American. He silently concluded they must be of Spanish make, manufactured probably around the 1700s.

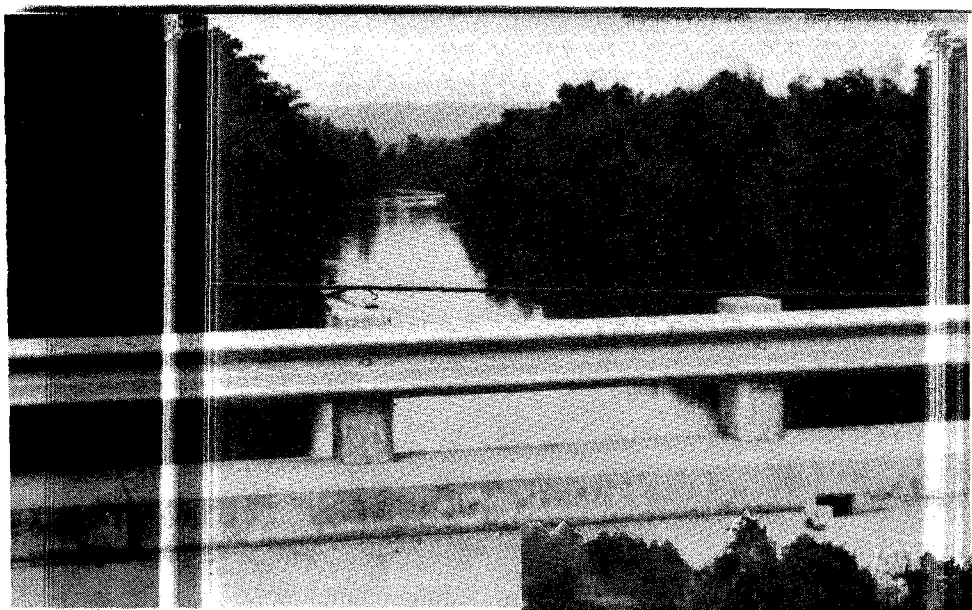
Von Ghrolman offered to buy the muskets for $2 apiece provided King would make a trip upriver and show him where he had found the skeletons and guns. King agreed to do so the next day.

So Herman von Ghrolman left the King farm aglow with enthusiasm over his purchase of the old firearms, covered with rust and with near rotted stocks, though in the back of his mind he wondered why they held such fascination for him. Could it be the bits of rusting metal held the secret to some disastrous confrontation over great wealth—possibly gold or silver? Whatever thoughts were in his mind, he little dreamed that this day would change his entire life; that

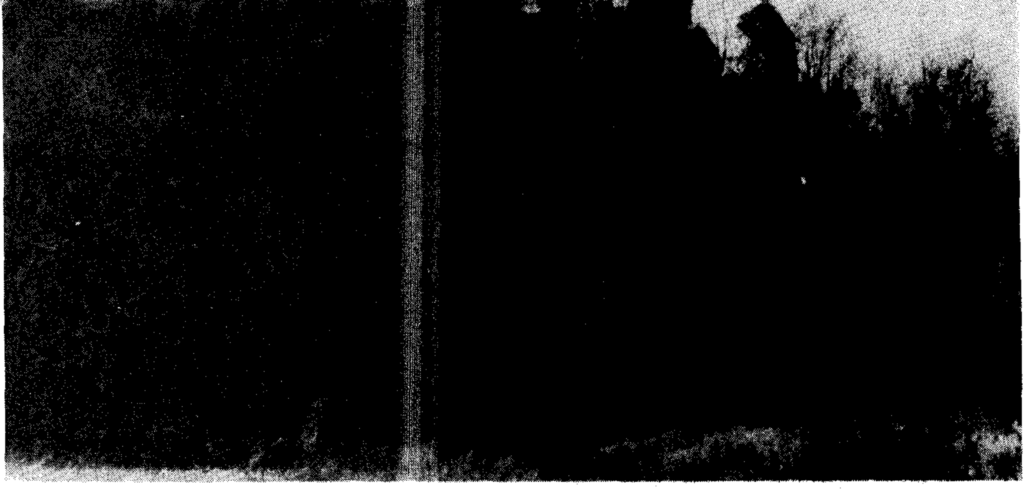
Below: Somewhere in this general area, it is believed, von Ghrolman found the three bars of Spanish silver. The site is two miles downriver from where Highway 110 crosses Little Red River.



They started a twelve-year search on the banks of Little Red River



Left: Looking up Little Red River from the Dewey Bridge that spans it where Herman von Ghrolman operated his ferry.



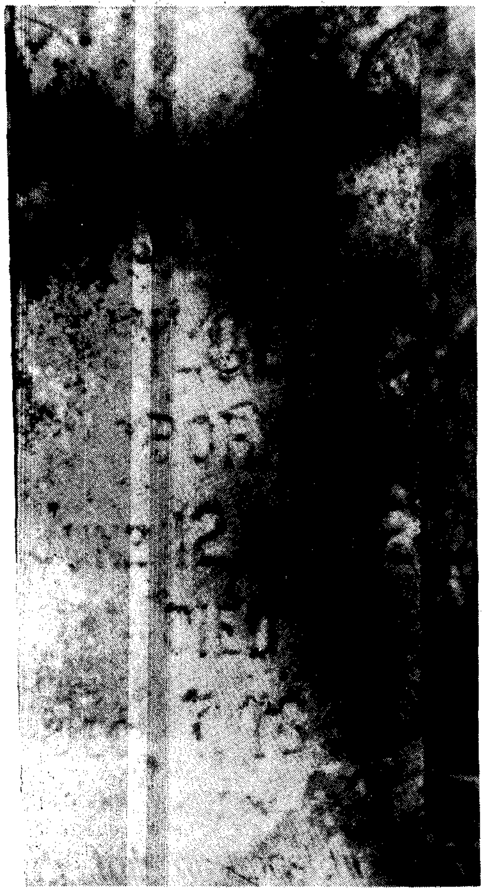
Below: The bluff overlooking the old Humbard Bottom where Brance Humbard found a hand-made gold crucifix. This is some three miles north of Pangburn, Arkansas.

before the end of the decade he would have spent a modest fortune in search of another fortune in Spanish silver bars.

When King and von Ghrolman made the trip upriver, King became utterly confused as to the location he had found the skeletons and guns. After all, King explained, it had been twelve years before.

Von Ghrolman noticed from the river bank that there were three mountains following the curves of the river, and could understand King's confusion because all three looked much the same. Yet from one point he could see that each mountain was separated by a pass which afforded easy access from the south without climbing or descending the bluff-skirted hills.

Below: The grave of John Hilger located in the old Coffey Cemetery that overlooks the vast river bottom once owned by von Ghrolman.



During the next few months von Ghrolman made secret trips back to the spot King thought he had buried the bones, and wondered on each trip why he was so obsessed with solving the mystery of the four Spanish muskets.

THEN one day Herman von Ghrolman's luck *changed—maybe not for the* better, but he stumbled onto something that raised his hopes high.

He had worked his way along the steep bank of the river to the last mountain. Inch by inch he had examined the area from the river to the bluffs at the breast of the mountain. It was here he found some bleached bones lying partially buried in silt and rotting leaves. He knew at a glance they were those of a relatively small four-footed animal of the donkey species—probably a mountain burro.

Falling to the ground on his knees, he began digging the bones from the soft spongy earth. Suddenly the blade of his knife struck against something solid. Moving back, he worked the blade toward his knees until he hit soft earth again. Slipping the knife under the object, he pried up. From beneath the rotting leather skirt of an ancient pack-saddle, he stared in amazement at three silver bars.

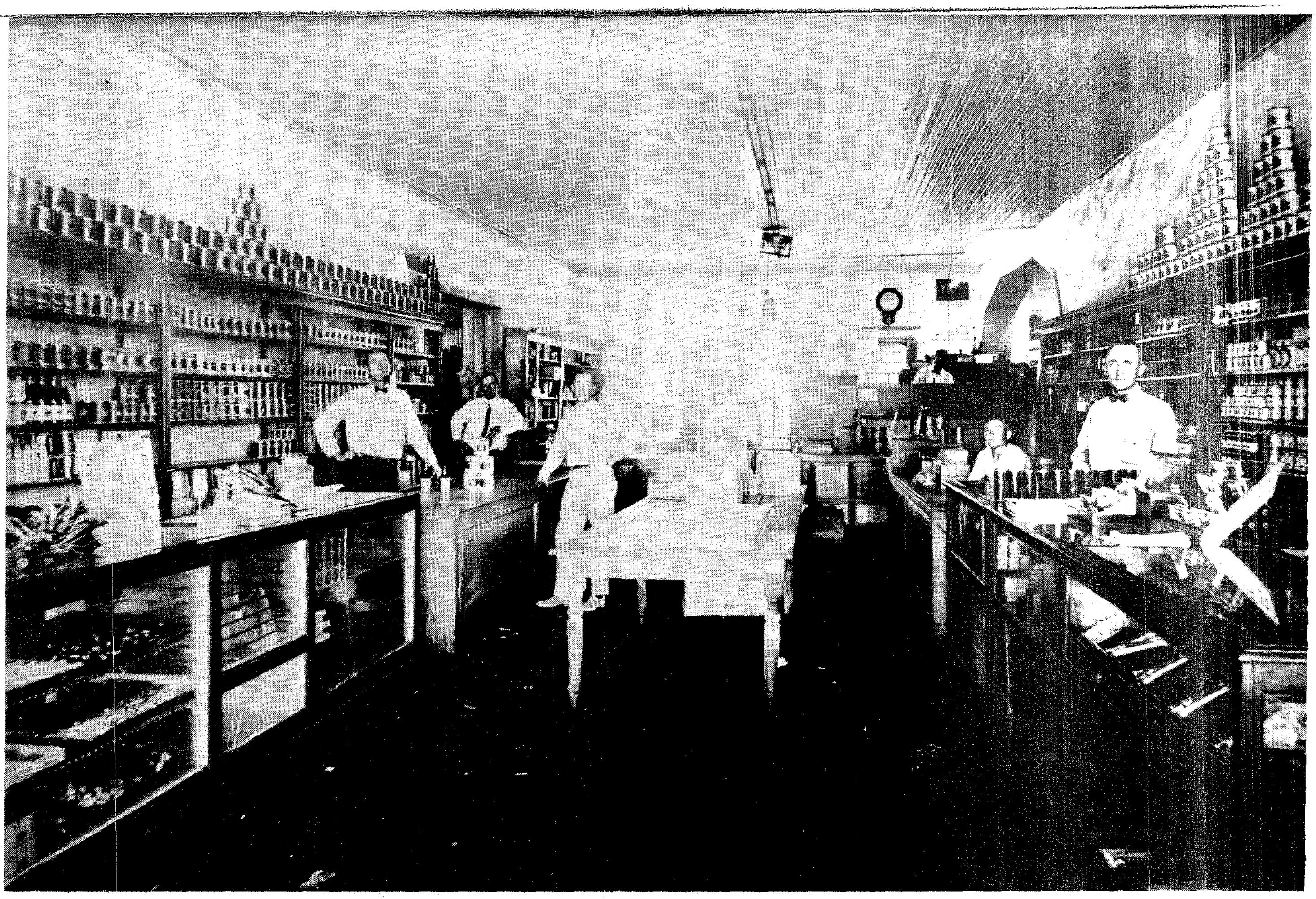
That night von Ghrolman made a trip across the river to visit John Hilger, who had been one of his closest friends in the Old Country. He told Hilger everything—from the first visit to the King farm to finding the silver bars. Hilger, though overly conservative, was impressed but reprimanded von Ghrolman for being so carried away and warning his friend that nothing good would come of an attempt to recover the fortune, even if it existed.

Von Ghrolman's pride was hurt by Hilger's blunt put-down but his deter*mination was not lessened. And though* he suspected his other German friends would feel the same as Hilger, still his mind was made up. He would pursue his search if it cost every acre of land he held along the river. He was positive that somewhere along that strip of land lay hidden more silver bars just like the three he had already found.

According to county records, in 1845 Herman von Ghrolman relinquished his rights to 445 acres of land at public auction for the paltry sum of $610. The *same year he sold his livestock and the* previous year's grain crop. In 1846 his fields lay fallow for want of seed to plant. Again John Hilger made a futile attempt to dissuade his friend from following what Hilger still considered a mythical dream. Again von Ghrolman felt rebuffed, and eventually their long intimacy declined to mere salutations when they met.

It was alleged that von Ghrolman made a trip to New Orleans in mid-summer of

(Continued on page 44)



The Van Horn Trading Company, 1918. Grocery department, le

THE VAN HORN T

BY MILDRED CARSON MULLER

Photos Courtesy Author

"I NEED a windmill," said the rancher, pushing his Stetson back off his sunburned forehead and leaning his arm on the counter.

"And I want to buy a new dress," said his wife. "We're going to stay over and go to the dance at the courthouse tonight."

Both items could be supplied by our store, the Van Horn Trading Company, one of the oldest business houses in West Texas. In fact for years it was the only store between Pecos and Ysleta, some 180 miles of greasewood, cactus, and mesquite brush.

The Trading Company, so-named because it resembled an Indian trading post, was built in 1887 by three brothers, wealthy cattlemen of the area—Ed, Jim, and Bob Lowden—who turned it over to W. D. Johnson to operate. Mr. Johnson, however, had his eyes on bigger things and soon moved to Pecos, ninety miles east, where he established a bank and another store and became the town's leading citizen.

Van Horn is a sand-swept town of scattered houses in a wide valley surrounded by mountains. In the 1890s there were few residents, but the store did a thriving business with the ranchers of three counties and with miners in the vicinity. Records of the Hazel Mine a few miles north of Van Horn show that a million dollars worth of silver was produced there, and around the mine and the smelter a small town grew up with several saloons, cabins for the workers, a hotel, and boarding houses.

The Trading Company's stock was complete from a bolt of satin ribbon to a coffin. Most of the merchandise was under one roof with a dividing wall down the center. One side sold groceries and boxed goods, including a glass case full of tobacco, snuff, and all the makings for cigarettes. The other side of the store held drygoods—clothes, shoes, hats, bolts of goods, curtains, notions, etc.

The office was up a couple of steps at the back of the store. Besides its high desks and stools, typewriters, account books, and adding machine, the office housed an enormous safe, considered by some to be the most impregnable vault in town. Many citizens preferred leaving their valuables in our safe rather than in the town bank. "Uncle" Jim Daugherty, owner of the vast Figure 2 Ranch, was one. He had a cupful of diamonds there at one time and also kept his stock of twenty-dollar gold pieces, with which he paid his thirty cowboys at the end of the month, in our safe.

The Trading Company had passed through the hands of several owners before Uncle Pat Carson and my father, Burch Carson, bought it in 1918. Part owners were some of the men who worked in the store, for there were two salespeople on the dry goods side, three on the grocery side, and a delivery man besides the business manager (my father).

Two adobe warehouses down the back street contained the larger merchandise. One held windmill parts, saddles, harness, ranch machinery, lumber, furniture, and the aforementioned coffins. In a separate warehouse was feed for livestock—hay, corn, oats, cottonseed—and fertilizer. The keys to the warehouses were kept in a drawer of one of the desks at the office.

d the dry goods department, right. The people are not identified.

RADING COMPANY

If you needed something this store didn't stock you were in for a mighty long ride!

ONE TIME my teen-aged brother, who was helping with the delivering, forgot to lock the big double doors after loading the truck with feed, although he had been carefully instructed about this by our quiet, easy-going but efficient father. Bud was accompanied by some of his friends ("numbskulled kids," my mother called them) and while entertaining them with the wonders of the warehouse, he was negligent about locking the doors after he had closed them. When he returned at nightfall to put away the truck, he found a horde of uninvited guests —all the stray cows and burros who were allowed to run free—having a feast on the goodies usually kept hidden from them.

A similar incident happened with the gasoline tanks. In front of the store were two pumps a car's width out in the street where the ranchers could fill up before going home. The storage tank under the street which faced the railroad tracks was kept full by means of a hose from a car of gasoline shunted off on a side track by a Texas and Pacific train.

One day through somebody's carelessness the pet cock under the car of gasoline was turned on before the hose was in the opening of the underground storage tank. Almost immediately gasoline was flooding the railroad embankment and running down the street.

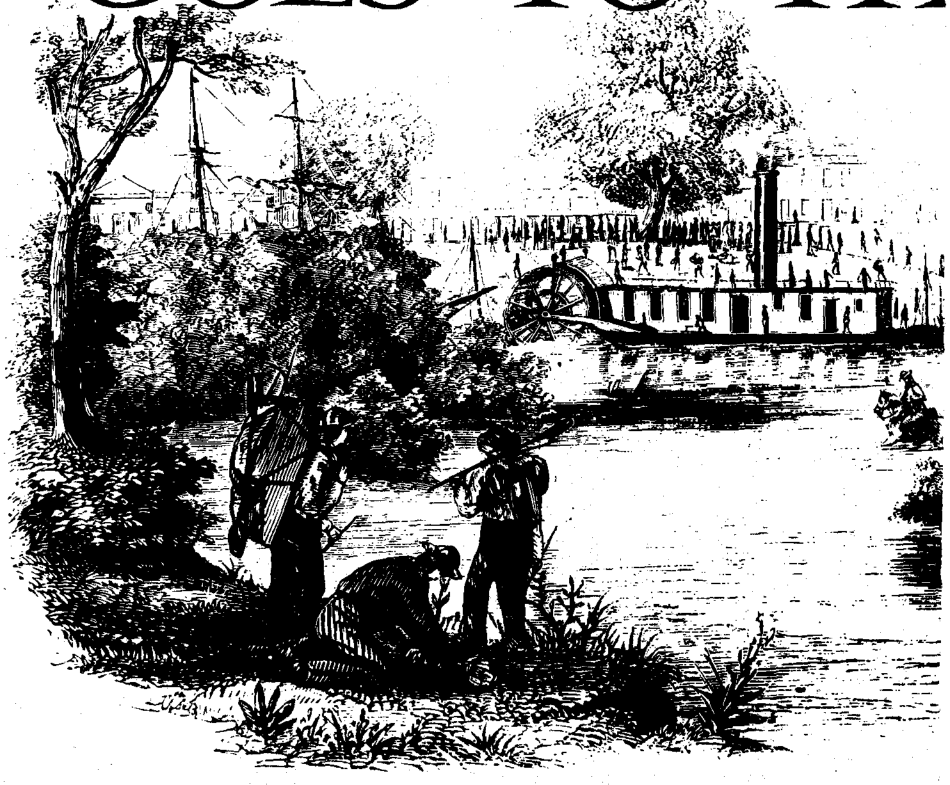
Several observers smelled and recognized the escaping fluid and ran to try to turn it off, but the fumes were by then so strong that no one could get under the car to shut off the valve. A lake of gasoline quickly formed and the fear of fire sent cold chills down our spines; also a horrible realization that $1500 worth of fuel had poured out into the cinders and sand!

Besides serving the needs of its customers, the Trading Company (called "the swapping company" by joking citizens) acted as a social gathering place. Villagers coming to town to meet the afternoon train and get the mail naturally came into the store to see who was in town for the day and what was going on. The long, shiny, scoop-seated benches in front of the row of glass windows were filled with "by-sitters"—ranchers' wives tending their babies or small children while waiting for the wagon, truck, or car to be loaded; housewives deciding what to buy for supper and hoping fresh vegetables might be unloaded from the westbound train for a change.

Most vegetables came on the morning eastbound train from El Paso Valley—big ripe tomatoes, watermelons, cantaloupes, and fresh fruit in the summer. Very few exotic eatables came our way. Lettuce was always waterlogged from the ice in the crates. In the store a sprinkler sprouted from a lazy-daisy type tin vegetable stand on which were displayed cabbages, carrots, and turnips. If there was any new delicacy added, such as radishes, fresh onions, beets, rhubarb, or grapes, word got around fast. By closing

(Continued on page 26)

A LADY GOES TO TH



IN THE SUMMER of 1849 Dr. Fayette Clappe from New Jersey arrived in San Francisco. With him was his small blonde, vivacious wife. Louise Amelia Knapp-Smith Clappe was a published writer, but her most famous works were yet to come. For, as "Dame Shirley," she would write a series of twenty-three letters from the gold mines which would become classics and required reading for those interested in early California.

Louise probably began writing sometime in the 1830s. It was then she met the man who would change her life. On a Massachusetts stage she met the distinguished diplomat, Alexandre Hill Everett. They began a correspondence which ended only at his death in 1847 when he was serving as a U. S. Commissioner in China.

In his letters Mr. Everett—a well-known writer himself—had encouraged his young correspondent: "If," he wrote, "you would add to your love of reading the habit of writing, you would find a new and inexhaustible source of comfort and satisfaction opening upon you."

"Shirley's" earlier writings followed the ponderous literary style of the day, full of metaphors. Sir Walter Scott described it as having "too many flowers and too little fruit." Everett's writings, too, were of this type, yet his letters to Louise were straightforward and clear.

AFTER two winters in the fog, wind and cold of San Francisco, Dr. Clappe's "brain fevers" were too much. On the recommendation of a friend, he decided to go to Rich Bar near the crest of the Sierras on Feather River.

The next spring he sent for his wife, who enthusiastically began packing. Her friends, she remembered, thought that she should be put into a strait jacket. One even suggested, "in a burst of outraged modesty," that it was "indelicate" to go alone among so many men. Louise laughed—and went on packing. Shortly after reaching the mines, she began writing letters to a sister "Molly." Since they lacked the flowery style of the day (her stated intention was to make everything as plain as possible) the "Shirley Letters" may well have been actual correspondence which later was published. The letters appeared in 1854-55 in *The Pioneer*, a literary magazine put out in San Francisco.

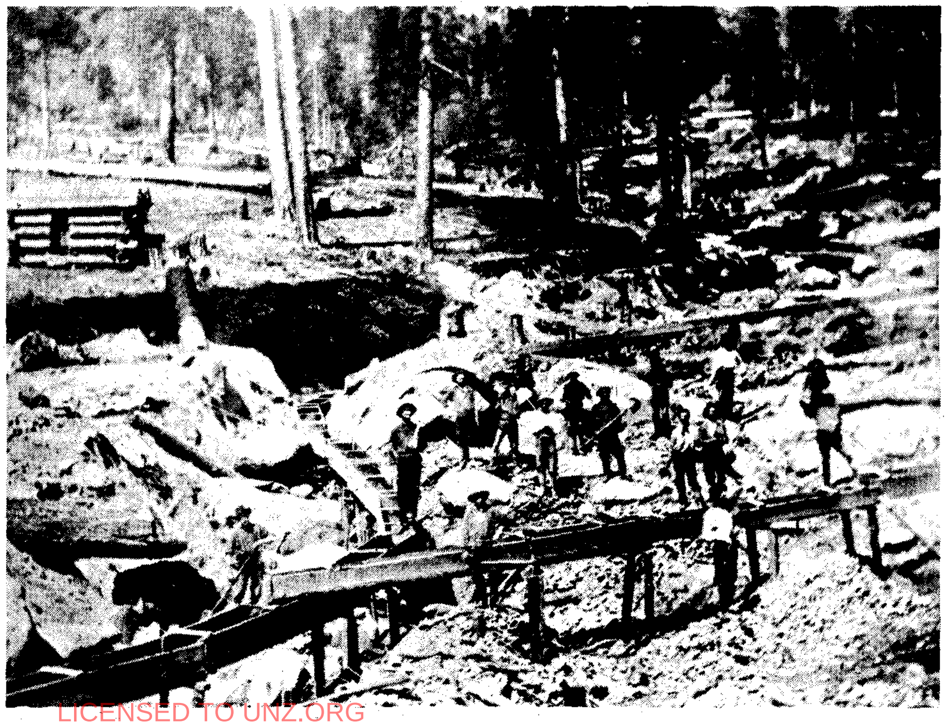
In her first letter, Dame Shirley asked a question which she apparently anticipated from her sister. "How did such a frail, home-loving little thistle ever float safely to that faraway spot; and take root so kindly . . . in that barbarous soil? . . . And for pity's sake how does the poor little fool expect to amuse herself there?"

Louise's account of her journey shows the spirit that prevails throughout her letters. Passing quickly over the boring steamboat ride upriver, she began her story at the rancho ten miles below Marysville. Here her husband met her; most of her clothes were left to be transported later.

Rich Bar could be reached only by mule train. Louise wrapped a few toilet articles in a sheet, which was tied to the back of a little Spanish mule. She described the beauties of the distant buttes as they traveled toward Marysville. There were no side saddles, but Louise thought it amusing to ride astride.

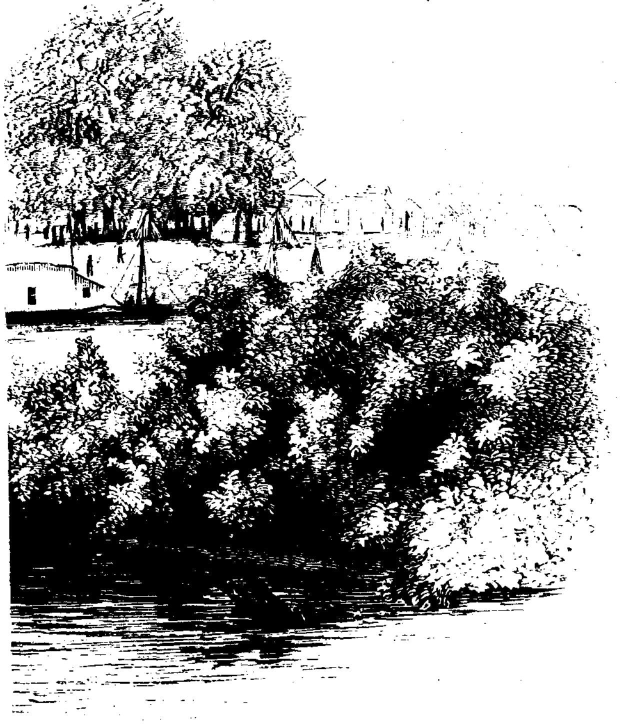
Her first adventure happened shortly after they started. The saddle was too large for the little mule. It slipped sidewise, dumping Louise into the dust. Her husband suggested that they return so she could change. She refused. The

Courtesy California State Library



Right: While not in the area of Dame Shirley's letters, this mining scene shows the activity—and noise—she experienced.

E MINES



Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

Lithographs of Marysville (above) and Birdwell (below), California.

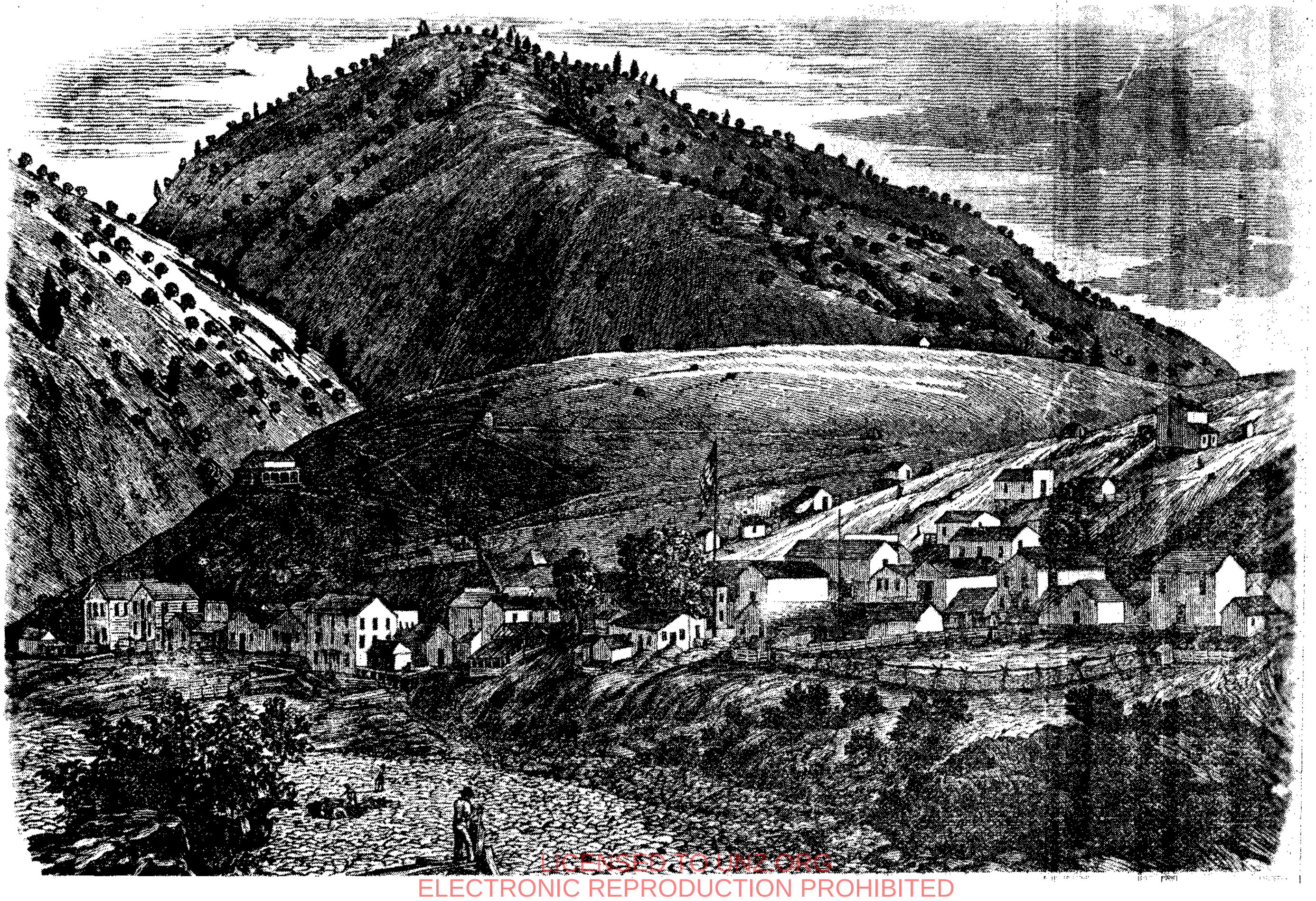
The type of mules used by Louise Clappe.

Courtesy California State Library

BY VIRGINIA ELLER

Her stage driver remembered that she was "the fust woman that ever come over that 'ere mount'in without hollerin'."

Courtesy California State Library



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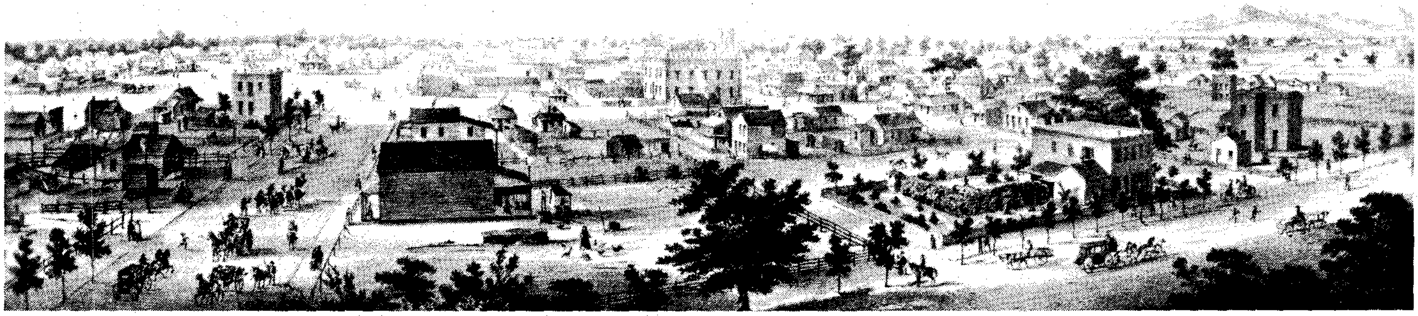


Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company

Above: Marysville in the late 1800s. Left: Very little remains of Marysville today except the streets lined with poplars and cottonwoods, many of which were planted when the town was laid out in 1850.

doctor, fearful of another accident, walked the spindly-legged mule to Marysville.

They arrived at midnight. The hotel help had gone to bed. The only refreshments available were dried apple pies, cheese, and "those tempting and sawdustiest of luxuries, crackers." Louise wanted something hot. Dr. Clappe went out to a restaurant and ordered a meal brought: hot oysters, toast, tomatoes, and coffee. She finished them gratefully and fell asleep.

The stage from Marysville to Bidwell Bar was, Louise wrote, "the most excruciatingly springless wagon that it was ever my lot to be victimized in." Her husband went ahead by mule, so she was alone. The road was steep and narrow. Cliffs crowded in on one side, a "yawning chasm" on the other. "Wonder to relate," she wrote, "I did not oh! or ah! nor shriek once." After they crossed the last mountain the Welsh driver complimented her. He allowed she was "the fust woman that ever come over that 'ere mount'in without hollerin'." Louise was ashamed to admit that fear had kept her mute.

Dame Shirley described the scenery in colorful terms. Table Mountain was "an immense dining table for the giants"; the Red Hills "an ascending sea of crimson waves." She recorded delicate mountain flowers growing in the edges of lingering snow. There were quail, with their "pretty, tufted heads"; deer leaping gracefully from rock to rock "with the speed of light." A flat plain of chaparral with its "ghostly whiteness" reminded her of a "plantation of antlers." At one point the wagon passed by a group of Indian women gathering seeds for the winter. The seeds, along with acorns, were ground between stones, added to crushed grasshoppers, and made into small cakes. Louise was horrified.

She described the women as "ugly of face and figure, but with beautiful limbs." They were carrying cone-shaped baskets which Louise said were woven with "a neatness which is absolutely marvelous, when one considers that they are the handiwork of such degraded wretches." Their only clothing were thigh-length skirts of rushes pounded into threads and tied about their hips.

DR. CLAPPE met his wife at Bidwell Bar. There was, she writes, "only a tent to sleep in, only the ground to sleep on." The air was black with fleas. In the night a grizzly came shuffling about. Louise was frightened, but her husband, awakened by her whisper, simply turned over and went back to sleep.

Berry Creek, the next camp, was ten miles away. There were no guides. Dr. Clappe endeavored to find the way without one. Following lonely Indian trails, they twice lost their way. Louise wrote about the night travel: "The air made one think of fairy festivals; of living in the woods always with the green-coated people for playmates." Their actual "playmates" were hostile Indians, whose arrows had only recently murdered a French couple traveling alone.

Two days and nights later they met a miner who directed them to their destination. They had had no food and very little water. They had slept in the open, wrapped in blankets. And they were still seven miles from Berry Creek. This was one of the few times when Louise's good spirits deserted her. Two miles from Berry Creek she began begging her husband to allow her to get off the mule, lie under a tree and rest. But the good doctor refused to stop, knowing that once she got down, in her exhausted condition, she would not be able to get up again. Louise admitted that she sobbed and begged the whole distance, but complimented her husband on his fortitude. When they finally reached their goal she ate whatever food was offered and immediately went to sleep. She slept for twelve hours.

On the next leg of their journey the tiny mule suddenly stopped dead still. Louise watched as a rattler started coiling for a strike. Her husband shot it. It was, she wrote, "horribly beautiful, like a chain of living opals."

At last they rode down the steep hill into Rich Bar. The miners who met them were amazed that she was brave enough to ride the mule down the slope into the canyon. Louise was ashamed to admit that she was so fearful of the slope that she preferred to trust the sure-footed mule. "It is the prettiest sight in the world," she related, "to see these cunning creatures, stepping so daintily and cautiously among the rocks." Miners told her that mules were often "vixenish" with men, but had never been known to throw a woman. "Perhaps," Louise mused, "they sense our helplessness."

IN RICH BAR the Clappes stayed at the Empire Hotel, a frame structure with starched calico and blue drill stretched about four walls. The inside walls of the upstairs rooms were white cotton. But there were voluminous curtains at the glass windows—glass windows brought in from Marysville by mules. The first floor contained a saloon and bowling alley. Louise soon learned that, next to cards, bowling was the miners' chief recreation.

The doctor had termed his office "a perfect marvel to the miners, from its superior elegance." Louise shortly went to see this "marvel." As she stepped into the log building, she saw two ten-foot long benches along either side of the dirt-floored room. A small window was covered with white cotton, a rude sign on it declaring his profession.

Medicines and medical books were displayed on crude shelves resembling "sticks snatched from the wood pile." The walls were adorned with pictures cut from *Godey's Ladies' Book*, a fashion magazine of the day, and from Graham's and Sartain's magazines for men. The figures looked, she wrote, like "imaginary monsters, sporting miraculous waists, impossible wrists and fabulous feet." Louise sat down and rocked with loud laughter, startling several patients and shocking her husband.

At first Dr. Clappe was one of two doctors at Rich Bar. Within three weeks there were twenty-nine. He made his reputation, however, when he amputated a gangrenous leg to save a young miner's life. As Louise sat beside the patient's bed, she heard a funeral procession pass by, complete with a band. Close behind followed a riotous Chileno procession celebrating their Independence Day. "How oddly do life and death jostle each

(Continued on page 30)

CHARLES JANOUSEK

BORN
1876, Czechoslovakia

ENTERED INTO REST
March 20, 1976
Oberlin, Kansas

SERVICES
March 22, 1976
Leinwetter Chapel
Atwood, Kansas

OFFICIATING
Rev. L. D. Payton

INTERMENT
Atwood, Kansas

CASKET BEARERS
Harry Kogl
Herman Pettera
Jonas Pitner
Joseph Kogl
John Pettera
Harold Weishapl

SOLOS
"Beyond The Sunset"
"The Old Rugged Cross"

SOLOIST
Mrs. Darryl Luedke

ORGANIST
Mrs. Doyle Beamgard

LEINWETTER SERVICE

Courtesy the Oberlin Herald

Charlie Janousek, August 1975

CHARLIE JANOUSEK

— of the last Indian raid in Kansas

BY DOROTHY KELLEY

The late Charles Janousek was interviewed a few months ago by Dorothy Kelley and we are reprinting her article courtesy of the Oberlin (Kansas) *Herald*.

CHARLIE JANOUSEK was one-and-a-half years old at the time of the last Indian raid in Kansas, as close as he can figure it. His forehead still bears the scar of the arrow that grazed his head—the same arrow that killed his father an instant later. The father, Enoch Janousek, an uncle, and a neighbor man were massacred a short distance from the house, when rampaging Cheyenne Indians pillaged and burned as they hurried north to escape soldiers who were hunting them down.

None of the men had a gun. Charlie's father had brought a gun from the Old Country, but the others wouldn't let him take it. "Said if they went along with the Indians and did what they tell us they'd let us alone," then they killed them. "If he had taken it he would have been alive," he said. "The Indians were afraid of a gun and wouldn't bother you."

One Indian, evidently of a more kindly disposition than the others, jumped off his horse, grabbed the bleeding youngster up and carried him into the house. There he pulled a featherbed onto the floor, placed young Charlie, blood streaming down his face, on it and made signs to the mother to take care of him. "Of course I was too little to actually remember it," he said, but it had been told him so often he didn't forget. His brothers and two cousins ran into the creek and followed it for four days and got away.

No papers are in existence that show his exact birthday, because they were burned in a fire that destroyed the church at Atwood where he was baptized. His wedding certificate at Trenton, Nebraska shows that he was twenty-five at that time and was born in Moravia, but he is not sure. He said he never celebrates his birthday for that reason. When he lived at Mrs. Taylor's in Atwood, neighbors used to come about mid-January and provide him with a birthday party of ice cream and cake. As near as anyone can figure out, he now is 97½ years old.

"My uncle had seven kids of his own, but he had to keep my mother and us four kids," he said. The family was "terribly hard up." There were three boys and one girl, he said, and "some folks come out from Iowa and when they seen we were so hard up and ragged and all, they took the girl, promised to give her plenty of clothes to wear and plenty to eat." They promised to keep in touch, he said, but he never heard from her again.

Janousek's children, who learned little of his background from him, do know that there was a girl, Mary, whose married name was Kundyek, but they know nothing of another sister. Charlie Janou-

(Continued on page 36)

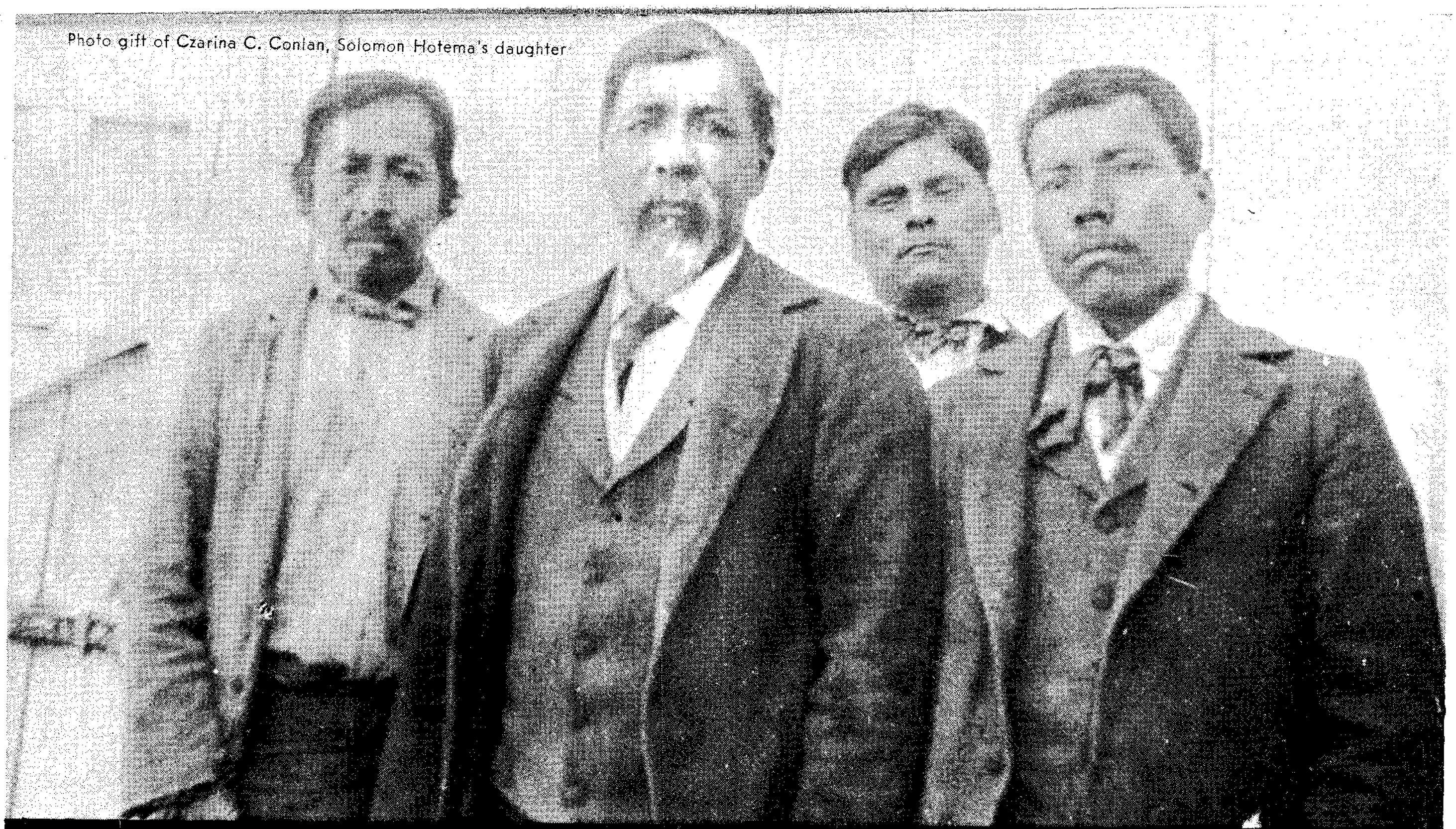


Photo gift of Czarina C. Conlan, Solomon Hotema's daughter

THE LAST CHOCTAW “

BY REBA READING

Photos Courtesy Author

Superstition died slow in the Nations — even among the most respected tribesmen

IT WAS early that morning of April 14, 1899—about 8:30 a.m., witnesses said—when the buggy stopped at Viney Coleman's cabin door deep in the Choctaw Nation near Goodland, Indian Territory.

Viney's brother-in-law Solomon Hotema and two full-blooded Choctaw aides, Tobias Williams and Sam Frye, were in the buggy. Solomon was a Snake Indian preacher, a member of the Ok-la-han-nali clan, a storekeeper, and a respected man in his full-blood community. But this day he and his aides were armed with a shotgun and Winchester rifle and carried death in their hearts.

Shortly Viney, the first of the "Choctaw Witches" was dead; shot with the double-barreled breach-loading shotgun. The child she held in her arms was wounded but not fatally injured.

Witnesses were in sight and sound of the cabin when the shooting occurred. "We heard voices and some words spoken in Choctaw but paid no heed," a Mr. Alison said. "We could not understand it anyway. There were a number of other people in hollering distance, too. We heard a shot."

After the fatal gunfire, Choctaw neighbors gathered fast. They laid Viney out and buried her that evening.

But the trio in the buggy had not been idle. They called next at the home of Hula Greenwood. Hula came out to meet the men. They asked for his wife Lucy. "She's a witch," one of the three stated. "We've come to kill her."

Greenwood pled for the life of his wife. "Be still!" Hotema commanded, "or you'll go with her. If you keep quiet, we'll not kill you." As an afterthought, he added: "Until you bury her." Hula Greenwood's wife was shot before her husband's eyes.

The next victim, Alfred Morris, was shot down without any warning and for no apparent reason.

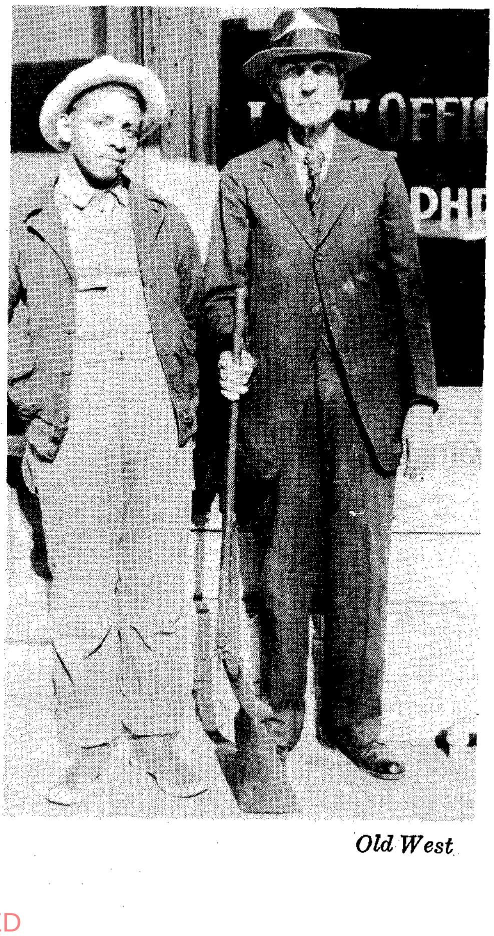
One other house call was made by the angels of death that day. They went to Al Nelson's store at Grant and made known their intent to kill him. Mr. Nelson made a hasty retreat to the back of his store and got his gun. That ended Hotema's attempt to shoot Nelson.

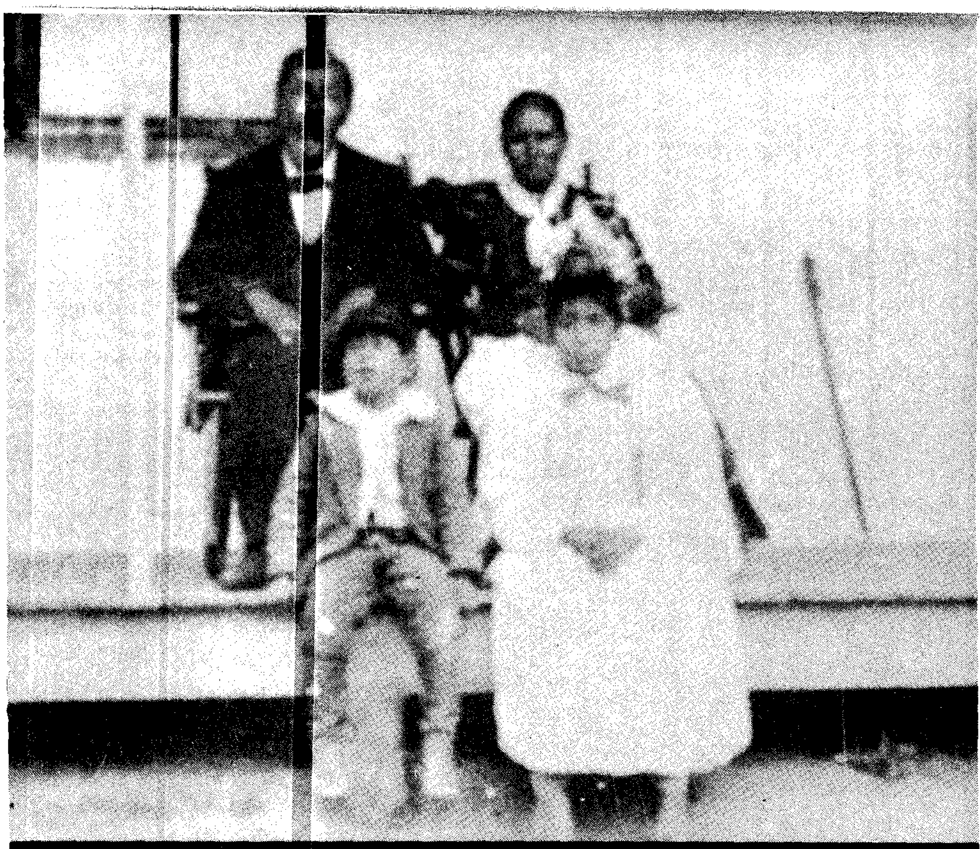
There was no coroner's inquest. Hotema was arrested the next day and put in jail.

TWO INCIDENTS seem to have sparked that tragic day in the Choctaw Nation. The community had been held in the terrible grip of a mysterious malady, diagnosed by some as spinal meningitis. Others said it was malaria.

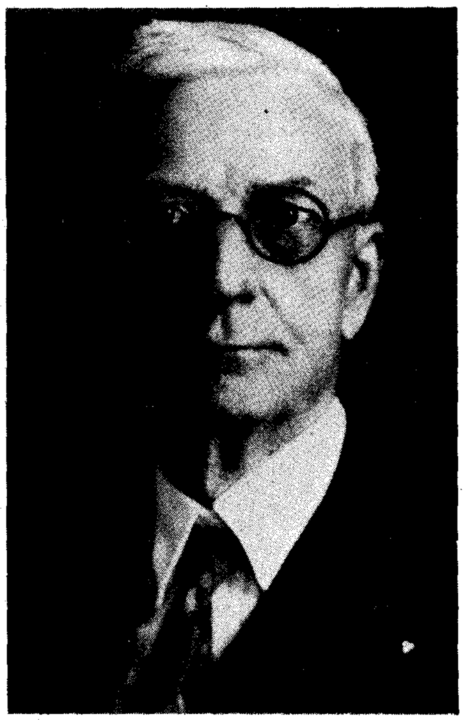
Top: Solomon Hotema, second from left, with others who were implicated in the tragedy. Right: Samuel Webster, grandson of Solomon, and Humphrey holding the murder weapon.

All photos these two pages
Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society





WITCH KILLER"



Above: Thomas Chauncey Humphrey—lawyer, physician, and surgeon at Hugo, Oklahoma—one of the defense attorneys for Hotema. Left: The Hotema family as they visited Solomon at the jail. Below: Mary Jane Hotema, sister of Solomon, who later married Silas Bacon.

In this photo copied from a Frances Imon original is Hotema (right) when he was judge of Kiamichi County, Choctaw Nation; James Usary (left), sheriff; and Bailey Spring (center), clerk.

Several people had died, among them a small son of Solomon Hotema.

The Choctaws, greatly disturbed by the sudden deaths for which there was no accounting, together with the manner in which the disease worked upon the victims, laid the blame for the malady to the evil charm of "witches."

It was natural for the Choctaws to turn to religion in times of stress. Thus, when the disease continued to claim its victims, a protracted revival meeting was held with Solomon Hotema in charge. In spite of his earnest preaching, however, relief did not come.

It is little wonder, actually, that any who ailed recovered. Standard treatment, regardless of the symptoms, was the same and included brewing a concoction of herbs in a kettle. After boiling and while still hot, the brew was placed in a hole in the ground of sufficient size for the kettle to fit snugly. The patient was then placed over the steaming kettle. Patient, kettle, and all were then covered with quilts or rawhides. In case a cure was not effected, the medicine man, or *alikchi,* often blamed the influence of witches, pointing out the witch. Belief in witchcraft was as strong in 1899 as it had been in centuries past before the Choctaws' removal from their eastern homes to Indian Territory.

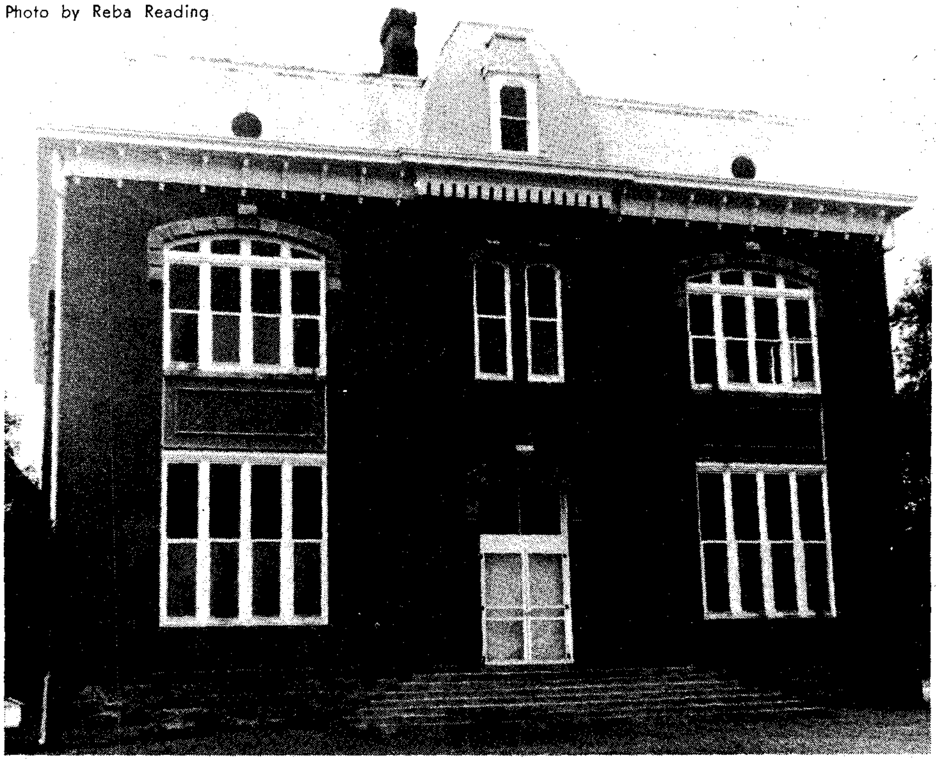
Sam Tarnatubby, the witch doctor, was summoned. Sam was a member of a select group of men and women among the Choctaws who were supposed to possess occult powers for both good and evil. The typical Choctaw *alikchi,* or "doctor," combined cunning in the use of magic with a real knowledge of the properties of certain herbs. His "remedies" consisted of incantations, singing, pretending to suck foreign substances from the affected part, bleeding through a hollow horn, administering cathartics, and sweating. As he was liable to punishment for failure, he usually found it safer to discover evidence of witchcraft, which made death inevitable.

On this occasion, Tarnatubby told Hotema that the power of the witches was stronger than the medicine of Hotema's preaching and by occult methods named the witches as Lucy Greenwood, Amos Morris, and Viney Coleman. One old woman further sealed their doom by telling Hotema she had gone to Viney Coleman's house and that balls of fire were flying around the room.

Hotema then offered to kill these witches and pay with his life, thus becoming a martyr for his people.

So it came to be that on the morning of April 14, 1899, six miles northwest of

Photo by Reba Reading



Council House of the Choctaw Nation, built near Tuskahoma in 1894. Jefferson Gardner was the Principal Chief.

Grant, I. T., near Goodland School, Solomon Hotema summoned his aides, Frye and Williams, and shot down three people —two women and one man—in what was known as the last killing of Choctaw "witches."

ABOUT two weeks after Hotema's arrest, court convened at Atoka. His case was first to come up and in this trial, according to the McAlester *Capital* of April 18, 1901, Hotema won an acquittal on the murder of one person. Thomas Chauncey Humphrey of Hugo was one of the defense attorneys for Hotema.

The second trial, according to the Webber Falls *Monitor*, December 6, 1901, found Hotema guilty of the murder of one person and sentenced him to hang. This case was appealed. Choctaw friends of Hotema, including one distant cousin, O. L. Blanche, hired Craven and Coon of Ft. Smith, Arkansas to conduct the defense. The case was re-argued and retried more than once and each time Hotema stood convicted.

A change of venue was then requested and the case was carried to Paris, Texas to U. S. Federal Court there. All this time Hotema was in jail at one place or another without bond.

According to Blanche, who worked as interpreter for Choctaws who had cases in the courts at Paris, another cousin of theirs had served in the Spanish-American War with President Theodore Roosevelt. So the two of them went to see the President to make a personal appeal to have the death sentence of their relative commuted to life imprisonment.

The President, according to Blanche, did not commit himself so they went back home to wait. Hotema was to be hanged at 2:30 p.m., August 14, 1902. A wire came just in time to save Hotema's life.

The Atoka *Indian Citizen* of August 14, 1902, merely states: "Hotema, the aged Indian who was sentenced to be hanged, will have his sentence changed to life imprisonment." The Alva *Review* (also of Indian Territory) reported: "Hotema, the aged Indian who killed people who he said were using the arts of witchcraft and was sentenced to be hanged, will have his punishment changed by the President to life imprisonment."

Hotema was then transferred to Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. He died in prison. His body was transferred to Cold Springs, Indian Territory, where Hotema had preached, for burial, according to *The Indian Citizen* of June 13, 1907.

What manner of man was this that in cold blood could shoot down three human beings—one a relative by marriage whom he knew well?

An enigma? A fanatic? A paradox? Most assuredly, he was a man of deep convictions and profound faith. The *Indian Citizen* called him a picturesque character and suggested that the acts committed by Hotema were those of a man temporarily insane as a result of religious frenzy. The fact that there was no malice in his death-dealing deeds was credited for getting Hotema life imprisonment rather than death.

It is not an easy thing, departing from the way one has been taught. And the Choctaws had long held to a belief in witchcraft. Not until 1829 was a law enacted in tribal courts giving a person accused of witchcraft the benefit of a trial. Communication from the Choctaw Council House, September 18, 1829, states:

"We do hereby resolve; in general council of the north, east, and southern districts that, in future, all persons who shall be accused of being a wizzard or witch, shall be tried before the chiefs and committees, or by any four captains; and if they be found guilty, they shall be punished at the discretion of the court."

In 1834, murder was specifically made to include the killing of a "witch" or "wizzard."

Solomon Hotema was a family man. Family records show that on April 15, 1883, he was married to Miss Nancy Coleman by one of the leading exponents of education among the Choctaw people, the Presbyterian minister Reverend John B. Turnbull.

Several children were born to this marriage, though no exact number is given.

From 1888 to 1899 Solomon operated a store at Grant, I.T., and an old ledger kept in the family lists typical purchases made by the storekeeper, Hotema:

4 pairs of flannel drawers, $4.00
1 dozen quirts, $6.00
Quinine, per ounce, $1.50
1 pair saddle bags, $3.50
1 dozen brass lamps at 12½ cents each
Gingham, 5 cents per yard
Prints, 5 cents per yard
Ostrich plumes, 20 cts. each

A further notation indicates Hotema paid 16 2/3 cents per yard for linsey and sold it for 19 cents per yard.

In addition to hardware and merchandise items, Hotema sold marriage certificates, lent money, bought school teachers' scrip, and settled estates. Credit, too, was a large part of the service provided by Hotema, and an entry in his ledger shows groceries charged to Silas Bacon, founder of Goodland Orphanage.

THERE was no question about Solomon Hotema's education. He was one of the best educated men in the Nation and was extremely religious. This was substantiated by his daughter, Cornelia Hotema Pistokcha:

"Hotema attended school at old Spencer Academy in 1870 and was the only student there who could speak both English and Choctaw and he acted as interpreter the four years he attended.

"From Spencer Academy, he went to Roanoke, Virginia, and studied law and for the ministry."

Another witness testified to Hotema's bilingual ability: "Old Brother Hotema was one of the most earnest preachers I ever heard. He would preach in Choctaw and interpret in English. Good times were had at those camp meetings. He would just sweat them till they died of exhaustion."

This incident was related by Harriet Gibbons Oakes: "About 1883 the Presbyterian Synod sent [my father] as a missionary to the Indians at Goodland Church in the Choctaw Nation in what is now Choctaw County about 16 miles southeast of present Hugo. When he arrived, there was no parsonage. Solomon Hotema so much wanted my father to come to Goodland and live that he said he would give him 160-odd acres of land. . . . This house was located about a mile from Goodland. That was about 1896. When Hotema died, he lost it. It seems Hotema had put the wrong numbers on the deed and it showed only about 20 acres over in the woods."

Another home owner came to be disappointed by Hotema's generous gestures, Robert Alison: "This was a very fine house in its day. Frame, weatherboarded and painted. Parson Gibbons bought the land of Solomon Hotema of Cold Springs, just like I bought my place of him, too. Hotema gave us quit claim deeds, then he got into the 'pen' at Atlanta, Georgia, and died there or he would have given us good deeds and titles to the place. After Solomon was gone, his wife and grafters ordered us to move out. We each had houses on our places but we could do nothing else."

That Solomon was a respected member of his community is attested to by an incident in 1889. Many members of the Choctaw tribe who had remained in Mississippi and Louisiana had been denied citizenship rights in those states but were too poor to emigrate. Accordingly, the Council appropriated funds to pay removal expenses and appointed two commissioners to go to Mississippi "to collect up the Choctaws and bring them to this Nation." Solomon Hotema and Robert Benton were entrusted with this mission and returned to the nation with eighty new citizens.

Again, the Choctaw Convention which met at Tuskahoma on January 23, 1896 listed among the leaders, along with Green McCurtain, Wilson N. Jones, E. N. Wright, and A. R. Durant, all respected men of their Nation, the name of Solomon Hotema.

Hotema's integrity was further demonstrated by the fact that after his arrest and subsequent transfer to the Paris, Texas jail, he was permitted to go to and from the courthouse alone when his trial was being held. A Choctaw's word had always been his bond. The sheriff at Paris said he honestly believed that had they turned Hotema loose all the time he would come up to trial each and every time he was called. "He was a fine man," the sheriff said, "well educated, honest and conscientious."

"A splendid preacher," said others. Hotema said in court that he could prove by the Bible that God said, "Ye shall not suffer a witch to live," and that the Bible was all he desired to live by.

A dreamer was Hotema, too, and his dreaming persisted to the end. When he died he left behind a diary he kept till his last days as Federal prisoner under life sentence at Atlanta, Georgia. What he dreamed one night, he wrote in this diary the next day.

And when he had made his last entry in the diary, whether he realized it or not, Solomon Hotema had achieved his objective. He was a martyr to his people. For in spite of evidence pointing out his human shortcomings, he was remembered as a statesman, minister, and friend by the full-bloods of the Choctaw Nation.

Buck and His Monument

(Continued from page 13)

that traveled through the Snoqualmie Pass.

"The country was wild, and cabins were many miles apart," one writer commented. "The cattle wandered at will over hills and alkali plains. Round-ups and summer herding were rough work. In the winter the bleak winds and driving snow brought even greater hardships with them.

"For 12 years Wadleigh and his horse were constant companions. Day in and day out Buck carried his master. At night the two slept together. In the driving of the cattle, in fording the swift Columbia and in a thousand other places, the horse showed rare intelligence.

"He seemed never to tire."

ONE PROBLEM developing for the Phelps and Wadleigh business was that competition was growing for what range was available. In 1875 Phelps informed a newsman at The Dalles, Oregon (The Dalles was a supply point for a wide area north and south of the Columbia) that his firm has moved a large herd of cattle to country near the British Columbia line where good, although limited, range had been found. The Yakima range had become too small.

Phelps expected in a short time "to be able to furnish their butchering establishments at Seattle and Victoria with what large beef steers they may require."

The cattle were moved into the Sinlahekin Valley, and a feeding station or cattle ranch was established near where the town of Loomis now stands.

The Phelps and Wadleigh operation in northern Washington was visited in 1880 by Francis M. Steamer, who has left a detailed diary in the Washington State Historical Society at Tacoma of the visit there and of a cattle drive from the Okanogan to the Kittitas Valley. Steamer stated that Phelps and Wadleigh were "the greatest cattle owners in Washington," although Snipes and Allen probably had more livestock at the time.

Some of the cattle brought into the lower country by Phelps were destined for the Sound, and the rest were taken to a ranch in the lower Yakima Valley.

This was one of the last drives made by the Phelps and Wadleigh livestock firm. The winter of 1880-81 was disastrous for their herds, as well as for the cattle belonging to scores of other settlers in the Pacific Northwest. The bitter weather that winter and the fight for survival are described in a later story:

"On Oct. 20 it snowed, then rained, then froze. For six months this was kept up. During all that time there was no grass exposed. A man climbing to the top of the rolling hills, where he could see for miles, could find no break in the glistening surface of the snow.

"Early in the season the cattle began to die.

"In the spring Wadleigh mounted Buck and rode out to count his losses and gather in the few cattle that remained. He rode for many days, searching for the deep coulees, where the carcasses lay in heaps.

"His seven Indian cowboys gave out. Their horses had long since gone under. Wadleigh and Buck kept on and finally drove in the last stragglers of the feeble remnant of the once-mighty herd. Out of 10,500 cattle but 2,000 remained.

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the Columbia that last night, the horse beside him. The stench of the dead cattle was heavy on the air. The swollen river roared angrily. Cold rain was falling. The worn-out Indians were at the home ranch. Only the horse was with him."

IN the spring, Phelps told newsmen that the ranges of eastern Washington were strewn for miles "with decaying carcasses of cattle." Many animals had died from becoming mired in the mud about the end of winter and being unable to escape, he said.

The Vancouver, Washington weekly *Independent* of April 28, 1881, reported that it would not take Phelps and Wadleigh long to close their business, "as the severe winter laid out most of their stock, and hides are not of much account there." The paper added, "This firm has been a stirring one, and their departure will be regretted by the people east of the mountains."

As with other accounts of open-range days, information on the Phelps and Wadleigh cattle is conflicting. One news story stated that the firm lost about 17,000 out of 24,000 head. Another report stated that Ben Snipes bought 20,000 cattle from the two former partners "more or less," while another news item asserted that the surviving cattle numbered 12,000, and another mentioned about one-third surviving out of a previous 12,000 head.

Possibly 2,000 or more might be a good estimate of the number of cattle that survived. This figure of 2,000 is mentioned in a Seattle story that seems to have been provided by Wadleigh or someone close to him.

Snipes, who took over most of the surviving Phelps and Wadleigh cattle, owned the largest herds in the Pacific Northwest for years. One historian stated that Snipes owned 35,000 head of cattle going into the winter of 1880-81, of which 28,000 perished.

"Wadleigh did not go broke with the cattle business, as Phelps did," his nephew, Harold Bean, commented. "Cattle were a side line with him as he was also a banker, of the original First National Bank in Seattle, and had heavy real estate holdings in Seattle including a water works."

Wadleigh did return to Seattle and he took Buck along. But the horse was unaccustomed to the damp air of the coast and became ill of lung fever. The former cattleman stood beside his old friend, watching him die, and as he listened to the heavy breathing he thought of the night he had stretched out near Buck along the Columbia River. It was then the words, "In adversity faithful," entered Wadleigh's mind—these words which would be chiseled into the monument at Lakeview Cemetery.

EXACTLY how long Buck's monument lasted it not known, but it was still in existence in 1901 when a news story about it was published.

"People didn't take much to the idea," Harold Bean recalled. "Especially the ones with members of their family buried in the cemetery. They kept complaining to Uncle Irving about it, in person and by letter. He hung tough for a number of years . . . then Uncle Irving had the monument torn down. It was believed he had Buck disinterred too."

Bean, however, believed the horse was reburied in Lakeview, only in a less conspicuous place.

Mrs. Margaret Bean Parcel of Seattle, sister of Harold, remembers going with her grandmother to clean up the weeds at the family plot at Lakeview in 1906-08. The grandmother remarked at the time that the "statue" had been torn down.

Mrs. Parcel, who visited her uncle in the early days, remembered that in the evening Wadleigh would "sing in his high tenor voice, self accompanied on a guitar, the old ballad songs he knew from the range." She said he died in Hope, British Columbia, in November 1929. His saddle —a beautiful saddle with his name tooled in the leather—a six-gun and a hunting knife were buried with him.

Wadleigh, who reportedly had been married twice, left what remained of his property to a nurse-housekeeper.

The Van Horn Trading Company

(Continued from page 17)

time—six p.m. or seven, if a good customer wandered in late—nothing was left except the wilted or overripe, which we took home and tried to use.

WHILE the women waited inside the store, the men squatted outside the plate glass windows against the wooden store front, cowboy fashion, the heels of their ornamented boots supporting them as they went about the fascinating business of rolling and lighting cigarettes. They discussed cattle prices, the condition of the range, fencing, water, politics, and other problems facing cattlemen. The store was their town hall, their English pub.

Teenagers did not dilly-dally long around the store. They wandered to the drug store for an ice cream cone or sauntered up and down the street to be seen by other teenagers.

If the ranchers were familiar with any of the families in town, they took it for granted that they were invited to their homes for noonday dinner. That was the hospitality of the West. They didn't even have to call up to ask if it was convenient. They just showed up at ten minutes to twelve and that was that. Potluck it was, and at our house they didn't have much luck, because we were all so busy that our meals were sketchy affairs.

With the advent of World War I the cattle industry went to pieces. A drought, exorbitant shipping charges, meatless days, and no market for beef caused the ranchmen to go bankrupt. Steers were shot and left to rot where they fell because their owners had no money to buy feed for them and no hope of selling them for a profit. In debt over their heads, most West Texas cattlemen lost their mortgaged ranches to the banks, sacrificed what was left of their stock to pay off their obligations, or moved away to start over again in some other profession.

Our store, of course, was left holding the bag. It had no hope of collecting the huge bills run up by ranch owners, many in the thousands of dollars, and had to settle for a small amount of what was owed. Merchandise shipped from eastern manufacturers had to be paid for and expensive shipping charges were cash on delivery. Unable to meet its own debts, the Van Horn Trading Company in 1922 went broke along with its customers.

My dad faced the problem of giving up the store, taking the bankruptcy law (the easy way out) or keeping it alone and trying to pay off the $25,000 indebtedness. Characteristically, he chose to pay it off. The other stockholders withdrew with a loss, the bills which could be paid were settled, extension of credit was managed, and in ten years the total amount was paid off.

Most of the merchandise in the store was sold at a small amount of what it was worth. I remember the sale of shoes where all the old dusty boxes were taken down from the shelves and shoes lined up on tables to be sold for a dollar or two a pair. There were expensive shoes from the early part of the century, red and blue and grey kid with pearl buttons, high-topped patent leather ones for women, shiny tan ones for men, and sport shoes that no he man of the West would have been caught dead in. The women's shoes sold fairly well to the Mexicans who had small feet and wore such long skirts that it didn't matter how old-fashioned the shoes looked. To some of them who had never had a new pair of shoes of their own, they were a godsend.

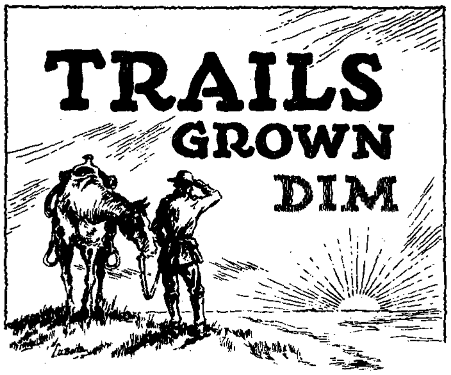
Our family all went to work to help "pay out the store." My brother Walker and cousin Robert took over selling on the grocery side; Mother handled the dry goods side; and my father did the buying, bookkeeping, and managing besides carrying on his law practice and holding the office of County Attorney. My older brother and I were no good at selling but we made ourselves useful in other ways.

In 1933 all of the merchandise had been sold at cost or below it and the remainder traded to Uncle Pat's sons for their store in the next town, Sierra Blanca. We were out of debt, our obligations paid.

The street behind the store was opened up to accommodate the new highway through town so the Van Horn Trading Company turned itself around, put on a new face, and looked to the future with new owners. An era was ended in the cattle country.

"I have to go to the bathroom!"

TRAILS GROWN DIM



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Frank S. Fosdick

I am trying to find Frank S. Fosdick. He was born in 1906 in Westville, New York. The family moved West when he was about nine years old. His last known address was R.F.D. northeast of Chickasha, Oklahoma. Please write or call 405-222-0460.—Dale Loggins, P. O. Box 25, Amber, Oklahoma 73004

Girls of Long Ago

I would like to ask if anyone knows anything about the following gals I knew over fifty years ago, in 1920 and 1921. The youngest would now be seventy-two and the oldest would be seventy-nine. Esther Carroll attended the Normal School at Hyannis, Massachusetts in 1920 or so. I believe she was from Boston. Evelyn Coe also attended the same Normal School. She was from Westfield, Massachusetts. Mary Hussey was from St. Louis, Missouri and a native of Galway, Ireland. Bertha Perry was employed at the East Bay Lodge at Osterville, Massachusetts in 1920. Florinda Rose was a widow who lived in or close to Lowell, Massachusetts in 1920. If anyone knows about at least one of them I certainly would appreciate their writing. I will gladly repay their postage.—Ray C. Thomas, 4552 Sunnyview Road, NE, Salem, Oregon 97303

Wallace

I would like to hear from anyone who knew my father, Harry Griffin Wallace. He and my mother homesteaded a place seven miles from Harper, Oregon on Cottonwood Creek around 1898.

We knew nothing about him—where he came from, relatives, nothing except that he was well educated. He had lots of books and was able to marry people. He built the schoolhouse there. He left one day and we never heard from him again. —Jennie Wallace, 612 Ross St., Boise, Idaho 83702

Sickler-Robinette-Province-Casey

I am eighty-six years old and my trail grows dim. I need to locate any of the Sickler-Dailey-Robinette-Province and Casey families, their descendants or any information on them.

I was born in 1890 at Rockport, Missouri, the daughter of Emmaline Sickler and Andrew McIntosh. My grandfather was William Sickler, born 1804, and I believe at New York. He lived in the Tarkio-Rockport, Missouri area and died there in 1883. William's sons are Miles, Amon, George and Merrit. Amon and George married two Province sisters, Celia and Louise. Miles married Elizabeth and Merrit married Addie, probably a nickname. The last names are not known. Amon, George and Merrit were known to have lived in Oklahoma, whereabouts unknown. William's daughters, Elisa and Susan married Province boys, John Henry and Newt. It is believed they lived in Nebraska and Colorado. Martha married Eli Bailey and Elizabeth married Grant Fisk. Family history has it that William Sickler was twice married, first to Emmaline Dailey and then to Matilda Robinette.

Huey William Casey was born in 1854 in Tennessee, birthplace and parents' names unknown. He married Susan Delaney and lived in Jefferson County, Illinois and later in Oklahoma. Most of his children were born in Illinois and I believe all but two finally moved to Oklahoma. A daughter, Nancy, married Columbus "Lum" Cochran and lived in Illinois. Daughter Kate married Richard Garland or Garfield and lived in Pearce City, Missouri. Two daughters, May Sparks and Nora Johnson, lived in Oklahoma. Huey Casey's sons were Abram, Huey, William, Ott and Thomas.

Any information, no matter how small, will be so appreciated.—Mrs. Fannie Casey, 221 West York, Enid, Oklahoma 73701

Hulen

I will appreciate hearing from anyone who might have information on my father, Al C. Hulen. If living he would be about eighty-five years old. He was a good tailor, I've been told. He married my mother, Ethel DeGraffenreid about 1913 in Missouri and had a tailor shop in Lebanon, Missouri for a while. They later moved to Springdale, Arkansas where I was born.

My father left my mother when I was about two years old and before my sister was born. Mother remembers little of his background or relatives except that he was from Texas. While reading your magazines over the years I have noticed the Hulen name mentioned several times, specifically Eugene Hulen who was an old-time Texas Ranger. It seems there was another Hulen who may have had something to do with the Adjutant General's office in the early days. Somebody out there may have some interesting information for me and I would like to hear from you.—Brad Hulen, Box 236, Yreka, California 96097

Spangler-Mountfort-Snyder

In the late 1800s a family named Spangler came to Creede, Colorado. I think Mr. Spangler died and his widow married a man named Mountfort, who also died. The lady then married George Snyder, a Texas cowpuncher and foreman for the Soward brothers, Dan and Frank, who ranched near Creede.

About 1900 Dolph Lusk, also a Texas cowpuncher, who ran cattle near the head of the Rio Grande on Crooked Creek, shot and killed an extra large grizzly bear: weight, hog-dressed, 1,000 pounds. This bear was hauled to the slaughterhouse in Creede, hung up, and a picture was taken of it with Mr. Lusk.

My father, the late Homer A. Burnham, was a friend of Dolph Lusk and George Snyder. I've heard that one of the Spangler girls was named Sadie. She married and went to California. I understand some of these people have the picture of Dolph Lusk and the bear. I would like to hear from anyone who might have the picture or know of it.—Ben R. Burnham, Rt. 2, Box 346A, Alamosa, Colorado 81101

Frederick Fry

Perhaps you could help us pick up the trail of Frederick Fry, born 1820. He was known as Judge Fry in his final home town of Columbus, Kansas. He was born and raised in Highland County, Ohio and spent many years pioneering and exploring in Missouri, Iowa, Texas, Oregon, Washington and California.

We are also trying to locate a copy of the book he wrote entitled, *Traveler's Guide and Descriptive Journal of the Great North Western Territories*, published by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati, 1865.

Frederick Fry was in Texas when word was received that gold had been discovered in California. He made ten journeys across the plains and mountains with the '49ers, and later.

He was first a Justice of the Peace, then Judge of the Magistrate's Court and later County Judge in Cherokee County, Kansas during pioneer days. He also built a hotel in Columbus, Kansas where he lived many years as its genial host.

Frederick Fry's wife was named Sarah Ann, and his children were Louise, born in 1871 and Frederick, born 1876. Louise married and moved to Texas.

We would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who could help us locate a copy of his book.—Col. and Mrs. H. J. Fry, 8105 Hemingway Avenue, San Diego, California 92120

Holley

My father, Lee A. Holley, died when I was five. He was from Austin, Texas, as was his father, William Victor Holley. I never knew either very well. My father moved to Peoria, Illinois when he was young and had relatives in Appleton, Wisconsin.

My grandfather, William Victor Holley, supposedly was a good friend and best man to O. Henry, by family legend. In New York City's Washington Square, in Greenwich Village, there is a statue to William V.'s father, Lyman Alexander

(Continued on page 37)

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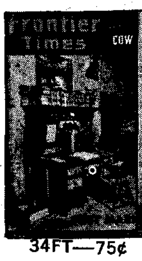
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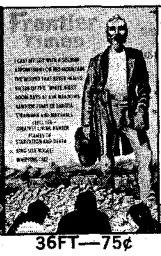
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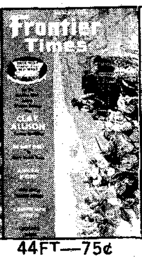
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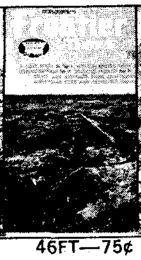
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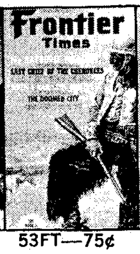
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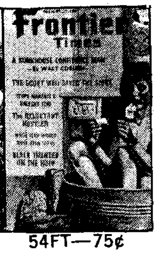
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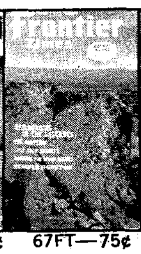
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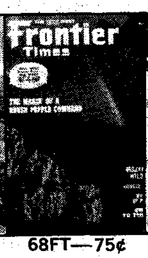
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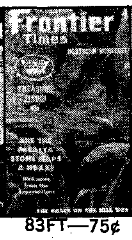
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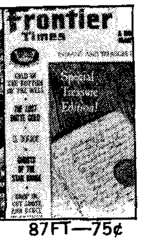
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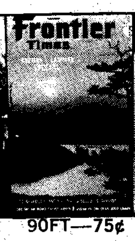
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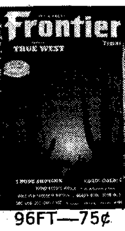
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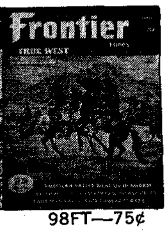
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A Lady Goes to the Mines

(Continued from page 20)

other in this strange world of ours!" she commented.

Cloth walls could not prevent her hearing the profanity which the miners constantly used. Some of their expressions, she wrote, "were they not so fearfully blasphemous, would be grotesquely sublime." She explained that being away from home and loved ones caused them to drink and swear far more than they would have at home, because of loneliness.

The cloth walls also made it hard to sleep, for the noise was always with her. Miners came in at all hours, shouting and singing. The bowling alley was never quiet, day or night. Mining equipment rattled and squeaked far into the night. There was a dog nearby that barked all night. Added to this was the noise of the wooden flume, hung by chains from the canyon walls to carry water to the sluices. Louise described its sounds as "resembling those of a suffering child."

The doctor soon decided to move farther down the river to Indian Bar. Here he had a log cabin built, and here Louise came a few weeks later. She walked the narrow trail instead of riding, because she wanted to get the feel of it. Once more she drew the admiration of the miners. At this point the canyon was so deep and narrow that for three months the sun did not penetrate to its floor. It was in late October. The Clappes in Indian Bar were greeted by a large homemade United States flag, flying from a living flagpole. A sailor had climbed to the top of a fir tree, fastened the flag, and removed the branches as he descended. It had been there since the Fourth of July.

The hotel was another "rag shanty" of white cotton and blue drill; the sign read, "Humbolt Hotel." Louise insisted upon using the omitted "d" whenever she wrote the name. This hotel had something unusual—in the bar-dancehall there was a wooden floor. There was also the ubiquitous bowling alley.

The canyon was so narrow that they were unable to reach their cabin except by going through the hotel's kitchen. There Louise met Paganini Ned, the mulatto cook who was also chief fiddler in the dancehall. The frame-and-canvas door hung open. "Enter my dear, you are welcome," she was told. "Besides, we could not keep you out if we would, as there is no latch on the door."

The cabin was about twenty feet square, divided into two rooms by an unhemmed curtain. The ceiling was white cotton, sewn together in spots so that, wrote "Shirley," it "hung gracefully open, giving one a bird's-eye view of the shingles above."

The wooden floor was so uneven that "the chairs, tables, etc., remind you constantly of a dog with a sore foot." The walls were hung with chintz, the pattern of wreathed roses in brown, purple, green and yellow. A log settee leaned against a wall. A small, square chess table was covered with oilcloth. Candle boxes made a book case.

The fireplace was of rocks and mud, with an inside chimney of sticks and mud. The mantel was a log covered with flattened tin cans, the gaily painted labels advertising various canned fruits.

In the bedroom, trunks or Claret boxes were dressers. A mining pan was a washbowl. The bedstead was so massive that "in ponderosity [it] leaves the Empire couches far behind."

The small window had no covering. Glass could not come from Marysville till spring. Louise declared, however, that she was just as happy. She had always enjoyed sitting beside an open window, even in winter.

But the biggest surprise was the long dining table. It was set with a white cloth a bit too narrow, with a blue border at one end to lengthen it. Unhemmed diaper cloth napkins were beside the plates and glasses. And Paganini Ned stood resplendent in a new blue flannel shirt and blue pants, ready to serve a dinner in her honor. The menu: oyster soup, fried salmon (from the river), roast beef and boiled ham, fried oysters, boiled potatoes and onions, mince pie and pudding (without eggs or milk), nuts and raisins, Claret, Champagne and coffee.

Of the coffee, Louise wrote that "Ned must have got the recipe for making it from the very angel who gave the beverage to Mahomet." Ned served the meal with a grand air and ceremony.

"It was one of those scenes," Louise mused, "just touched with that fine and almost imperceptive perfume of the ludicrous."

DURING her two summers and winters at the mines, Louise (Dame Shirley) described in detail the methods of mining; she wrote of a riotous Christmas and a staid Independence Day; she sat outside her cabin and watched the salamanders raise their "saucy heads" above a log; she commented on the language difficulties that caused misunderstanding among so many diverse peoples.

During one summer, she visited in the upper American River Valley, where she saw women recuperating from the terrible overland journey. She expressed her views on women's rights. Why, she asked should women wish to get involved in presidential elections and speak before coarse crowds? She commented on the bloomer fad. "I confess a weakness," she wrote, "for trailing draperies." Nevertheless, she praised the women who wore bloomers across the plains, as the costume was practical for the trek.

In the end, when the mines were failing and crime increasing, Louise reluctantly made ready to leave with her husband. "I like this strange and barbarous life," she told her sister. "I go down from the mountains with a deep heart sorrow. . . . I look kindly to this existence, which to you seems sordid and mean. Here, at least, I have been contented."

Back in San Francisco, Louise Clappe turned to teaching. Her restless husband returned to the mines. When after three years she had not heard from him, she divorced him in 1857.

Louise Amelia Knapp-Smith Clappe left San Francisco in 1878, in failing health. Her "letters" had not attracted much attention. For a time she lived in New York with an actress niece, lecturing on art and literature to women's organizations. In 1897 she entered a home for the elderly, run by a niece of Bret Harte (who took some of his best stories from her letters). There, on February 11, 1906, she died. Beside her lay a packet of letters from Alexander Everett, kept through all the years.

Alhough Dame Shirley may have had other works published of which she was more proud, it was the "Shirley Letters" which at last fulfilled her ambition to "write something which the world would not willingly let die."

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 5)

A Good Horse

The winter of 1932-33 I was tending to my horses in a barn near the bridge over the Yellowstone River on the edge of Forsyth, Montana when I was surprised to hear the hoofs of a rapidly-running horse pounding on the bridge. I stepped out to see John Grey, a stockman whom I knew well, astride a tall, black, lathered gelding, crossing the bridge. John rode to me, leaped from the saddle, tossed the bridle reins to me and said, "Am I glad to see you! Please take care of my horse. My son Billy is dying."

John was gone, as fast as his own legs would carry him, toward the house about three blocks away where his wife and family lived through the nine months of school each year. Later I learned his wife had gotten word to him via radio.

I looked at the heaving, lathered animal, whose head now hung low, and knew that John had to be very worried to push his beloved horse this hard. John's sheep ranch was about thirty-five miles north of the Yellowstone in a sparsely-settled sagebrush country. Car travel would have been difficult over those snowy miles, but the long-legged, black horse had covered them in about four hours.

I led the animal as he cooled, occasionally allowing him a small amount of water, then walked him some more. At last, I put him into a corner of the barn and gave him hay and grain. I am glad to say that, not only did the boy live, but the wonderful, black horse, descendant of the tough breed of mustangs that helped tame the West, did not even stiffen.—Paul Stephenson, Cable Road, Anaconda, Montana 59711

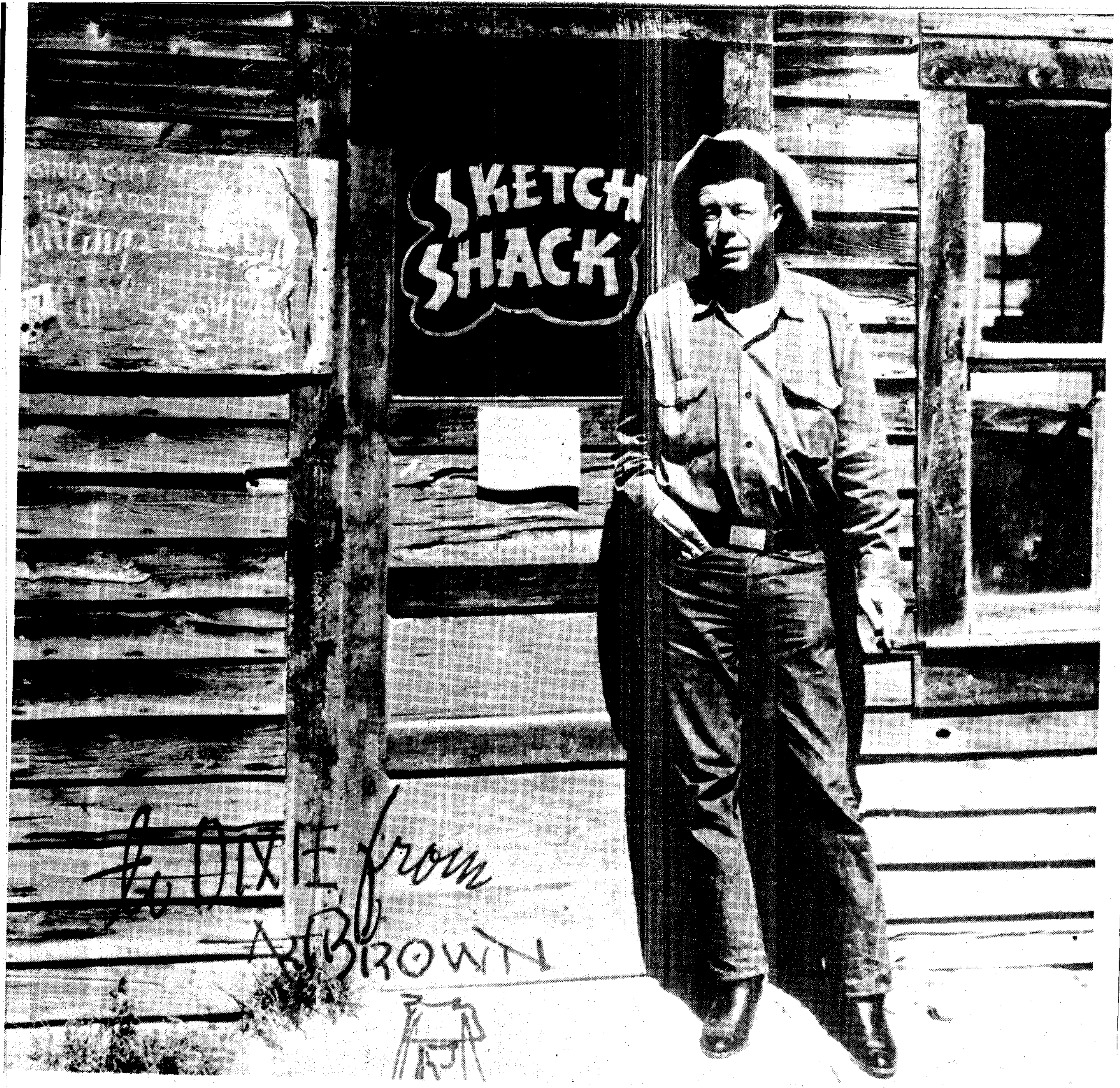
Leo Barthelmess

This is to inform the readers of your magazines of the passing of another great old-timer.

Leo E. Barthelmess, the eldest son of pioneer soldier photographer, Christian Barthelmess, passed away January 27, 1976 in Houston, Texas. He was born in May 1887 at Fort Keough, Montana where his father was a soldier and became well known as a photographer among the Northern Cheyenne Indians.

Leo's remains were returned to Montana. His father, Christian, is buried at Custer's Battlefield.—Ronald J. Morgan, 2306 Huldy Street, Houston, Texas 77019

Leo Barthelmess (right) showing one of his father's photos to Ronald Morgan the summer of 1975.



ART BROWN—COWBOY ARTIST

A short life — which may have seemed very long, at times

BY HELEN CLARK

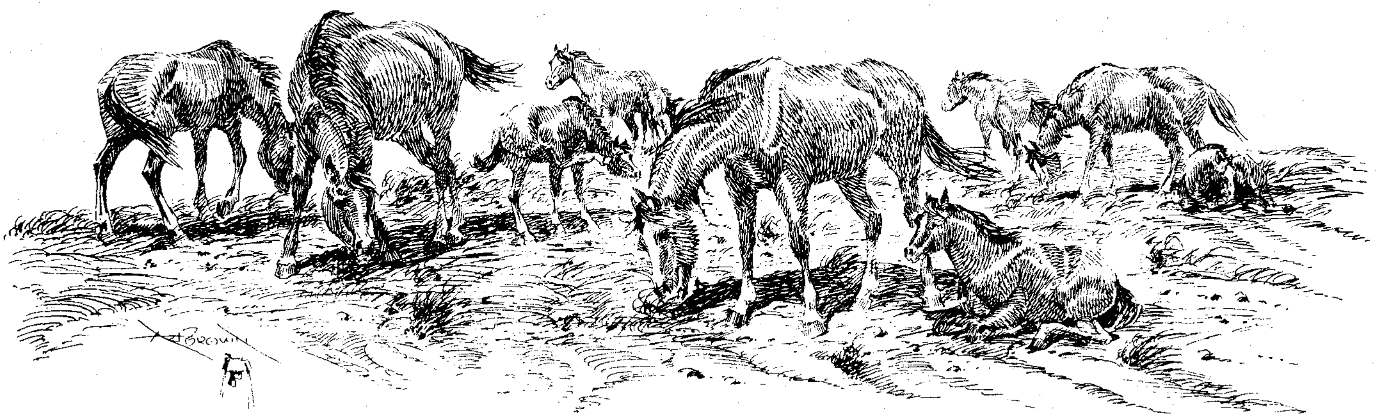
Photos Courtesy Author

IT IS unusual to find a talented Western artist buried in a boot-hill cemetery, but then, artist Art Brown, born April 27, 1911, was an unusual man. Montanans prize his oil paintings, water colors, and pastels, but it is probably his black and white sketches which will make his fame endure.

Art was a superb penman; no authority on Western art can fault the perspective and details in his drawings. He loved to portray pack trains, line camps, outlaw rendezvous headquarters, cowboys roping a grizzly bear, pronghorns racing over the prairie, cowboys shooting up a town on Saturday night. When the mood was with him, Art could do a terrific black and white in one day. When the mood wasn't with him, he didn't try.

Art Brown knew cowboying first-hand. He had labored in his trade in the saddle from every aspect, from punching cows to packing dudes, breaking horses, participating in rodeos, guiding and outfitting hunting parties. Good looks favored Art Brown. He had some Indian blood on his father's side. His mother was blonde of hair and light-eyed. Art

All illustrations Courtesy Gurfrick's **The Blueprint and Letter Co.**, Great Falls, Montana



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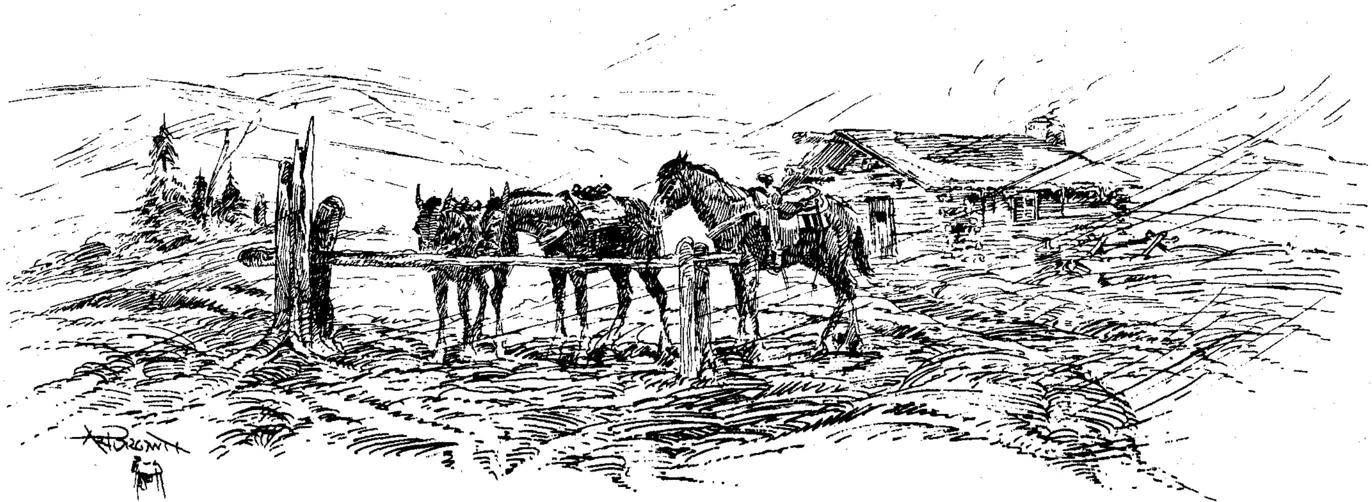
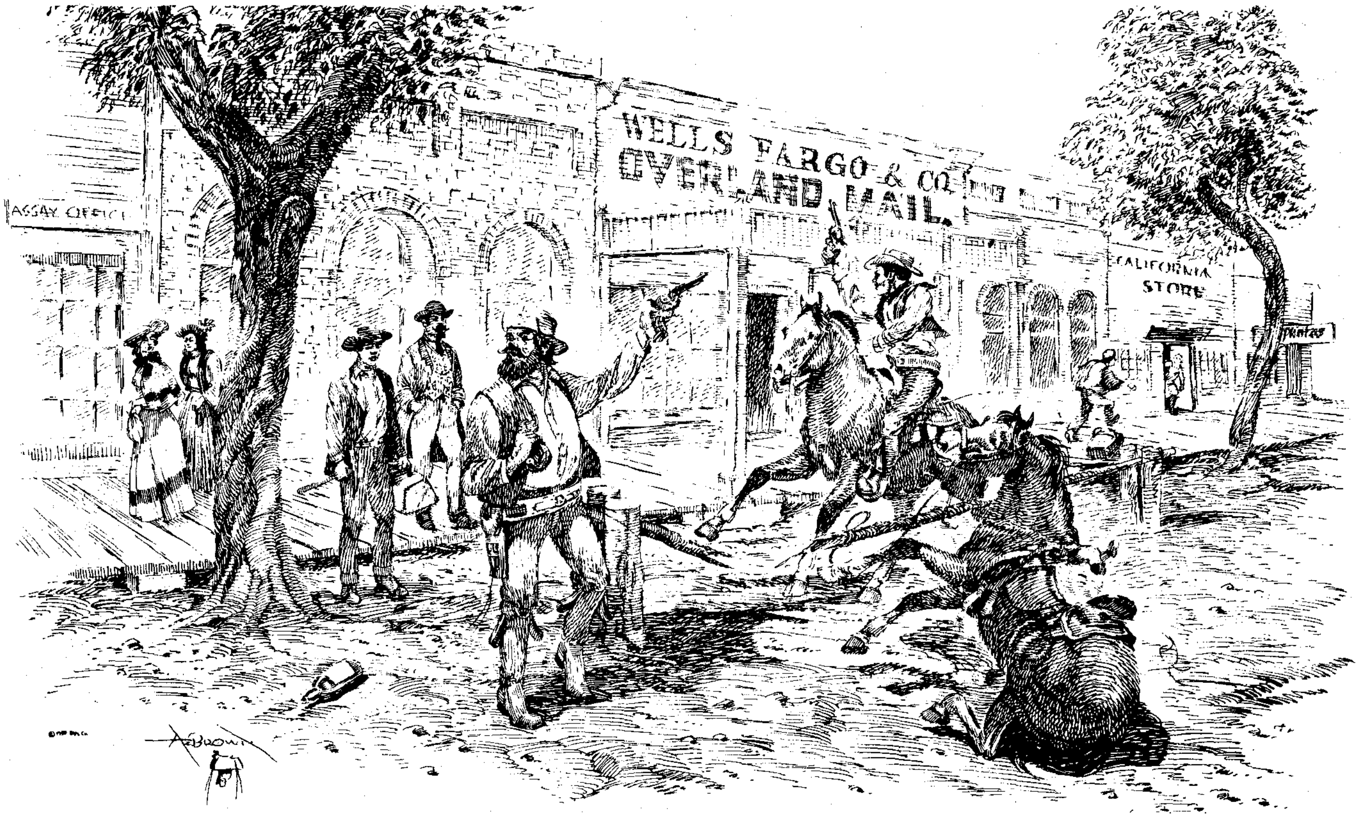


LINE CAMP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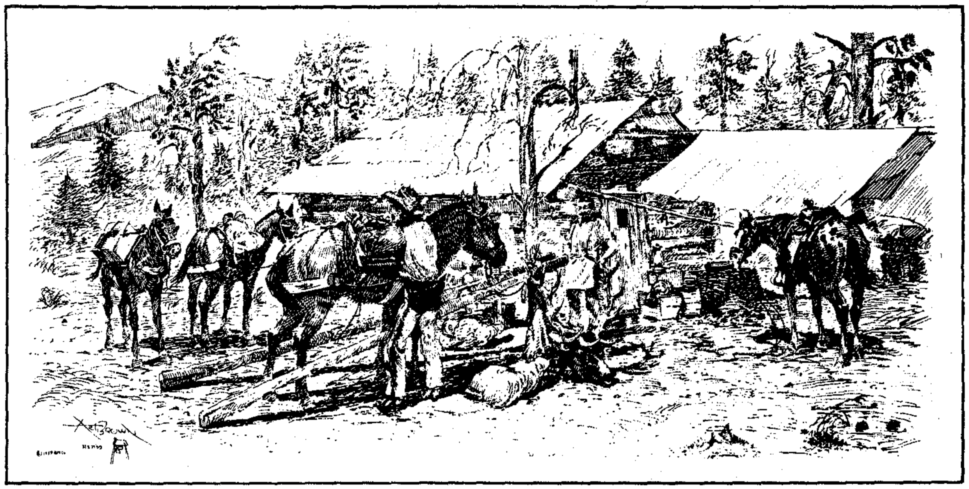
HURRAHIN' THE TOWN

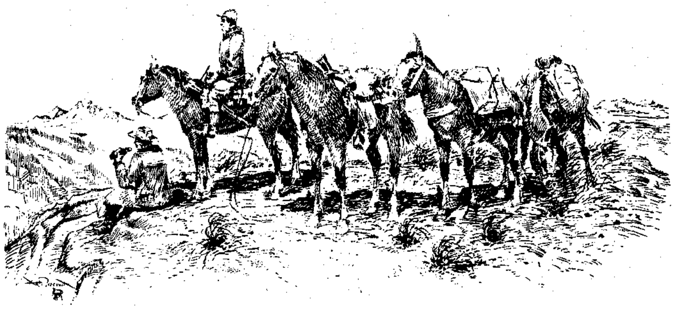
had a captivating personality and according to a buddy of his, sculptor Curt Dennis of Great Falls, was "one of the most congenial of men."

Like many hardworking cowboys Art liked a little fun, and with the passage of time sociability got in the way of his art. He died too early in life to have won for himself a national reputation, but in many parts of the West his work was known and respected.

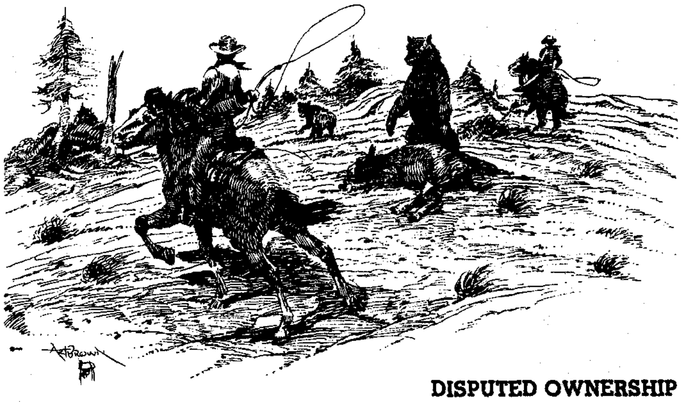
The West knows a lone man's loneliness, and its kindred spirits try to help dispel the gloom. Too many parties, too many late hours, too many rodeo celebrations, too many happy-go-lucky friends. Art Brown died on July 17, 1962 at the age of fifty-one. His body had been stretched to its limit—but never his talent.

Even in death Art escaped the ordinary. No one came forth to claim his remains. It is possible his next of kin were embittered by Art's failure to invest his genius wisely. He had such a future to fulfill—hundreds of orders for art from people in all walks of life. He who was so especially talented seemed to squander his natural-born gifts, so that those who loved him most knew the greatest despair. He died in a small western town where he lived and had his studio. When no one came to claim the

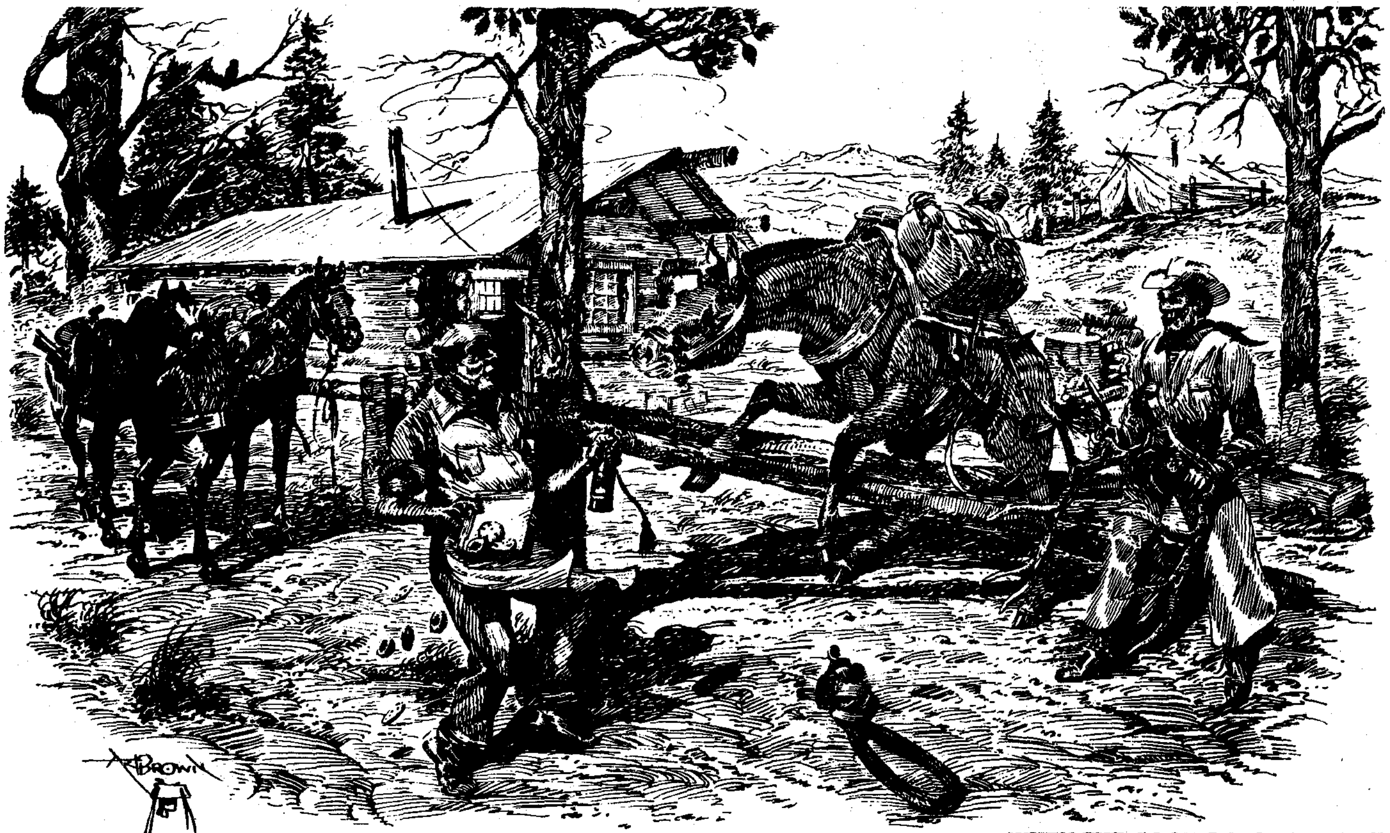




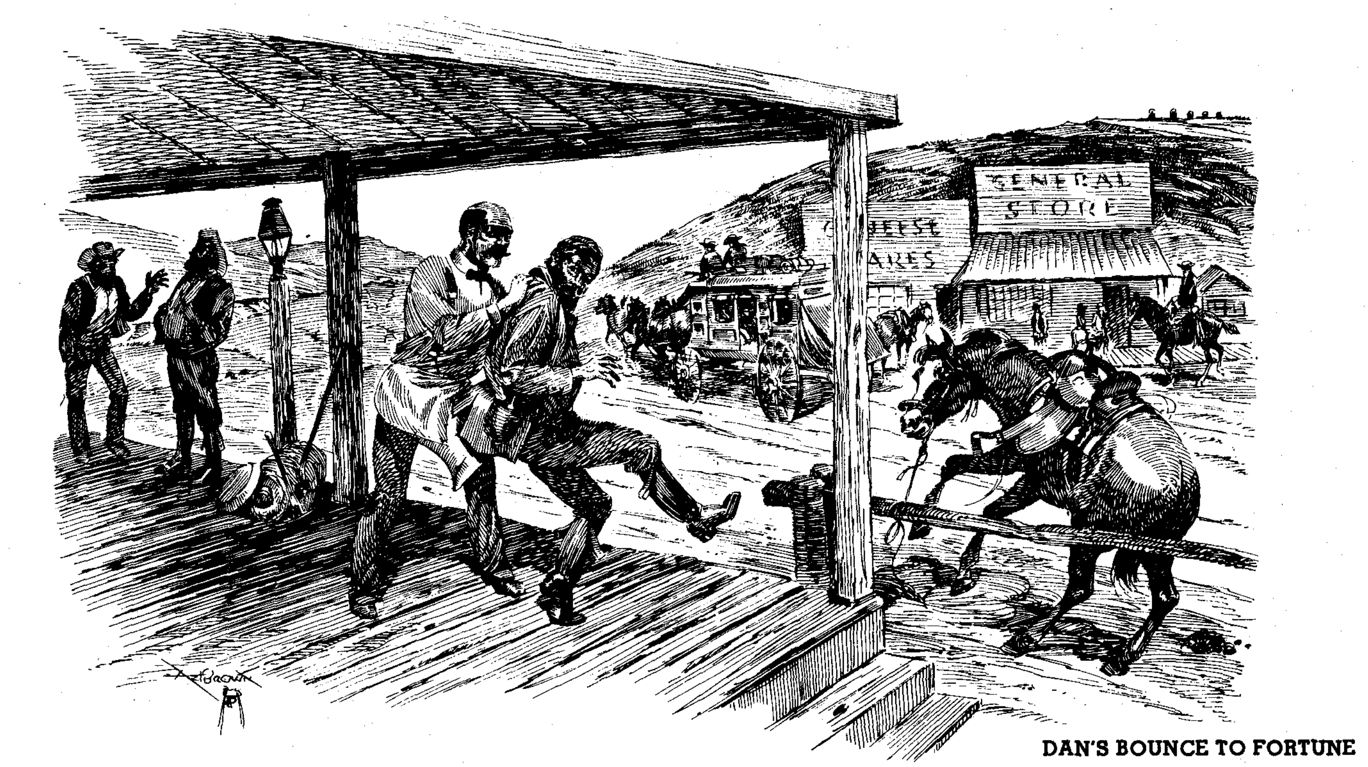
SPOTTING GAME



DISPUTED OWNERSHIP



WHEN THE COOK AIN'T WELCOME

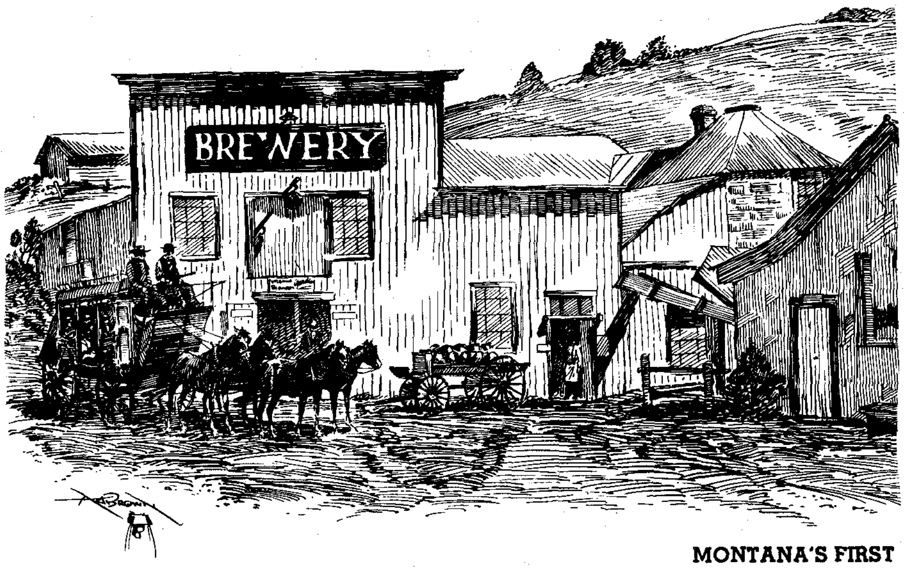


DAN'S BOUNCE TO FORTUNE

body, a friend by the name of Sargeant interested Virginia City to step in. This town that loved Art Brown and his work and did not censure his love for partying, claimed the cowboy permanently for its own. The citizens took up a collection, outfitted Art in style with a beautiful casket, a marble headstone, and a permanent resting place in its famed boothill.

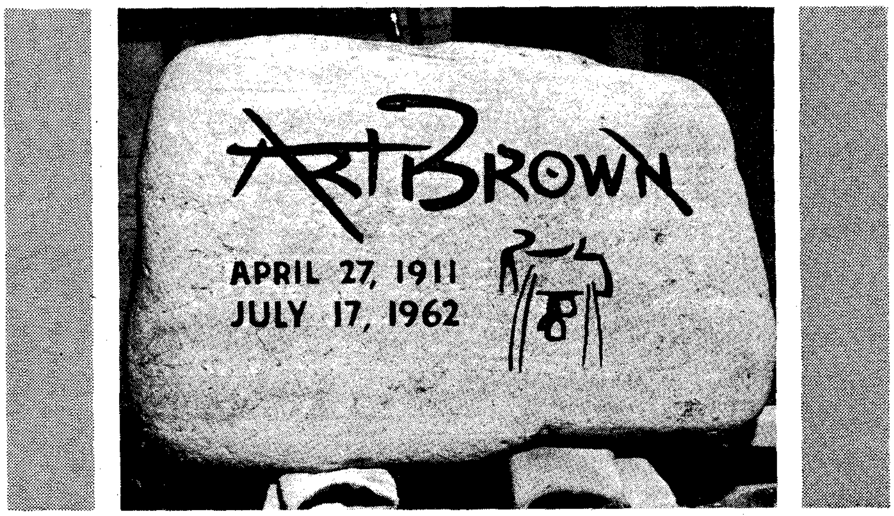
Art does not rest in the midst of Virginia City's most colorful desperadoes —outlaws such as Clubfoot George—but in a newer section of the cemetery on the hill where some of the town's most respectable citizenry are interred.

Every year, Virginia City remembers this colorful cowboy with an "Art Brown Day" celebration. Roses are placed on his grave, and the town shows off his pictures. His work hangs in many barrooms, on whose railing his booted foot often rested. He who was broad of shoulder, small of waist and hips, and earthy in laughter is not forgotten by outdoor men who love the occupation of cowboy and who laud Art Brown as one of the best, not only as a range hand but as an artist.



MONTANA'S FIRST

Right: This is the tombstone that rests above the grave of Art Brown. Those who knew Art feel it is the kind of hand-painted marker he would want. His trademark, the Western range saddle, was under his signature on every painting and sketch he did.



Abilene, Kansas

(Continued from page 9)

went out after offenders only when occasion required.

Ever a ladies' man, Hickok had several mistresses while in Abilene. But he never fully trusted any woman and never forgot his weapons. When in bed he had a pistol within reach of his right hand and a sawed-off, double-barreled shotgun ready to throw over his shoulder.

Not sharing the general admiration of Wild Bill were two Texas gamblers, Ben Thompson and Phil Coe, who in the spring of 1871 had bought the Bull's Head Saloon with its crooked but profitable gaming room. Not only did they resent any kind of regulation but they apparently were jealous of Hickok's reputation as a marskman.

In July, after Thompson had left Abilene on family business, Coe sold the Bull's Head but stayed on as a professional gambler. After reports that men had been drugged and robbed in the back room of this saloon, Hickok ordered Coe to use an honest faro box and to keep it in the front room. Relations between the marshal and the gambler were not helped by the fact that, for a time, they were courting the same girl.

Trouble between the two came to a head on the evening of October 5, after the dance halls had been closed and most of the gamblers and sporting women, along with the Texas cowmen, had left town. Coe and other Texans decided to celebrate their impending departure with a spree in the streets. The men became an exuberant mob and forced merchants and other citizens to buy them drinks.

The hilarious crowd reached the Alamo Saloon about nine o'clock. Its doors were open, and Hickock was among those inside. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out, and the marshal rushed to the street, drawing his two hand-guns.

"Who fired that shot?" he demanded.

Coe, who had a six-shooter in his hand in violation of the ordinance, said he had shot at a dog; but none of the others present had seen a dog. Then, only eight feet apart, the two men began firing at each other.

As Coe, struck in the abdomen, fell to the ground in agony, another man with pistol in hand came rushing toward him. Hickok, in the darkness mistaking this fellow for a belligerent Texan, fired two bullets into his head, dropping him dead on the sidewalk. This man turned out to be Hickok's friend, Mike Williams, a special policeman hired by the Novelty Theater. Coe was carried to a nearby home, where he died three days later.

This double killing was the last noteworthy event in the history of Abilene as a cowtown. For some time outlying farmers had been complaining of the trampling of their crops by Texas herds, while people in town were becoming more and more disgusted with the crime and vice brought by the cattle business. Early in February 1872, local officers and citizens and members of the Farmers' Protective Association signed a notice asking Texas drovers to ship at some other point than Abilene. "The inhabitants of Dickinson County," it said, "will no longer submit to the evils of the trade."

When this warning was published in Texas, as well as in Abilene, the drovers looked for other shipping points. They found them mainly in Ellsworth, sixty miles to the west, to which the Drovers Cottage was bodily moved, and in Wichita, which the Santa Fe Railroad reached that spring. For a short time, herds were shipped also from Newton; and Dodge City, which acquired a railroad in September 1872, began its rise as a cowtown as well as a center for buffalo hunting. Later some herds were marketed in the border town of Caldwell.

The stories of those towns may be found in my book, *The Chisholm Trail*, but none of them quite rivaled Abilene for romance. In Abilene the bars and the dance halls soon were gone; on the site of the Alamo Saloon rose an ice cream parlor of yellow brick. Abilene again was a quiet farm town.

Yet when Abilene was mentioned in Texas, the face of the cowboy who had been there would light up. It was the nearest place to a cowpuncher's heaven that he ever expected to see. And when he and his kind were looking for a name for a new cowtown on the Texas plains, they quickly decided to call it Abilene.

Charlie Janousek

(Continued from page 21)

sek thought a lot of his two brothers, and many of his reminiscences deal with them.

His mother married again, to a "bossy" man the boys didn't like. "That old man claimed to be a horse trader." One brother helped on the farm for some time, then told his step-father, "You can just farm it yourself; you ain't makin' no money anyway." He went first to Colorado, hired out for many jobs, and finally broke wild horses and rode them in the famous Oklahoma race for free land. "He was the first one there and got the best land," Charlie recalled proudly.

That "old man," as he called his step-father, got so in debt he finally left and his property apparently was taken away. "My mother was crying all the time," Charlie said, and she finally died. "I wasn't very old, eight or ten I guess," he recalled, "and that left just three of us."

Once his brothers worked at Beardsley, Nebraska, but fourteen miles to walk daily was too much so they quit. One brother became a section boss and had a house. A woman and her son and daughter came out from Omaha, and being desperately hard up, took a job cooking and keeping house for him. Then the girl married, the mother went along, and he was again out of a cook.

TWO SISTERS named Gunn (both teachers) came from Michigan, bought land, cows, and two saddle horses. One brother married one of them and Charlie stayed with him until he went to Oklahoma. The brother thought he was doing right by Charlie when he got him a place to stay, with a man who was supposed to send him to school.

Charlie had to curry twelve head of horses and clean the barn every morning, so he couldn't make it to school on time. The teacher valued a perfect attendance record, so he quit after one week.

"I worked seven years for nothing but my grub," he said. He was never taken along anywhere, never asked if he wanted to go, even to church. Finally he was supposed to break out some prairie sod with a breaking plow, but when he asked about pay and found there wouldn't be any, he just quit.

The man did give him an unbroke pony and a bridle and a good blanket. Charlie traded around and bettered himself some, working awhile in Stratton, Nebraska for $15 a month. He learned to gentle a bucking horse, to heal a horse's sore mouth after it had been abused, to fix fence, harrow corn, and to trade horses. For fifty cents a day he helped build a sod house.

Charlie acquired homestead rights to some land and was going to build a house out of bluestem sod but he found it was no good. Then he talked a banker into selling him lumber on time and built a 30′ x 12′ frame house. He didn't marry until later, so he let a man rent his farm for nothing except taxes while he went to Oklahoma to see his brother. The brother had palsy, which was cured by an Indian woman who fixed him a drink made from cockleburrs.

Mr. Janousek loved to play the mouth organ, and according to Mrs. Mildred O'Hare, activities director at Good Samaritan Center in Oberlin, where he makes his home, he still can. "You ought to have heard him today," she exclaimed. "He played a good old Bohemian waltz." Mrs. O'Hare greets him every day with a few Bohemian words she has learned. She hopes to make him feel welcome so he will not still want to return to Atwood, where he lived in a tiny house near the Taylor Rest Home. He was content there because he was independent, he felt, and he doesn't want to lose that.

Charlie played for many dances but didn't know how to dance. Finally came a night when it was ladies' choice and three girls grabbed him "and by golly they did it." He began to enjoy himself and was going great guns with the waltz and the square dance. "Just wait, when I get so I can dance I'll swing you so hard your feet won't be touching the floor," he told them.

He married his second cousin, Gusta Janousek, whose folks' farm joined his, but not until later, after he had done some traveling. He tells of going to California and "laying up on a hill watching the ships" and the dam that "went across the ocean."

He was known as a good worker. He dehorned cattle with a saw, "done a pretty good job, too." He branded and castrated cattle, threshed bundle feed and earned a compliment from the thresher who told him, "I never had a pitcher like you. You never miss."

Mr. Janousek's eyes, once a bright blue, have gradually failed him and the last few years he has had no sight at all. However, he still wants to be where they won't "keep telling me what to do," though he is more satisfied now. "He is still pretty sharp," say those who work with him. Once he liked to dress up, but now he prefers his comfortable overalls.

Three of his four children live in Decatur County. His daughters, Mrs. John (Alice) Fiala and Mrs. Jerry (Agnes) Fiala married brothers and both live in Oberlin. One son, Herman, farms in Center Township and the other son, Alfred, is in Bellevue, Michigan. There are grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Mr. Janousek is one of the two living survivors of the last Indian raid in Kansas. The other is a woman named Millie Bisbee Wilson, whose father organized the Methodist churches in the entire area, and when word of the tragedy reached him, hurried to Oberlin in time to conduct the last rites for fourteen of the massacre victims. Millie was three years old at the time of the raid.

Marie Sandoz mentioned Mr. Janousek by name in her book, *Cheyenne Autumn*, and when the Atwood Theater showed the picture several years ago, Mrs. Kathleen Claar, curator of the museum at Oberlin, took him and another survivor, Charlie Steffen, to see the show as guests of the theater.

Mr. Janousek fears he "doesn't always get things straight" as he recalls the old days, but at the rate he is going he will be around to celebrate his own centennial.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 27)

Holley, a famed engineer. This about sums up my knowledge of the family and I would like further information.—Lee A. Holley, The Commuter Building, 73 Marion Street, Seattle, Washington 98104

Ball-McLaughlin-Miller

I would like to locate relatives of Lena Ball who married Ed Miller in Walsenburg, Colorado. She was my grandmother.

I have also lost a half-sister, Jewel Miller, whose father was Garfield Miller. My great-grandmother, Kate McLaughlin, was married to Emmett (Dick) Miller in Ringgold, Texas. This is on the marriage license we have. I'd like to know if this was a coal mining community and also if Emmett was a stagecoach driver in Pueblo, Colorado.—Sharon Miller Myers, Rt. 4, Box 338A, Little Valley, Roseburg, Oregon 97470

William "Bill" Buttfield

William "Bill" Buttfield came from England to North America between 1900 and 1912. He made a visit to his relatives in Canada in 1912 or 1913. We have reason to believe that he was living in Texas at that time. He may have lived on the Texas-Mexican border as his face was wounded in a skirmish with Pancho Villa and his men.

This man is my wife's father's uncle. My wife saw him in Canada when she was five years of age. Her maiden name is Lillian Elizabeth Lewis.

I would say at this time and date, Buttfield has passed on from this world, but we would like to hear from anyone who may have known him.—Frederick J. Green, 1535 - 166th, San Leandro, California 94578

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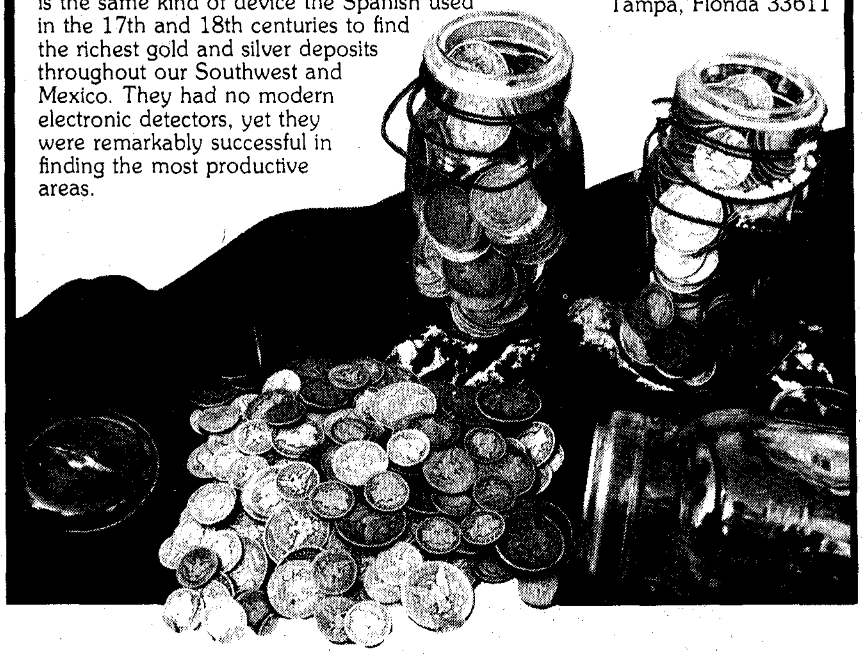

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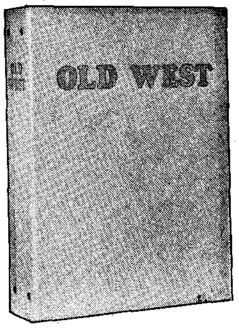

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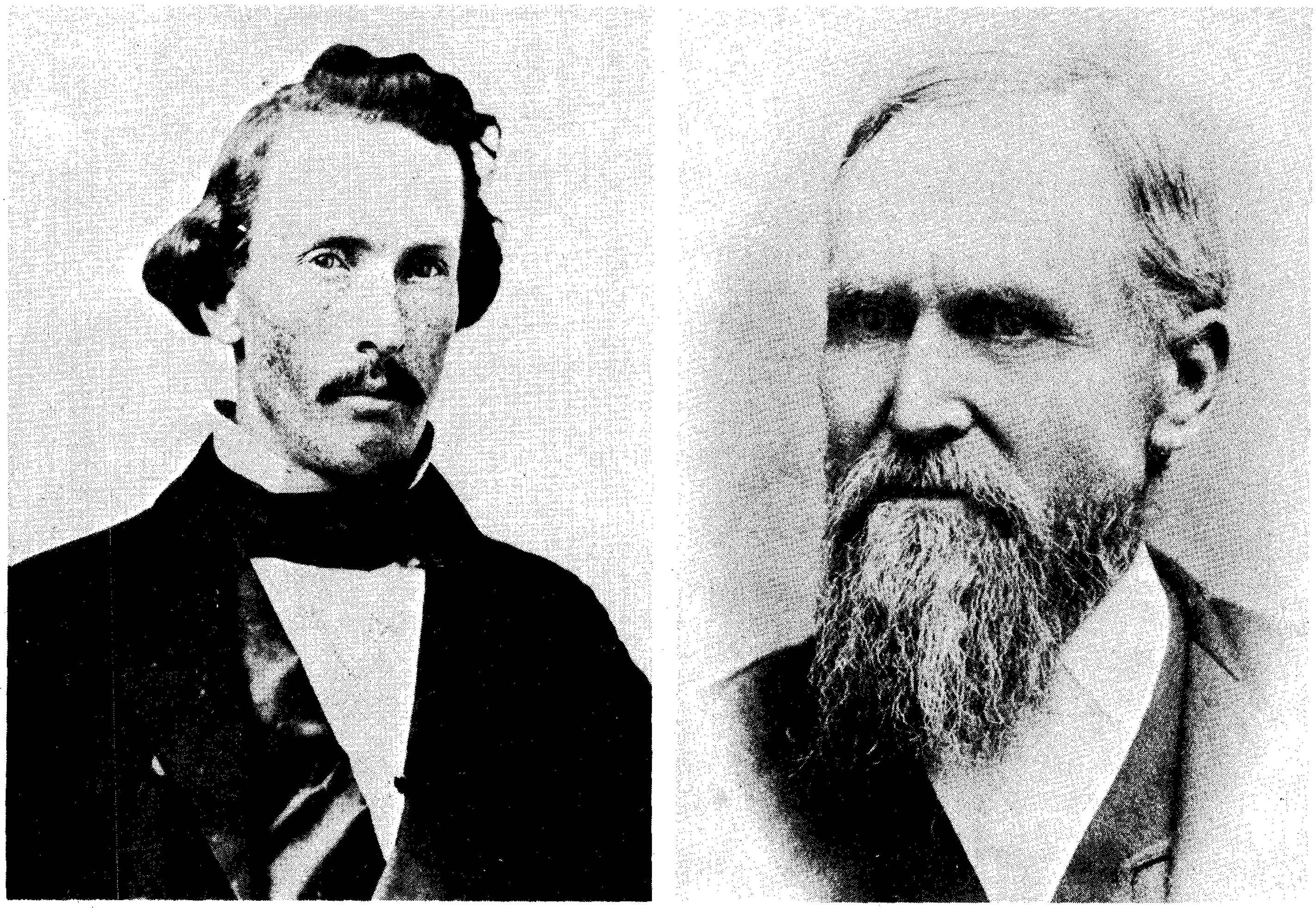


William Grandison Hill (left) wears a neckerchief similar to the brown silk one worn by his brother, Ryland. Fleming R. Hill (right), their older brother, was the first sheriff of Douglas County, Oregon.

HOMICIDE AT WINCHESTER

BY
MAXWELL FANNING

Photos Courtesy Author

— when two bad dispositions met!

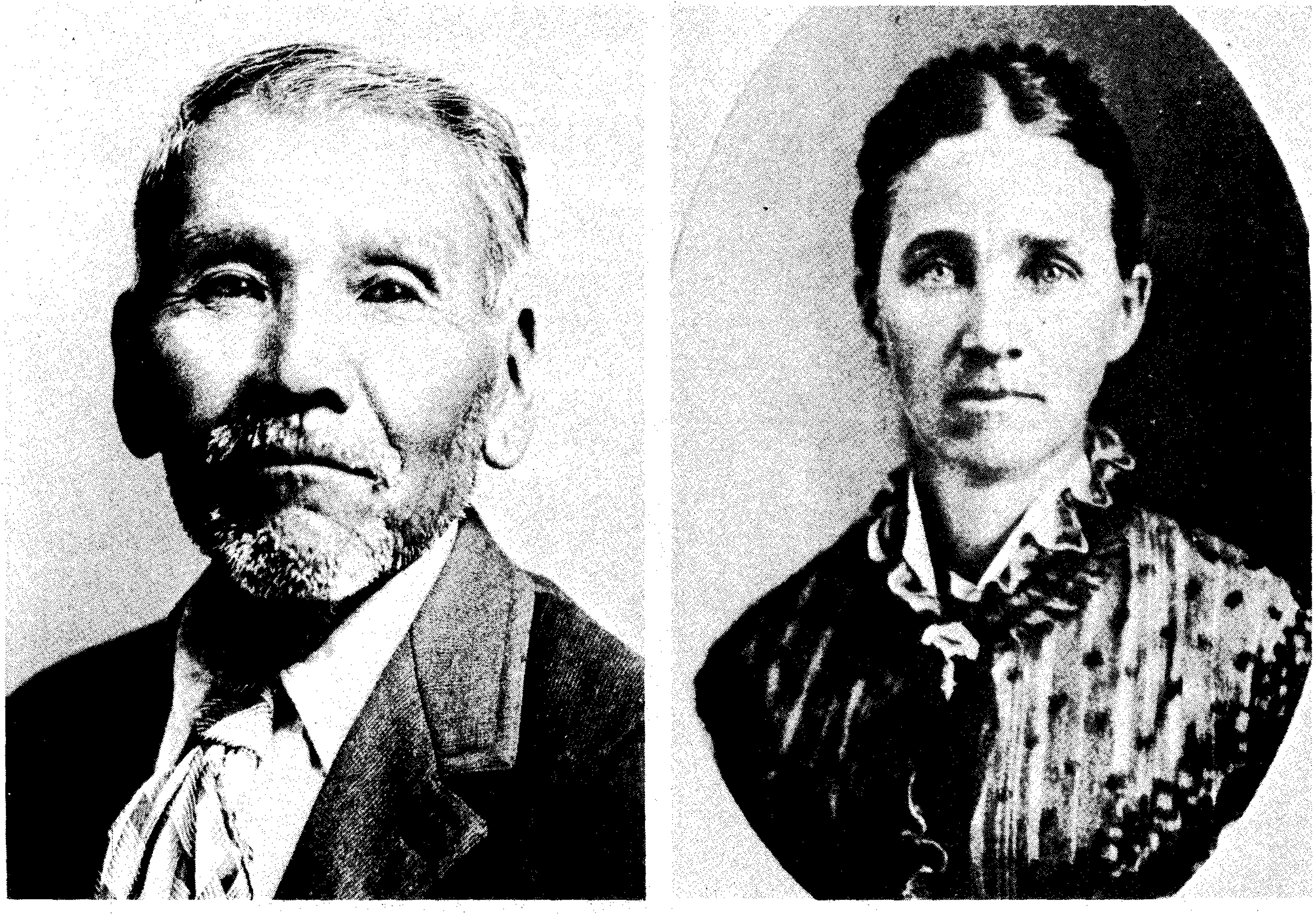
RYLAND HILL'S dark eyes were blazing as he stepped toward Joseph Knott. Only a rough store counter stood between them. Behind Hill, an election day crowd watched warily. Suddenly Knott raised his Colt's five-shooter and shot Hill through his brown silk neckerchief at point blank range.

Sides immediately were drawn—the men from Bunton's Gap (Hill's friends) against Knott (the Winchester merchant, his sons and his neighbors). Ironically, Knott would have swung before nightfall from the nearest oak tree had it not been for the victim's own brother, Fleming R. Hill, newly appointed sheriff of Douglas County, Oregon Territory.

Flem took charge of Knott while his younger brother, Bill, followed Dr. Calvin C. Reed to where Ryland lay, fighting a losing battle for his life. Bill would never forget that day: June 6, 1853.

Ryland's parents had lived in Virginia, Tennessee, and Missouri, setting a west-

Photos these two pages Courtesy Douglas County Museum



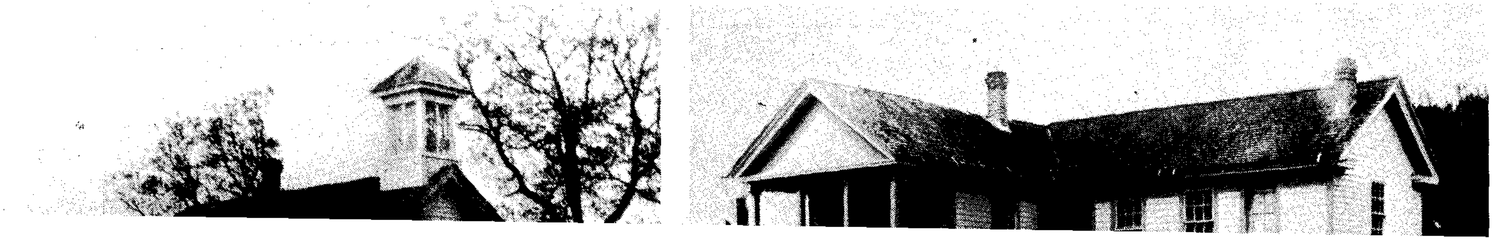
"Doc" Hill (left), the adopted Digger Indian who attended school with Hill's children. Delinda Reed Hill (right) married Flem in 1853. They had two daughters. Her sister, Bianca, was born in a covered wagon on the Barlow Trail and married Bill Hill in 1869.

ering pattern in their migrations. His father kept slaves and farmed in the southern tradition. In his memoirs William Grandison "Bill" Hill noted that his father and his invalid mother had both died when he was very young and that his grandmother, a stern old woman, had taken charge of the eight children. "Most of my childhood was spent in the Negro quarters," he recalled, "where I was well versed in their superstitions and folklore." The only mothering he had was from an elderly black woman; his closest companion was his brother Ryland.

When Ryland was eleven, he and Bill, who was two years younger, were apprenticed to blacksmith John Eckles. The orphans were to stay until Ryland was of age. During this time both boys were to receive at least two years of schooling. The Hill boys soon learned that this would come at the end of their apprenticeship and that Eckles intended to get the most work out of them he could before that time. They worked long hours, but were adequately fed and had comfortable living quarters.

Bill's only complaint was that he could not attend school. When he was fifteen, he began planning to run away. A year later he "sold his birthright for a pony and $20" and set out to find his older brother in California. Fleming Hill had

The Wilbur Methodist Church (left) built in 1854 by Rev. James H. Wilbur is little changed today and serves a small rural group. Flem Hill's "Wilbur Tavern" (right) still stands on old Highway 99, north of Roseburg. In 1877 Hill added the second story and enlarged the inn, which was originally built in the 50s.



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gone to Oregon Territory in 1844 and from there to California during the gold rush. He was somewhere near Sacramento.

Eckles overtook young Bill in Kansas City where he had stopped to work for a stake to take him to California. When Eckles brought him back to the shop, Bill went to his guardian, Major Fletcher, and borrowed enough money to buy out his apprenticeship. Then he signed on with an outfit to drive cattle to California for his board and keep. At the time Bill left Missouri, Ryland was still working for the blacksmith.

BILL HILL, then sixteen, had many adventures crossing the plains. When the cattlemen discharged him in Salt Lake City, where they stopped and sold their stock, Bill was determined to go on to California to find Flem, so he set out on foot. He spent one night alone on Donner Pass near the ill-fated cabin where so many had died a few years earlier. Bill said he would not sleep in that shelter; in his childhood he had heard too many tales of "haunts."

At last he found Flem on the American River in California and, unexpectedly, Ryland also. Ryland had passed Bill somewhere on the plains. The two younger brothers took claims and worked all winter, having as partners an Indian boy and a Mexican. In the spring they built a new cabin, staked new claims, and went into partnership with James Pool, and High and Will Acard.

When Flem came back to check on the boys, he discovered that their mine was very rich but that Pool and Acard had won all the dust by playing poker each night. Flem was disgusted with his brothers and took them along with him to drive sixty head of horses to Oregon. That was in May 1851. Cooper and Levi Bird also helped with the drive.

Along the way Flem adopted an Indian boy whom the Klamaths had taken as a slave from the Digger tribe. The Klamaths were cruel to the little fellow, so Flem traded a pony for him and took him along to Oregon. This Indian lived out his life as "Doc" Hill, a member of Flem's family.

The horsemen traveled along the Sacramento Valley, fording the river near the foot of Mt. Shasta and riding to Yreka Flats. Two thousand miners were there, living in tents and bark shanties. Bill said he saw only one wooden building in Yreka, a huge log cabin which a woman ran as a boarding house.

The Hill brothers continued north, fording the Klamath, coming down into the Rogue River Valley, through the Umpqua Valley and on to Salem where Flem sold the horses. With their share of the money, Ryland and Bill bought a blacksmith shop in Salem from the Poindexters. They did a good business that winter, but Bill became restless in the spring, sold out to Ryland, and took off for the mines around Jacksonville.

That fall he appeared at Flem's claim at Bunton's Gap and found that Flem had been elected sheriff of Douglas County. In March, Flem married Delinda Reed, daughter of Calvin C. Reed, physician and miller.

Ryland sold out in Salem in the spring of '53 and came to join his brothers. It was only shortly after Ryland's arrival that the tragic shooting took place.

Winchester in 1853 was an important trading post on the Oregon Territorial map. Founded in 1850 by the Umpqua Exploring Expedition (also known as Winchester, Payne & Company), it would have one more year of importance as the first county seat of Douglas County before being superseded by Aaron Rose's new town a few miles to the south.

And so it was that Winchester hosted political speakers, including General Joseph Lane, provided a polling place for the men who came to vote, and offered merchandise to settlers who came to trade at either of its two stores or its blacksmith shop. Muleskinners whipped and cursed pack trains from Scottsburg through its dusty main street, down the military road toward Jacksonville. Miners going south to the diggings stopped to sip a tankard of ale; new settlers halted oxen and covered wagons while they nervously questioned the merchants about the latest Indian raids upriver.

North of the Umpqua, across the ferry crossing, was a little settlement called Bunton's Gap with its assorted taverns and inns. Soon the steady hand of missionary Father Wilbur would take over the Gap, but in 1853 the Gap was still a little wild.

ON Election Day, June 6, every man in the county, including the three Hill brothers, converged on the polling place at Winchester. Joseph Knott and his two sons, A. J. "Jack" and Levi, had a store there, a rambling frame building with a main room for trading and a side room fitted out as a tavern. Upstairs, a room was set aside for use as the U. S. District Court.

The store faced west, with two outside doors, one near each end. Inside, a counter about ten feet long ran along the south and joined another counter on the east side of the room, forming an "L." Shelves of flour, coffee, trail rope tobacco, and tinware lined the walls. The door to the tavern opened into the store. A hand-hewn table and rough benches furnished the tavern part, boxes and kegs provided seats in the store, with here and there an old chair. Large fireplaces stood ready in both rooms to warm the traveler in winter, but now it was spring and no logs crackled on the black hearths.

In the main room were twenty or thirty men, besides the Knotts. It was early afternoon and many of them had come from Bunton's Gap, Deer Creek, and nearby farms to cast their votes. About ten men lounged in the tavern.

Dr. Reed was standing near the store counter, talking to a peddler about some beans he wished to buy. Jack Knott, 19-year-old son of the owner, leaned against the counter in a wooden chair, its front egs off the floor, back tilted against the corner of the L.

Thomas Myers came up to Jack and accosted him. "Jack, I want to call your attention to some conversation you had with regard to what a filthy place old man Bunton kept." Myers then repeated what ack had supposedly said, that Old Man Bunton, Joe Holman, Ike Miller, Jess Clayton, Cooper and others were "a damned set of horse thieves;" that they had followed stealing in California before they came to Oregon, and that they all belonged to the same clan.

Jack said, "That's a damn lie."

Then Joe Holman stepped up and said, "If you never said it, Jack, deny it right out here and take care you never do say it."

Myers went on. "That is not all you told me, Jack. You said you had bought a colt and turned it out in the range and said you believed some of that 'damned clan' had stolen it. You said something about gambling, too."

By this time, everyone's attention was turned to the argument and several men crowded in front of the boy, listening. Jack was mad and half-crying. He denied the charges and mumbled, "I am but a boy."

His father spoke up from behind the counter and reiterated, "Don't so many talk at once—he is but a boy."

Ryland Hill, who was standing near Myers and listening intently to the argument, turned to Joseph Knott and said, "I could talk to you if your word was worth a dog's, but it ain't."

"That is a damned lie!" Knott shouted.

Ryland turned. Knott reached behind him, grabbed a Colt's five-shooter from the shelf, held it in both hands and shot Hill. Ryland staggered and made a gurgling noise in his throat. He put his hand to his neckerchief, a brown silk knotted square. With the help of Myers and others, Ryland stumbled out of the store to where Dr. Reed was then standing. Reed took a quick look at the bleeding wound in the young man's neck and asked some bystanders to help move Ryland to Walton's house, across the road. Here they laid him on the porch and Reed took the ball out.

In his testimony later at the trial, Reed said, "I considered it a mortal wound. The swallow was shot through. Hill was a common-sized man, perhaps five feet ten inches, aged about 22 or 23. I tended him for eighteen days, until the day of his death."

AFTER the shooting, John Danford went back in the store and accosted Knott who still stood behind the counter with the smoking Colt in his hand. "Lay the gun down," Danford ordered. "Come out and answer for a bad job."

Knott put the pistol back on the shelf. He jumped over the counter, stepped up on a box and asked to be heard, but by this time the crowd had moved to the street. Angry voices shouted for a rope.

Flem Hill, the only lawman on the place and brother of the man who had just been shot, called for order. In his calm, deliberate way he asked the crowd to let the law take its course. He promised that Knott would have a fair trial. "And then we'll hang him!" a man shouted. There was scattered laughter. The tension eased. Flem put Knott in leg irons and delegated guards to hold him for trial.

Bill Hill stayed at his brother's side, helping Dr. Reed. The doctor contrived a probe with a long pin and removed many pieces of the brown silk neckerchief

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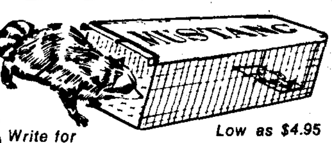

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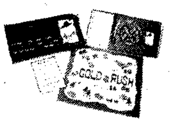

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which had been forced into the wound by the bullet. He bathed Ryland's neck with cold water and gave him some to drink, but his throat "leaked" and very little reached his stomach. Dr. Reed bled him three times in the days that followed, a pint each time, standard treatment in those days. Dr. E. S. Fiske of Scottsburg and Dr. Dorsey S. Baker of Oakland also attended Ryland. Dr. Fiske did not agree with Reed's course of treatment, but reported that all was possible and that he probably could not have survived in any event.

On the eighteenth day, Ryland Hill died. If feelings between the gang at Bunton's Gap and the men at Winchester had been strained before, they were now at the breaking point.

Southern Oregon was divided over the subject of slavery, and although it was never mentioned as the cause of the quarrel, everyone felt that it had some bearing on the killing. The men at Bunton's Gap, including the Hills, were in favor of states rights, had owned slaves, or had grown up in the South where slaves were kept.

Over at Winchester, the Yankees predominated. Knott and his sons were from New York and Ohio. The other store was run by Addison Flint, a native of Massachusetts. This small sector of the county was indicative of the area as a whole. Feelings ran high then and until long after the Civil War was over. Union Clubs stood off the Knights of the Golden Circle. Arguments flared in public meetings and private gatherings. In later years, Bill Hill would say that the killing of Ryland was over a North-South argument, but the trial testimony does not show this to be true. However, it was undoubtedly an undercurrent in the affair.

The Grand Jury in Winchester brought in a true bill for murder against Joseph Knott on July 25. Knott applied for a change of venue and his trial was set for the 29th in Scottsburg, down the river in Umpqua County. Scottsburg was the head of tidewater, where ocean-going ships unloaded supplies for the interior of all southern Oregon. In 1853 it was a fair-sized town with a hotel, several stores, two wharves, a ship building company, postal service, blacksmiths and a cabinet shop. Until the flood of 1861 washed it away, Scottsburg thrived.

JUDGE MATTHEW P. DEADY presided at the Scottsburg trial, which was held in the house of Daniel J. Lyons, the blind editor of the *Umpqua Gazette.* Sheriff Joshua A. Knowles handled the Umpqua County duties. Joseph Wilson served as Deputy Marshal and Hiram Dunlap took up the clerk's pen. The jury included William Hubbard, James Cam-

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man, Job Hatfield, James L. Kent, Smith Seward, James Clark, David T. Clark, Nathan W. Allan, William Golden, Harrison Pinkston, George W. Crusen and John Walker. Most of the jurors were Donation Land Claimants, permanent settlers of the area.

Columbus Sims, the Prosecuting Attorney, was assisted by B. F. Harding and George D. Shiel. R. E. Stratton, A. C. Gibbs, S. F. Chadwick, and O. C. Pratt represented Joseph Knott. (Both Gibbs and Chadwick later served as governors of Oregon.)

Thomas Myers was called to the witness stand and described the events of the day, including a description of the store, the conversation with Jack Knott, the quarrel, and the firing of the pistol. He concluded, "I started to go out of the door and when I stepped towards it, the pistol fired and I felt the powder spatter on my face—thought I was shot. I turned around and saw Hill with his hands up to his breast."

Nathaniel Staples and John Hovey described the shooting. Hovey recognized the gun as a Colt's revolver, a five-shooter. William Hill was called, but few questions were asked him about his brother's death. Dr. Reed testified as to the medical treatment, along with Drs. Baker and Fiske.

John C. Smith said he had talked to Knott about the bunch from Bunton's Gap. Knott had expected trouble and Smith reported that Knott said, "If they follow me in the store and raise a row, damned if I don't kill some of them." Smith's testimony ended the prosecutor's case.

Pratt began the defense by questioning John Danford who repeated his testimony that Knott had asked to be heard. George Evans stated that he believed the quarrel was over the purportedly "stolen" horse.

The most voluble witness for the defense was Thomas Batty, a blacksmith. Tom recalled that on the day General Lane spoke at Winchester before the election, Bill Hill had told Tom about an old grudge that Ryland had against the Knotts, particularly Levi. Bill said he heard that Levi was going to whip Ryland on Saturday. Batty said, "Levi won't do anything if you don't." Then Ryland stepped up and said, "Well, I will do something whether he does or not."

Batty continued, "I saw him [Ryland] the day before election over at Bunton's. Heard Bunton say, 'Knott says myself, the Hills, Miller and others are all horse thieves.' Says I, 'I have never heard him say any such things.' Bill said it was Jack Knott said it. Then Ryland said, 'We are coming over to town tomorrow and then we will see whether any of them have said it.' I heard him say, 'We are going to have a row'."

After Batty finished, Attorney Pratt went to work to show that Ryland was a quarrelsome young man. He called Bazil Courville to the stand. Bazil said, "I saw Hill at Gardiner's shop. There was a difficulty between Foster and a Canadian. A knife was drawn. I looked at Hill and saw he was excited. I said to him, 'Your blood was raised, Hill.' He answered, 'I hate to see a fuss unless I am in it.' Conversation then changed and Hill said there was going to be a fuss at Mr. Knott's and 'if the damned old rascal resists, I will knock him down.' I saw Hill go into the grocery and get lead and bullets that same day."

In the cross-examination, Sims attempted to prove that the bullets were for a bear hunt, but he was overruled.

William Musgrave recalled hearing Ryland say, after the shooting, "I had a pistol and could have used it if I wished."

Then Levi Knott, Jack's older brother, took the stand. He had seen and heard the whole quarrel. "I was close enough to my father to touch him," he said. "When the 'damned lie' passed, Hill came two steps toward the counter. While he was speaking the words, he was rolling up his sleeves and as he advanced, he put his right hand into his bosom. I noticed this movement in particular for I expected to see a revolver. He drew his hand from his bosom, which showed me an inch or more of the breech of his pistol. On seeing it, I looked around to my father to see what he was doing and whether he noticed the pistol. As I looked around, I saw his right hand coming from behind him in a swinging way. When his hand came around straight, I saw a revolver. I looked at Hill to see if he saw it, as it was not more than eighteen inches from his head. When Hill saw it, he turned towards the left. I don't think he moved his feet. It was done in a moment. He didn't take his hand from his bosom until the pistol fired and then he put it to the right side of his neck. Earlier in the day, I had seen Thomas Batty and he warned me that the crowd at Bunton's was after my father."

Jess Clayton disputed the testimony about the hand and the pistol in the bosom of Ryland's shirt front, but Musgrove and Levi Knott had already convinced the jury that Ryland was about to draw on Joseph Knott and that the merchant had fired in self-defense. The jury retired late Monday night, August 1, and within a half hour brought in the verdict—not guilty.

After Joseph Knott was released, he and his sons left the area. He had come to Douglas County early in the fifties and had built a store and a sawmill in Canyonville. George Riddle wrote of Knott, "He was a man of intelligence and energy, but had a domineering disposition." Knott served in the 1858-59 Oregon Legislature; two years later he and Jack bought the Stark Street Ferry in Portland and ran it for many years.

Flem Hill continued to live on his land claim and when the stagecoaches began rolling through Oregon, he built an inn at Wilbur to serve the passengers. His brother Bill, always restless, fought in the Indian wars, rode shotgun for Wells-Fargo, drove stage, carried the mail over the Coos Bay Wagon Road, served as deputy sheriff, and ran various businesses.

As for Bunton and his family, they soon left the Gap and moved to Walla Walla, Washington Territory. Later Bunton's son ran with the Plummer gang in Montana, where he was hanged in 1864. The name of the little community north of Winchester was changed to Wilbur in honor of the man who founded the church and academy there.

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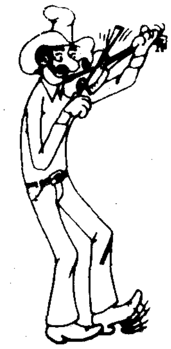

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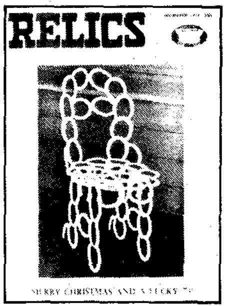

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Bill Hill never forgot that day in June 1853 at Winchester when his brother was mortally wounded. When he penned his memoirs in later years, he wrote that it was "one of the greatest sorrows of my life."

Von Ghrolman's Three Silver Bars

(Continued from page 15)

1846. It wasn't known for what purpose but his one-time friends all agreed he was searching for some historical information that might give an inkling to the origin of the muskets and silver bars. On his return in the dead of winter, he made no indication as to success or failure; instead, he quickly made his way upriver and there he remained in seclusion for weeks on end.

THE LAST mention of von Ghrolman on record in White County, was another transfer of property in 1849. Little is revealed of his life after he returned from New Orleans.

However, descendants of the few settlers living along the river during von Ghrolman's days in Arkansas, still live in the vicinity and some of the older generation remember the stories of von Ghrolman's fruitless attempt at recovering a fortune in Spanish silver bars.

In the spring of 1849 he made a final trip to the King farm. Apparently he not only went to tell his only friend goodbye, but also to reveal what information he had gathered over the years about the muskets which King had unearthed so long before. Of the treasure, von Ghrolman talked freely. Because, as he related to King, he was getting no younger. While he still felt there was a fortune buried along the bank of the river, California offered a far surer prospect in gold, and on the morrow he would begin the long trip West.

Though von Ghrolman's knowledge of the history of the New World would have been called shallow, he told this story he had gathered from an elderly priest in New Orleans:

Between the period 1810 to 1821, during the Mexican uprising against Spain, attempts were made by the loyal padres in charge of the vast fortunes in gold and silver, to smuggle the wealth out of Mexico. A solid blockade was made by Mexican rebels of all coastal waterways; it became safer to transport the wealth to St. Louis, New Orleans, and other points along the Mississippi River.

Unfortunately, many of these treasure shipments never arrived at their proposed destinations. They were either followed and their cargos recovered by rebel forces or else as some thought, they were destroyed by Indians. There is little way to calculate the amounts *lost* by Spain, based on the small portion which actually arrived there. The ratio is probably staggering.

In concluding the conversation, von Ghrolman told King that over the years he had formed his own concept of the musket and silver mystery. In all probability there had been four Mexican rebels in close pursuit of four loyal servants of the Spanish Crown. Unquestionably the padres had made it through the pass only to come abruptly onto the river swollen by spring or winter rains. In their final attempt to save the fortune, they buried it along the riverbank or hid it among the bluffs skirting the mountain. It was quite possible, von Ghrolman thought, that during the confrontation between the padres and rebels a surprise attack was made by a small band of Osage.

SO goes the legend of Herman von Ghrolman and his twelve-year search for a fortune in silver. Not only has it been told and re-told by descendants of his German contemporaries but by others who watched the man squander a modest fortune in a futile attempt to recover what John Hilger warned was a myth.

The story, however, does not end with the exit of von Ghrolman from the banks of Little Red River. Over the years professional treasure hunters have searched in vain for the same fortune. Downriver near the confluence of Ten-Mile Creek, the bluffs have been all but dynamited into oblivion by treasure hunters who were convinced Osage Indians sealed the silver somewhere within these once beautiful displays of nature.

Numerous stories are told of Indians making the long trip from their Oklahoma home to Little Red River as late

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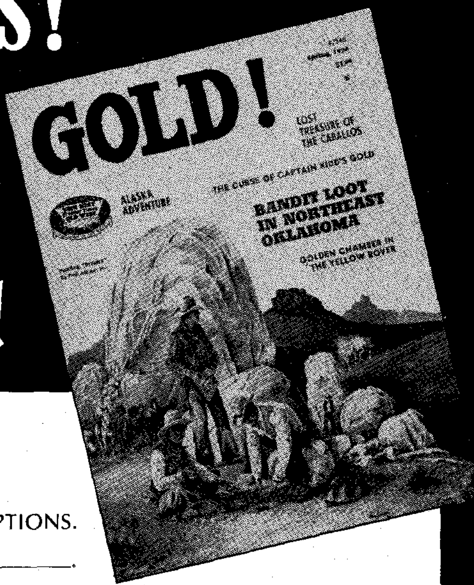
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as the 1920s searching for something they never divulged. Robert Chapman, an early settler and merchant in the Dewey community near the von Ghrolman farm, boarded one old Osage for several weeks. The old man spent his time walking up and down the river but evidently in the end became confused and left without notice to his host.

Another related incident happened in 1923 near the Earnest Jackson farm in the Hiram community. An elderly Indian and his wife camped at the old Hiram schoolhouse, wandering up and down Big Creek, which empties into the river across from where von Ghrolman found the silver bars. The outcome of their search is not known.

Recently I visited Dan Smith of Newport, Arkansas whose grandfather, Brance Humbard, cleared and farmed the land where von Ghrolman and King made their discoveries. Smith said his grandfather found a large crucifix while plowing the field about 1904. Sometime later he sold it to someone in Searcy for $100.

I often wonder if Herman von Ghrolman made his rich strike in California. Either way I look at it, I come to the conclusion he was luckier than John Hilger. Hilger died in 1852, only a few short years after his old one-time friend's departure, and was buried on a hill overlooking the land von Ghrolman sacrificed to search for a fortune in silver.

John Hance of Grand Canyon

(Continued from page 12)

service at Grand Canyon.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Arizona Champion* of Flagstaff on September 18, 1886:

> **"Being thoroughly conversant with all the trails leading to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, I am prepared to conduct parties thereto at any time. I have a fine spring of water near my home on the rim of the Canyon, and can furnish accommodations for the tourists and their animals.**
>
> **John Hance**
> **Flagstaff, Arizona**

That same year Hance erected another much larger log building alongside his original cabin. It served as a combination dining hall and kitchen. Travelers would refer to it as the "Log House."

As the newly awakened interest in Grand Canyon spread, so did the tourist trade. The initial travelers to the Canyon had little choice as to their methods of travel. They had to come either by wagon, stage, or horseback. The trip to Hance's Ranch approximately sixty-five miles from Flagstaff, could be made in one day, or about ten to eleven hours, with four relays of six horses each. The cost was $20. Hance reflected at that time upon the wise move he had made when on June 26, 1884, he commenced surveying and building a road thirty-three miles in length from Cedar Springs, south of the San Francisco Peaks, to the Grand Canyon. (In this party were also William Hull and Silas Ruggles.)

Several tourists have recorded their first impressions, and other details, upon arrival at Hance's tent city. One wrote: "The ladies are assigned to single tents, of which a score are scattered about. The men, all hungry as wild beasts, are led into a canvas caravansary big as a circus tent, where canvas cages for each one of us have been provided. We write our names in the register of this unique hotel, and then pick up and curiously peruse another volume of handwriting, marked *John Hance's Visitor's Book.*"

Another traveler wrote in a more descriptive manner: "By a log cabin, surrounded by a dozen or more tents, sits a sturdy man of about fifty, whose tawny hair and beard are literally sprinkled with gray. He wears a suit of brown velveteen and a great flapping sombrero. . . . After having been presented to this King of the Canyon, you register in the log cabin, which is a combination hotel-office and storehouse for tinned meats and vegetables, hams and bacon. Then you are shown to your tent, which is a most comfortable affair. The wooden floors are covered with Navajo blankets for rugs, and iron bedsteads have excellent mattresses and plenty of clean furnishings."

The crude accommodations found then at the Grand Canyon could not, of course, compare to the superb food and lodging present there today. But those first tourists had John Hance! One woman said of this celebrated and accomplished Arizona storyteller, "If the Lord loveth a cheerful fakir, He must be very well satisfied with John Hance."

John, who was a voluble talker, would entertain his guests with the most peculiar and exaggerated yarns imaginable. He became the "Baron Munchausen of the West." His voice has been described as similar to that of Teddy Roosevelt's —a sort of high falsetto as he approached the climax of a tale.

Hamlin Garland, a celebrated American author, described Hance as "a powerful and astonishing fictionist. Consciously he is a teller of whopping lies. Unconsciously he is one of the most dramatic and picturesque natural raconteurs I have ever met."

HANCE'S "business" flourished for the next five or six years, especially during the summer months. Conversely, when the snow got too deep and the cold too severe, Hance would retreat to his cabin at the bottom of the gorge and get in a little exploring, prospecting, and planting.

Following the cycle, as the first signs of spring became apparent, the eager tourists would begin to arrive at Hance's "Inn." And they, young and old, known and unknown, came not only from Arizona, California, and other states in the Union, but also from Germany, England, France, Scotland, Austria, Canada, Belgium and elsewhere.

"The Guardian of the Grand Canyon" would warmly welcome them all.

On November 14, 1892, W. F. Cody and a late season party of some fourteen people signed the visitor's book in Hance's cabin. Hance knew, of course, that Cody was the famous "Buffalo Bill," whom he had admired for years. The two men took to each other immediately.

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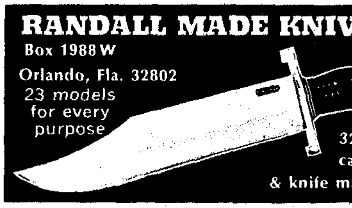

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A short time later when another visitor signed the book she observed that the walls of Hance's cabin were papered with pictures and lithographs of Buffalo Bill in every pose he ever struck.

"Bill Cody!" the woman said Hance told her. "Shucks, I knew him long before he took to play actin'."

However, it was also in 1892 that Hance's monopoly of the tourist and guide business came to an abrupt end. Other men, some of them successful or semi-successful prospectors and miners such as Hance, looked with favor on the tourist trade too. One such was Peter D. Berry who developed the Grandview Trail and built a log cabin and tent city tourist camp less than three miles from Hance's location. Berry also worked a rich copper mine at the foot of his trail, and possessed other copper claims in the Canyon. The tourist business became such a valuable source of income as to almost force Berry and his partners to build a long, two-story log structure next to the original crude cabin. This building, named the Grandview Hotel, had become the Grand Canyon's leading tourist spot by 1895.

Hance tried to keep up with the times. When a storm and rockslides destroyed much of his original trail in 1894 he developed the New Hance Trail, or Red Canyon Trail, just west of Moran Point. The New Hance Trail, like its forerunner, was a precarious one for novices.

Apparently the aging pioneer saw the handwriting on the wall and an item in the Flagstaff newspaper (*Coconino Sun*) on November 7, 1895, informed the public that "John Hance has sold all his right and title to his trails from the rim of the Grand Canyon to the river, and known as 'Hance trails,' to J. W. Thurber and J. H. Tolfree."

When J. Wilbur Thurber, who operated the stage line from Flagstaff to the Canyon, likewise purchased the Hance ranch, the former owner remained as manager of the tourist center.

On May 10, 1897, the post office of Tourist, Arizona, the first one on the rim of the Canyon, was established at the Hance ranch. Quite naturally the first postmaster was not only "Old Cap" Hance, but the post office was located in his original log cabin. He remained at this position until April 12, 1899.

During this period Hance became a member of the *nouveau riche*. He sold his asbestos mines, and other claims, and together with what he received from the sale of his ranch, went on a spree of his own. Starting in Williams and Flagstaff, Arizona, he proceeded on to San Francisco where, as the story goes, he spent $10,000 in just ten days. Hance said the people in that city didn't even know there was such a person as John Hance and that sometime he was going to go back with about $50,000 and really wake the town up!

IN 1905 an earthquake shook all of northern Arizona, and Hance did very little prospecting after that. His original ranch was resold in 1906 and a white, seventeen-room frame hotel was built beside the old log dining room. It was little used.

Times were changing rapidly. The Santa Fe Railroad had reached the south rim in 1901 and the first automobile had arrived at the gorge in 1902. A new tourist center at the Canyon, appropriately named "Grand Canyon Village," was established at a point where the railroad tracks ended, aproximately fifteen miles to the west of the former Hance and Berry "hotels." By this time most tourists had begun using Williams as a starting point to the mighty gorge. Hotels at Grand Canyon Village such as the El Tovar and the Bright Angel drew the majority of the visitors.

After spending a few years just more or less hanging around the old Grandview Hotel, before Berry sold it, Hance wandered over to Grand Canyon Village where he became somewhat of a permanent fixture around the Bright Angel and El Tovar Hotels, exercising his position as unofficial greeter and telling tall tales about "the boss ditch of the world" to all who would sit and listen.

He would proudly allow visitors to peruse his old "Visitor's Book," in which almost five hundred guests had briefly and voluntarily recorded their impressions of both him and his "inn" of the 1880s and 1890s. A few gems of eloquence from Hance's book are as follows (names of guests and dates omitted):

"Anyone who comes to the Grand Canyon and fails to meet John Hance will miss half the show.

"Captain Hance, with all his lies, is a most trustworthy individual."

"If Dickens had only been John Hance, what a book he could have written."

"Special thanks to Captain Hance. Splendid guide in spite of his economy of truth."

"The kind of hospitality shown us by Captain John Hance will never be forgotten. During this writing we are all sitting around the fire."

"As to John Hance, he is very gentlemanly, but a curiosity of the rarest type."

"A genius, a philosopher and a poet."

"Chivalrous, daring, entertaining, ever-obliging Captain Hance."

Once a visitor asked Old Cap how he lost the end of his finger (the tip of the index finger on his right hand was missing) and Hance quickly replied that he had just simply and gradually worn it off after standing on the rim of the Grand Canyon for thirty years pointing to the scenery!

Another popular question was, "How did this wonderful Canyon come to be here?" One of Hance's answers would be, "I dug it myself and piled the dirt over there," pointing to the tall summit of the San Francisco Peaks.

But as Hance frequently changed the endings to his fantastic stories the next person to ask the same question of him as to the origin of the Canyon might readily be told, "I dug it myself. That is, a Scotchman and me did. You see, the Scotchman had dropped and lost a dime here and we had to dig for quite some time before we found it!"

Guests around the El Tovar Hotel often wondered out loud if the old guide was ever married. He would wink and tell them that once he had been hitched, but they decided to split up and divide their property. Hance would say very solemnly, "I kept the house and gave her the road."

Another ending to this tale was that his wife had fallen off her mule many years before while descending one of the trails to the bottom of the Canyon. She broke her leg and those with her couldn't set it or get her out of the precipitous gorge. When asked what was finally done, Hance replied, "It was horrible. We had to shoot her!" (These wife jokes were good for hearty laughs in the early part of the twentieth century.)

Hance would love to bring visitors to a certain point on the rim of the Canyon where, he would tell them, he once tried to leap a horse across to the next peak, but when he was about half-way over he realized he couldn't make it and had to turn the horse around and go back!

When Hance was just starting out in the tourist business at the site of his little log cabin and vegetable garden, visitors would ask how he irrigated his garden. He told them he got the water from the Colorado River. The skeptics would glance down over five thousand feet to the river at the bottom of the Canyon and be baffled. Hance, with a straight face, would go on to explain that he had a powerful telescope which would bring the water within fifteen feet of the top, and he could just siphon it the rest of the way!

Such was the far out humor of this vivacious chronicler of the most outrageous and absurd whoppers ever shared with the dudes who came to view the striking beauty of Grand Canyon.

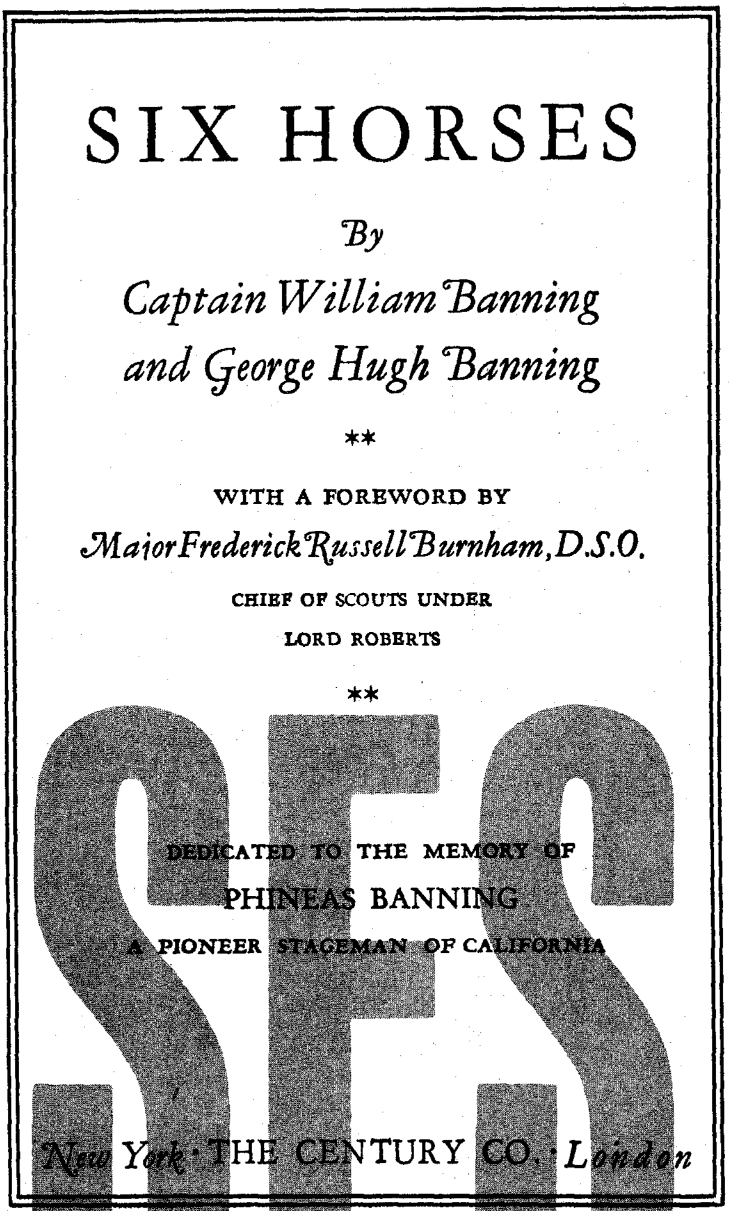
FROM the early 1900s Mr. Hance was provided with room and board in the Bright Angel Lodge by the hotel people, namely the Fred Harvey Company, who encouraged him to talk to the tourists. Not too much encouragement was necessary. The loquacious Old Cap was so successful at this task he was soon given a small salary and his own cottage.

In the latter part of 1918 Hance, who was assumed to be in his late sixties or early seventies, became quite ill and was taken to the Weatherford Hotel in Flagstaff. About a month later he was removed to the local hospital where he died on the afternoon of January 6, 1919. Funeral services were appropriately held at Grand Canyon Village and he was buried in the little cemetery east and north of the El Tovar Hotel.

Captain John Hance, the pilgrim and the guardian of the Grand Canyon, was properly, but prematurely, eulogized on January 25, 1893, eighteen years before his death. On that date a prominent citizen of Arizona Territory recorded his words in *John Hance's Visitor's Book*. This gentleman had been a sheriff, editor of the well known *Arizona Miner* and mayor of Prescott. He died in 1898 at San Juan Hill, Cuba, while serving as a Captain with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War. His name was William O. O'Neill, better known as "Bucky" O'Neill. He wrote in the book:

> **"God made the Canyon, John Hance the trails. Without the other neither would be complete."**

SIX HORSES



SIX HORSES

By

Captain William Banning
and George Hugh Banning

**

WITH A FOREWORD BY

Major Frederick Russell Burnham, D.S.O.

CHIEF OF SCOUTS UNDER
LORD ROBERTS

**

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
PHINEAS BANNING
A PIONEER STAGEMAN OF CALIFORNIA

New York · THE CENTURY CO. · *London*

SIX HORSES
Part Two

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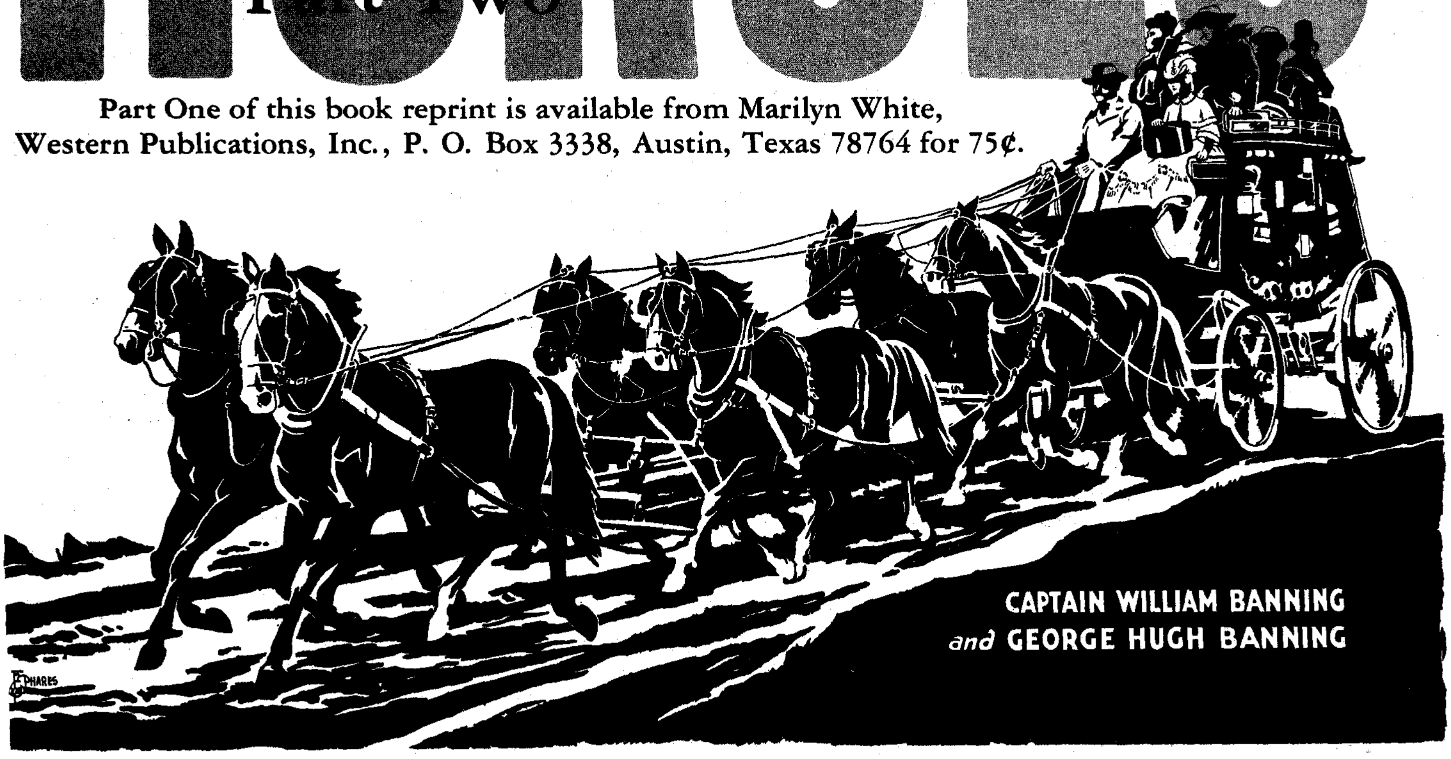
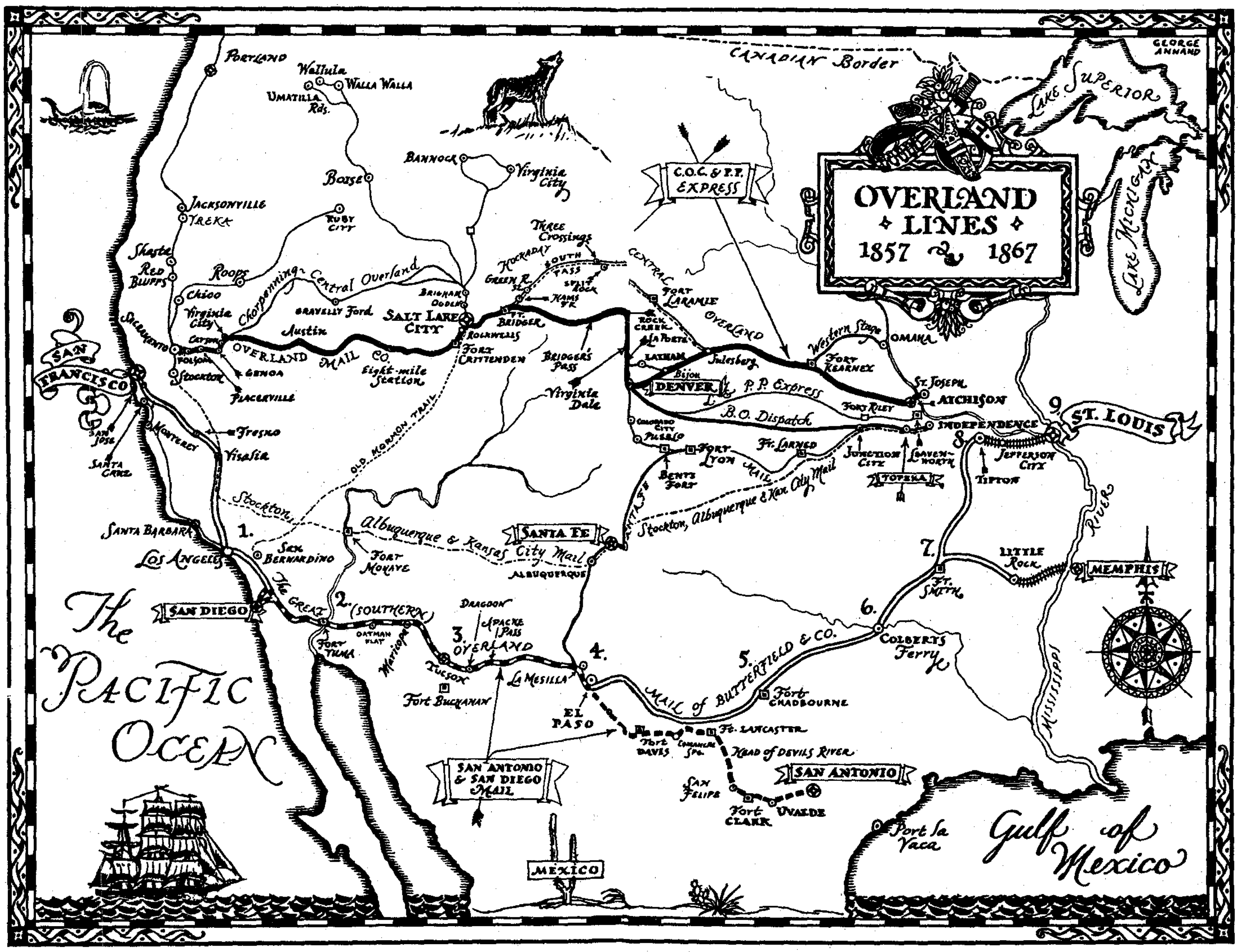

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BANNING
and GEORGE HUGH BANNING
PHARES


OVERLAND LINES 1857 1867
GEORGE ANNAND
CANADIAN Border
LAKE SUPERIOR
LAKE MICHIGAN
C.O.C. & P.P. EXPRESS
PORTLAND
Wallula
WALLA WALLA
UMATILLA Rds.
BANNOCK
Virginia City
Boise
JACKSONVILLE
YREKA
RUBY CITY
Shasta
RED BLUFFS
Roops
Chico
Chorpenning
Central Overland
Virginia City
GRAVELLY Ford
BRIGHAM
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
Austin
SACRAMENTO
Carson
FOLSOM
OVERLAND MAIL CO.
Eight-mile Station
GENOA
Stockton
PLACERVILLE
SAN FRANCISCO
SAN JOSE
SANTA CRUZ
MONTEREY
Fresno
Visalia
OLD MORMON TRAIL
Stockton
THREE Crossings
HOCKADAY
SOUTH PASS
GREEN R. St.
SPLIT ROCK
HAMS FR.
FT. BRIDGER
ROCKWELLS
FORT CRITTENDEN
BRIDGER'S Pass
Virginia Dale
CENTRAL
FORT LARAMIE
OVERLAND
ROCK CREEK
LA PORTE
LATHAM
Julesberg
Bijou
DENVER
P. P. Express
B. O. Dispatch
Western Stage
FORT KEARNEY
OMAHA
ST. JOSEPH
ATCHISON
FORT RILEY
INDEPENDENCE
9.
ST. LOUIS
COLORADO CITY
PUEBLO
FORT LYON
BENTS FORT
FT. LARNED
MAIL
JUNCTION CITY
LEAVENWORTH
TOPEKA
8.
JEFFERSON CITY
TIPTON
SANTA FE
Stockton, Albuquerque & Kan. City Mail
SANTA BARBARA
1.
LOS ANGELES
SAN BERNARDINO
Albuquerque & Kansas City Mail
FORT MOHAVE
SANTA FE
ALBUQUERQUE
RIVER
7.
LITTLE Rock
MEMPHIS
FT. SMITH
The Great
2. (SOUTHERN)
SAN DIEGO
FORT YUMA
OATMAN FLAT
Maricopa
DRAGOON
APACHE PASS
3. OVERLAND
TUCSON
LA MESILLA
Fort Buchanan
4.
EL PASO
6.
COLBERTS Ferry
5.
MAIL of BUTTERFIELD & CO.
Fort CHADBOURNE
MISSISSIPPI
FT. LANCASTER
Fort DAVIS
COMANCHE Spr.
HEAD of DEVILS RIVER
SAN ANTONIO
SAN FELIPE
Fort CLARK
UVALDE
The PACIFIC OCEAN
SAN ANTONIO & SAN DIEGO MAIL
MEXICO
Port La Vaca
Gulf of Mexico

THE END OF A PIONEER'S TRAIL

On the first day of August in fifty-seven it might have been difficult to transact any serious business with certain officials of the California Stage Company. Not only had the steamer *Golden Age* arrived from Panama bringing news of keen interest to all stagemen, but she had also brought the long-absent Birch, the very man to whom most of the news related.

Vice-President Stevens' offices, at least, could not have been very accessible. Much more than water had flowed under the bridge since he and his old friend had last held conference; but besides their private affairs and their mutual business interests, there were many questions on the subject of the Overland Mail which until now could not have been answered.

It has already been learned that the necessary Congressional appropriations had been made; that the Postmaster-General had been vested with the power to choose a contractor, and to favor whatever party most suited him regardless of bids; that the stage route between San Francisco and the Mississippi, which, according to law, the contractor was empowered to select, would nonetheless be dictated by the Postmaster, and that service over the extended Southern route would probably commence in the fall of the following year. Beyond these facts there were several yet to be learned, one being of a rather startling nature.

That Birch had lost his Great Overland Mail contract was surprising enough in the light of general expectancy; but that his stages were, nevertheless, on the road at that very moment, carrying the United States mail across the deserts on their journey to California, was news indeed. It seemed that he had become the proprietor, not of the great line which he had helped to promote and for which Congress had made special appropriations, but of the Postmaster-General's own unaccountable and very sudden creation. It was the San Antonio & San Diego Mail, to run on a thirty-day schedule twice a month between the Texas and California termini at a rate of compensation from the general postal fund of nearly $150,000 a year.

There being various combinations of stage, rail, and steamer connections between San Antonio and the ports of Indianola and New Orleans, Birch, under Federal patronage, had opened the first overland mail and passenger stage line joining the two oceans. There being a branch reaching off from his route at El Paso northward to Sante Fé, whence another route, extending eastward, communicated with Independence, Missouri, he had likewise completed the first wheeled transit between the great rivers and the Pacific shores.

He had taken over the contract and made arrangements to stock the road for immediate service shortly before sailing from New York. Not to wait for the inauguration of the main transcontinental line, the Post Office Department had ordained that there be staging at once over the Border route to California. A route more desolate would have been difficult to find, and terminal points more remote from the populated regions than San Antonio and San Diego could scarcely have been named by a sober man; but the Postmaster-General, as the world would soon learn, was a man of his own convictions. Birch had undertaken the project only on a reasonable assumption that the major contract would be his as well. He had regarded the San Antonio & San Diego line only as a subsidiary of his future system. But the unexpected had happened.

It was fairly as though he had stood with fingers about to close on a six-hundred-thousand-dollar-per-year, six-year mail contract which the Postmaster-General was extending when, suddenly, along had come President Buchanan, patting John Butterfield on the back with one hand and staying the hand of the Postmaster-General with the other! The New York *Times*, naturally favoring New York interests, and with no unsound arguments on its side in behalf of the New York or Butterfield bidders, had been very agreeably surprised at this abrupt turn of events. Its issue of July 7, which had come on the same steamer with Birch to California, explained in part:

> **We charged no corruption when we expressed our belief that despite bidding, it had been decided to award the contract to Mr. Birch. Nor did we intimate that any venal motives had prompted the determination. Mr. Birch is a gentleman of large capital and much experience, and more competent, perhaps, than any other single man in the United States to execute this great mail contract. He has influential friends, too, who urged him on the Postmaster General; and we repeat today—and Mr. Birch will not deny it—that he had reason to believe three months ago that he would certainly get the contract—that it was all settled in his favor almost as though the cabinet had formally decided it. We repeat that it was the Postmaster General's determination to give it to him down to a very recent period. . . . So much for our position. The President has overruled the determination to give the contract to Mr. Birch.**

The *Times* did not mention the fact that Butterfield and Buchanan were intimate friends of long standing; but certainly this circumstance alone promised a security in favor of the Great Overland Mail which Birch could not have offered. Since the President knew John Butterfield, moreover, he must likewise have known, more than anyone else, his capabilities and the immense joint power behind him. Thus, at any rate, before the onslaught of Butterfield, Dinsmore Fargo, and all the others, had the lone pioneer been defeated. In fact, near the last he had had reason to expect defeat. He had been urged by his advocates as well as his adversaries to combine his bid with that of the New York expressmen and so settle any difference extant in the President's cabinet. But he had decided on "all or nothing." As it was, he had neither—he was the proprietor of the *San Antonio & San Diego Mail*, and destined, as such, to take up once more his old role of pioneer.

It was the end of a long campaign. Already there were strong and capable hands reaching out for the whip of Birch; but evidently he had no intention of resigning it. He was trail-blazing in a new era, just as he had done in forty-nine, and there appeared prospects now, as before, to win the race he had started. Although bound, for the time being, to the Border route, there were other routes, little though it appeared that the South would ever admit it. And there were certain hopeful champions of the Central short line who, with renewed emphasis, were naming him as the man to take up the reins.

Toward the end, hats were off to old Crandall, quietly driving his stages twice a week on a regular schedule over the tops of the Sierra Nevada and into the adjacent Territory of Utah (now Nevada). The winter snows might block him for a few weeks this year; but, given more traffic, which would come with more funds for road improvements, and Crandall would be blocked no more. There, then, would be the Great Salt Lake trail, which was nearly a thousand miles shorter than that through the South, wide open and demanding service, a service to knock about seven days off the journey by stage across the plains, if not at least seven bells out of the whole Southern system.

Yet it appears that these prospects were not intended for Birch. The fates were leading him elsewhere. He was not yet thirty years old, but his life ran only into one more page of the calendar. September gave him thirteen days to live.

IT WAS August 20 when he bade Frank Stevens good-by. Then, with a dozen or so mesages to carry with him to the Atlantic Coast, with trinkets for his wife and, more significantly, a silver baby's cup from a stagefaring friend for little Frank, he climbed aboard the steamer bound for Panama.

His affairs in the East had called him away a little too soon—he was never to learn of the safe arrival in California of the first San Antonio mail. He was far at sea on the last day of the month when the pueblo of San Diego was all in an uproar. An old cannon in the plaza was booming away, bells and "a hundred anvils" were ringing, there was cheering from an ecstatic crowd. Mail through from San Antonio! Thirty-eight days! Thirty-four days' traveling time! And there was positive assurance that it could be done in less than thirty, given only a few weeks to improve the organization along the road.

The next arrivals at both ends of the line proved the case. It was while Birch was still on his homeward voyage. It was while a storm on the Atlantic was presaging the fact that he had reached his journey's end.

On the twelfth night of September the end was clearly in view. The palatial side-wheeler *Central America*, some four hundred miles south of Cape Hatteras, had spread her seams and was on her way to the bottom. Women and children had been safely transferred to a sailing vessel, whose crippled condition had left her helpless to render any further assistance. She had been swept, struggling, far to leeward, where she could only await the inevitable sea which would smother the distant lights of the steamer for the last time and bear her down.

Aboard the ill-fated liner, Birch stood on deck among hundreds of men of his own adventuresome cast. If there had been so much as a gesture toward panic, there was not a thought if it now. The young stageman had been seen to refuse the offer of a lifebelt. "No, Gabe; it's no use," had been his words as he strode away, smoking a cigar whose glow he fully intended should be extinguished with the breath of his life.

The master, too, had resigned the ship and all hands to the conquering elements. Everything that could have been done had been done. Standing on the bridge with the mate beside him, he had removed the storm cover from his cap to reveal the gold braid of his office, He was Captain William H. Herndon, detailed by the United States Navy.

Now, braced by the rail, he uncovered. A rocket soared aloft. And down into a smothering froth and blackness, from which there was no recovering, plunged the hulk, white seas boiling over. More than two million dollars in gold and some four hundred men followed her to her grave.

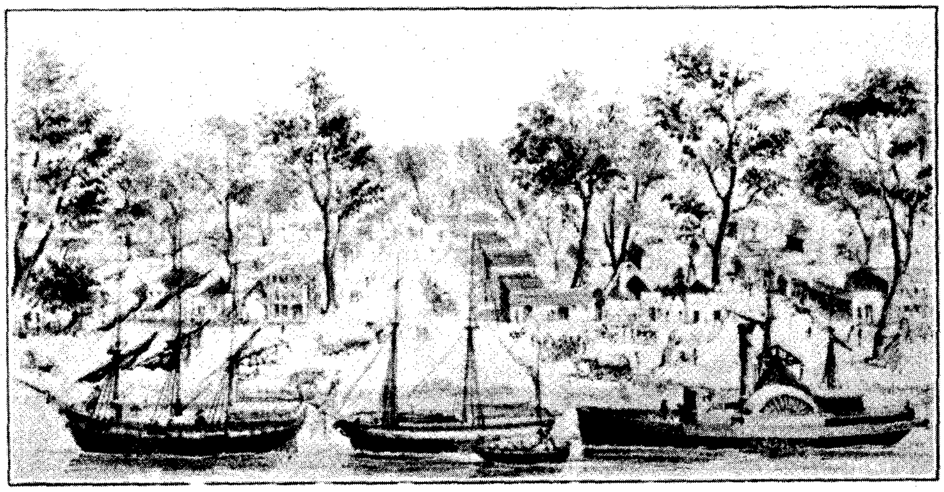
Mrs. Birch, with the little boy, was awaiting the arrival of her husband at the old Metropolitan Hotel in New York; but they returned alone to the house in Swansea.

It was strange what followed them there.

It was a large silver cup which a certain John Andrews, agent for the California Stage Company, had put into the hands of Birch on the day of his sailing. "From John to Frank" was the inscription upon it; and from John to Frank it had come, through adventures more harrowing than could have been related by any but three of the survivors.

Many men, and some bodies of men, had been recovered from the sea by a second chancing vessel with the dawn that followed the disaster; but the silver

Sacramento City in 1849. (Illustration from John M. Letts' ***California Illustrated.*****)**



Courtesy The Bancroft Library

cup had been no part of her salvage. It had been carried by Birch himself from the foundering steamer to a crowded mass of wreckage; but as the hours passed, many hands let go; and as the days passed, many men succumbed. The cup had then passed into the care of a certain George Dawson, a mulatto. From his hands Mrs. Birch received it.

For it happened that a lifeboat, carrying only one survivor, had closed in eventually upon the raft, there to be joined by Dawson and only one more. The three men in an open boat had drifted thence for hundreds of miles. With the cup they had bailed the small craft; they had also used it as a means—an only means—of capturing sufficient rain water to maintain life. Some 478 miles from where the *Central America* had sunk, and fully nine days after the sinking, these men had been picked up and carried into New York Harbor. Birch, as Dawson related, had been swept from the raft and carried away by the sea.

TO VISIT Swansea today, and to make casual inquiries among its inhabitants regarding James Birch, is to meet very likely with no response but a frowning shake of the head. There, as elsewhere, strangely, the name is all but forgotten. One might be standing at the time of inquiry within sight of his very estate. One might be leaning on an old iron fence, admiring a vast park-like garden of lawn, ivy, gravel walks, maples, and elms, with perhaps a glimpse through the foliage of a broad stretch of water covered with lily pads. There would be the old stables, and there a large yellow dwelling, with green shutters, ornate cupola, columns and balustrades. But Birch? No. The villager has never heard of him. He might nod, however, toward the big colonial dwelling and say, "Ask there. If anybody can tell you about the old-timers of this town, it would be Mrs. Stevens."

To be thinking of Birch and to hear "Stevens"! *What* Stevens! But it seems there is only one of that name in Swansea. Everybody from Fall River to Providence has heard of her—Elizabeth R. Stevens, widow of the Hon. Frank Shaw Stevens, captain of industry, banker, manufacturer, State Senator of Massachusetts, who died in the late nineties. It is surprising to the villager that any one should be so startled on hearing that name in Swansea, the town itself being largely composed of the well-known Stevens donations. There are two schools, the town hall, the library, the church, and more, most of which were dedicated by the widow in memory of her husband.

Thus Swansea, once you have found it, opens the door unwittingly of an old historic romance to account for many things, including the fateful obscurity of a man who had been the father of the whole West-American staging epoch. Given the public careers of Birch and his friend, one might solve the rest of the story without going farther, without entering the gate of this old house, though it fairly cries aloud to come on, come in—it contains a romance from the old, gold days! It has long treasured the saga of Birch!

And Mrs. Stevens, as it proves, has likewise treasured it. A more than kindly woman of years, she continues actively in the administration of her late husband's estate, and remembers the stories he told her of his stage-coach days in California. She is the second wife of Stevens. His first had been, as one might almost guess, the widow of James E. Birch.

Courtesy **The Providence Journal**

"From John to Frank." Saved from the steamer *Central America,* **lost September 12, 1875.**

IN a room maintained more or less as Birch had left it hangs his portrait, together with that of the young woman who had been his wife, and that also of their son, Frank, with whose death, at the age of fifty, had passed the family name. Yet it is as though the name of Stevens were synonymous. It is as though Birch and all that had concerned him had become Stevens and Stevens' life. The California Stage Company, a painting of whose coach hangs there on a wall, necessarily recalls both men and their early environment. Then the widow of one becoming the wife of the other; the son of one bearing the name of the other; the coaches in the stable having been driven by both, and the house itself having sprung from the gold-dust that their respective stages had borne down from the mines—all this; but it seems also that even the aspirations of Birch, at the time of his death, had been carried along by Stevens.

It fell to him, naturally, upon marriage, to stand behind the Birch pioneer line across the plains in the matter of its financing; but just as this line would not have sufficed for Birch, neither did it suffice for Stevens. Lured back to New England, as his old friend had been, by the selfsame feminine agency, he too had found himself longing for the whip to vie with that of John Butterfield. The California Stage Company at that time, however, had been anxious to let well enough alone. Its trustees were tired. Travel had fallen off. Through Stevens, now campaigning among the politicians of Washington (again just as Birch had done), they were to have the first mail contract on a line to Portland, Oregon, and intended after that to withdraw. Meanwhile they were dependent largely upon Stevens for temporary financial support. A priceless old file of letters, which the present Mrs. Stevens graciously produced, discloses these facts, and shows Stevens in the exact situation of his old friend, striving toward the selfsame end.

"We think," wrote the California Company trustees, "that you have a sort of overland mail fever, and if we do not go into the mail business as a company you will go in individually or with others. . . . As we love you, don't for God's sake!" and so on, letter after letter imploring him to desist, and finally managing to dissuade him.

Thus Stevens, out of loyalty, it would seem, to his friends of the Pacific Coast firm, had turned at last away from staging to the life of a "captain of industry, banker, manufacturer, and State Senator of Massachusetts," and only Birch's old toys in the stable, and silver services with coaches engraved upon them, and the picture on the wall by which to recall the things that were, back in the Fighting Fifties.

With these same treasures today the old house remains overloaded. Perhaps the most pathetic remmant is to be found upon a certain small marble-topped table, covered with a rich brocade. It is a silver cup, "From John to Frank," and with the added notation: "Saved from the steamer *Central America,* lost September 12, 1857."

It would seem, incidentally, that the end of the pioneer stage-coach phase might be placed appropriately at that date. Then it was that the first stages were crossing the plains. The wheels Birch had started in behalf of the Pacific Commonwealth were turning then in behalf of the new empire. Others were to carry on.

THE WHIP OF BUTTERFIELD

THE PILOT FISH AND SHARK

A NATION-WIDE financial panic, brought to a sudden head by the foundering of the *Central America* with her cargo of gold, had given fresh impetus to the westward march. More and more those who put out for the new land were taking with them their families, while those who had gone before were establishing homes and turning in considerable numbers from the mud cradle and sluice to the plow. A rather self-sufficient, fairly settled, and promising population west of the Continental Divide was rapidly nearing the half-million mark.

It was a population which, in one respect, was beginning to feel the need of intercourse with the older civilization somewhat less keenly than before; it was beginning, however bitterly, to enjoy the feeling of isolation and independence which had obtained for so long through the apparent apathy of the Federal Government. Yet for the same reason did it view itself with some alarm; and, by the same token, the real need of direct and rapid overland communication was so much the greater.

It was especially so in the light of strained relations between the free and slave States—a condition blamed for all the ineffectual haranguing on the overland mail question since the gold rush of forty-nine. But if at that early date some means of ready intercourse over the plains had seemed necessary, by now there had arisen a very visible exigency. The advent of trancontinental staging was not premature.

Yet the purpose of its earliest manifestation was, and must remain in part, a mystery. The San Antonio & San Diego Mail, popularly known as "The Jackass Mail," may as well have been routed over the poles of the moon for all the good, in itself, it was ever to do toward solving the problem. As a means of communication between the Eastern and Western civilizations it was practically useless. As an aid to emigration it led "from no place through nothing to nowhere," and found, therefore, very few emigrants to aid. Reports, for example, of ten thousand California-bound wagons trekking over the Central or Salt Lake route were accompanied by other reports of no wagons at all west of El Paso on the line of the unaccountable Jackass. Why, then, had it been conceived?

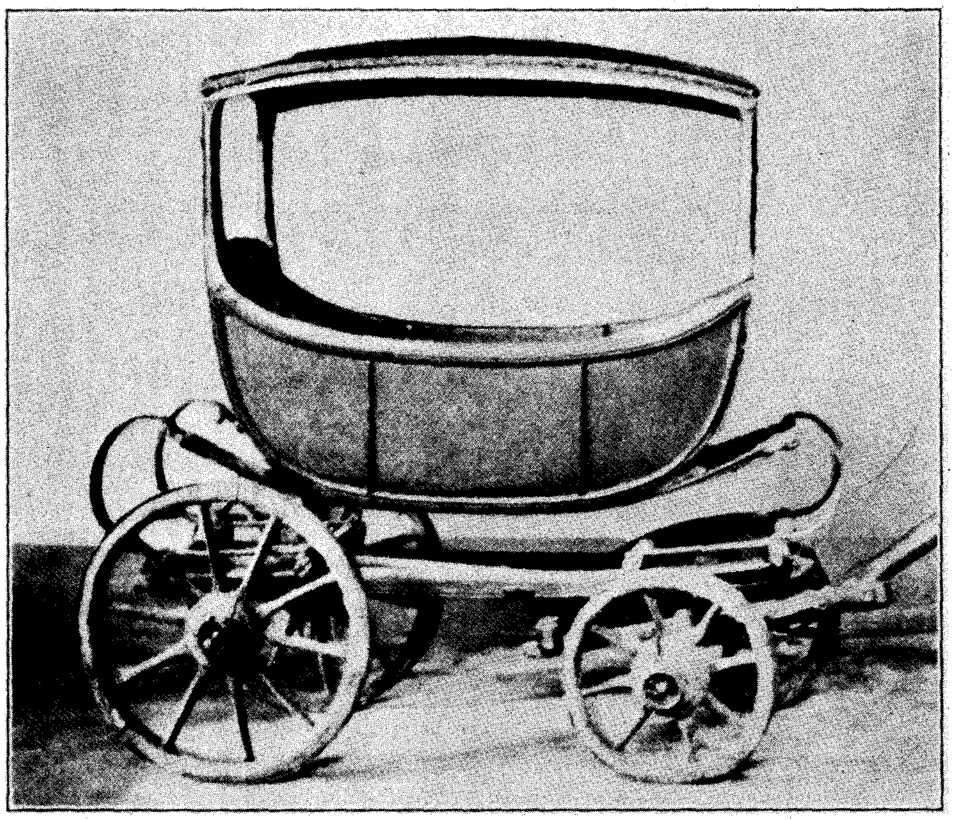
It appears that it had been created to accommodate, in part, governmental troops stationed along the way—especially such additional troops as might be needed to protect it!

Moreover, there were mines being opened in the Gadsden Purchase, where, as no one could doubt, settlements needed all the encouragement that the Government could give them. Furthermore, El Paso, La Mesilla, Tucson, and San Diego were apt to take new leases upon life at the sound of coach wheels rattling in from far-off places with the mail, and also with the need to buy grain and general supplies from the local markets. Here were the beginnings of new agricultural and commercial developments over a vast and unpeopled land. Settlements would spring up; the railroad would follow, *et cetera.*

In short, Postmaster-General Aaron V. Brown was looking years and decades ahead, and did not intend to be swayed from his far-sighted policies by any mere immediate need—not even with the establishment of a *second* coach mail to California!

This second (in point of contract), owing its inception to the administration of Pierce and its execution to that of Buchanan, had been created by an amendment to the Post Office Bill of March 3, 1857, and was destined to become the great stage line of Butterfield & Company. Congress had routed it only "from such point on the Mississippi River as the contractors may select, to San Francisco," which seemed fair enough to all sections. But when bids were called for, on the last day of June, it was not long before all were rejected. Not a single eligible bidder had proposed to select a route agreeable to the Postmaster-General—and the latter was now obliged, almost literally, to draw a diagram so that the mistake would not occur again.

Courtesy Ben. Powers; origin of photograph unknown



When the world rocked on thorough-braces, an early perambulator—for those born with whips in their hands.

By these strange proceedings everything was arranged very nicely. Contractors having "selected" the route according to the precise wishes of the Honorable Postmaster, the Honorable Postmaster had then "selected" contractors according to the precise wishes of the President. All Southern, like the administration, became the route. John Butterfield's firm—Butterfield being an intimate friend of the President—became the contractors. And the Postmaster-General's home town of Memphis became *the* Eastern terminus, St. Louis being thrown in on a "branch," as a tub to a whale—something to muffle the cries of outrage from the Northern press and populated regions of the Far West.

So much for the projected beginnings of the Great (Southern) Overland Mail, to become the longest stage line in history. From the thirty-seventh parallel it sagged to the Mexican territory *after* entering California. Attempts were made to correct the blunder before it was too late, but the administration remained obdurate.

There was the San Antonio & San Diego line already in operation. By doubling over that section of it from El Paso to Fort Yuma with the Butterfield stages, six hundred miles could be amputated from the middle of the Jackass at a savings to the Government of nearly $60,000 a year! The San Antonio line, moreover, was already demonstrating the practicability of its course. The Salt Lake route was yet unproved and experiments were apt to be costly.

Thus, is appears, the innocent Jackass Mail was acting as a political pilot-fish for a huge political shark. It was the entering wedge for a strictly Southern enterprise looking forward to a Southern railroad and all that would follow, leaving the shorter, main emigrant trail to its crude wagons, mules, and oxen. Given until September 15, 1858, for preparations, the contract of Butterfield & Company had become operative on the same day of 1857—a time when Birch's San Antonio & San Diego stages had already been in action several months.

JAMES BIRCH had had practically no time for preparation. He had executed his contract on June 22, and on the ninth of July, just seventeen days later, the first mail from San Antonio for California had led out, stocking the road as it traveled. It was a road that, west of the Rio Grande, was still in the process of construction, and had never been scored by the wheels of a stage-coach before.

The first mail, however, did not run on wheels until, as it neared El Paso (August 7), it was overtaken by the second—a train of two ambulances, or light covered wagons. This second party had left San Antonio on July 24 and encountered but one delay. Relay mule teams intended for it along the Devil's River in Texas had been driven off by the Indians. Two dozen animals had been lost; one of their drivers had been killed, another wounded, and some eighteen government troops had been routed in addition. Yet the vehicles had come through unmolested and in very good time under the circumstances.

Ferrying the swollen waters of the Rio Grande near Fort Fillmore was a problem that the first and second mails together met and solved in true pioneer fashion. The current at this season was nearly a torrent; and means of ferrying it were dependent on two diminutive skiffs. The animals, of course, were obliged to swim; mail and provisions were boated. With two wheels of a vehicle in one skiff and two in another, the two small crafts were converted into a catamaran, and it was an odd and rather awkward vessel that splashed out into the current for the steep banks of the opposite shore.

Nor were these crude staging methods speedily improved upon. Had the system continued under Birch, conditions might have been bettered very rapidly, but his death intervened; and it could not have occurred at a more critical and inopportune time.

The line had barely started. Large bills were outstanding. The money panic had brought on creditors in a body, and all the means to meet them, as originally planned, were inaccessible—tied up with the Birch estate in the probate courts. It was perhaps due only to I. C. Woods, the line superintendent, who had accompanied the first stages out of San Antonio, that the wheels continued to turn.

He had been at one time the very soul and substance of the Adams & Company Express on the Pacific Coast; and as such, in fifty-three, had been obliged to meet a little money panic of his own. Although on that occasion he had tumbled headlong with his firm into bankruptcy, there were few financiers more experienced. In this case he was able to pay a few creditors from his own pocket, but others he managed to stave off for a time, though there were as many wild white men as there were wild red men to jeopardize the stock along his line.

Matters became worse when a certain assignee of the Birch estate, Otis Kelton, stepfather of the widow, came down from Providence to take charge. He was an experienced stageman, but it seems that George H. Giddings, superintendent of the Eastern division, objected as a stockholder to the interference. Upon threatening to "haul off the road," lock, stock, and barrel, he won the support of the Postmaster-General, who threatened, in turn, to cancel the contract. But Woods came again to the rescue and, with other friends of the late Birch, diplomatically smoothed out the ruffles. An agent for the Birch interests having been appointed, Giddings combined with R. E. Doyle, superintendent of the Western division, and the line merged under the name of Giddings & Doyle for a long and rather eventful career.

TRAVELS WITH "THE JACKASS"

DURING the San Antonio & San Diego Mail's early struggles for life its passengers suffered the consequences—more ups and downs, at least, than they could readily account for. If only its management could have adopted the regular all-night-and-day system, with stops only for meals and the changing of teams, as a consistent policy throughout; or if it could have employed the method travel-by-day-and-camp-by-night, or even the alternate mode, the traveler might easily have accustomed himself to the life. He was willing to banish old habits if new ones could be had in their stead; but this early stage to California afforded no such luxury. As often as a team of four might be supplanted by the Mexican five or the Yankee six, or as coaches might be exchanged for stage wagons and these for coaches again, so were all other modes of procedure altered at different places at different times, and as often as not without warning.

The vehicle sometimes traveled by night and drew up for rest in the morning; or it did the opposite; or it split the difference; or it went bowling along through several days at a stretch, picking up fresh teams at regular intervals, until suddenly, like a punctured balloon, it would appear to give out—it would go dawdling through a similar period, resting a few hours here and a few hours there, relay animals being driven along with the stage. Or it might be a small train of stages. And often, due to one delay or another, the mail went on ahead in saddle-bags somewhat in the manner of the later celebrated Pony Express, while the traveler, marooned at some God-forsaken station like freight on a side track, waited days for the completion of arrangements which might carry him on.

In short, it was impossible to predict what method or combination of methods would be next employed. It depended not only on the seasons of the year as they might obtain in the various regions, and their supplies of water, forage, and food, but there were emergencies to meet, or the possibilities of them to allow for. There was always the unexpected to expect.

At Fort Lancaster, perhaps, the Comanches had made off with the stock; at Hackleberry the spring had been polluted; at Van Horn the well had caved in; and the Apaches had devastated Dragoon. Neither conductor nor driver could do more than guess what the next mile was apt to disclose. The traveler, whose meals happened as the squaws of squawmen occurred along the line, whose sleep identified itself with daylight as often as with dark, and never with beds, soon learned to ask no questions but to take what came, to forget what came not, and to vegetate. It was strange, but in the face of all his vicissitudes he sensed only the most appalling monotony.

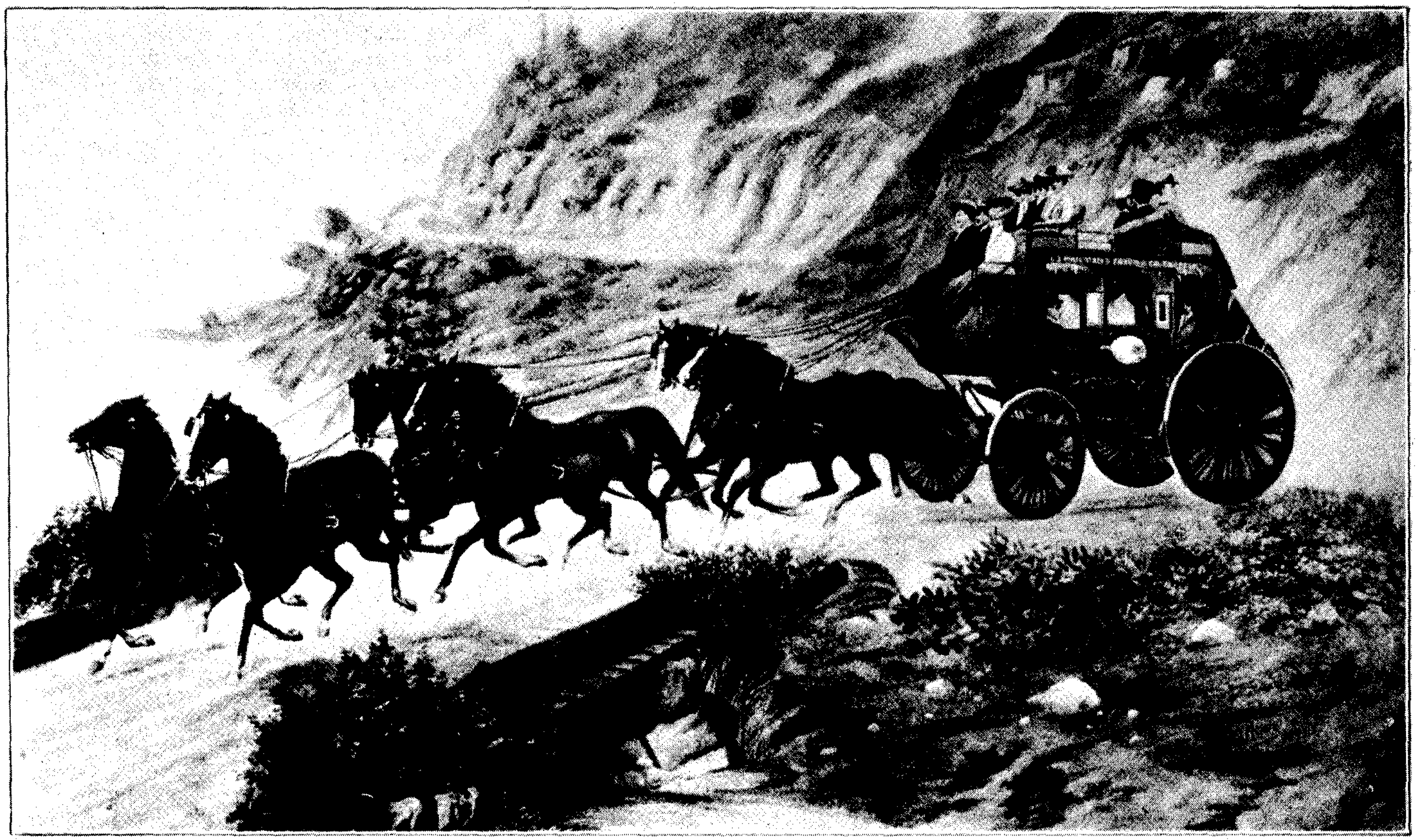
Mountains had flattened into mesas; mesas had fallen away into vast plains of bleached grass and yucca; these had become streaked and blotchy, yielding at last to an arid waste of boulders, gravel, greasewood, and patches of Spanish bayonet that flaunted their clusters of white at the broiling sun. But at what place in particular any of these changes had occurred he was seldom aware. Along with the everlasting bounce and sway of the stage-coach he had accepted them as a part of a relentless continuity, a going-on forever and ever. All that was seemed always to have been. And it would continue unceasingly. And he would never reach California.

Out of San Antonio the course had been almost due west to San Felipe on the banks of the Rio Grande. Thence the stage had swung northward to the head of the Devil's River and on over the hostile Comanche country to skirt the Pecos and climb westward again, into the Rockies of Texas and onward to the Rio Grande once more—to Birchville, El Paso, and La Mesilla, and away with a convoy of six guards across the Apache strongholds of New Mexico and Arizona to the adobe pueblo of Tucson. It was a squat, miserable little town of two or three hundred Mexicans and some twenty Americans—a point little more than two thirds of the distance over the San Antonio & San Diego Mail route to California.

With one thousand and six miles already traversed, there were four hundred and seventy more to go. And all desert. With some eighteen days stretched out at unbelievable lengths along the road, there remained ten more—at least ten, maybe twenty!—listening to the soft greasy chuckle of hubs, to the paddling along of mule hoofs, the slapping of sweat-lathered harness, the rattle of chains, the crunching and scuffing, the rumble and clatter of wheels. Ten or twenty more days of hard bread, beans, jerked beef, and questionable coffee; and nights, attempting to sleep on the ground in smoky huts of mud, or in shelters of brushwood, or with no shelters at all; or otherwise having to snatch naps from intervals between jolts of the stage along the road.

With one elbow on the window strap, an arm in the arm-sling, a leg propped up on a mail sack, a shoulder supporting the head of a snoring companion, these all-night runs were apt to be trying. Striving vainly for sleep, the traveler might start counting the white pannicles of yucca as they went marching by in the starlight, hoping to be carried off by the monotony into dreams; but just at the crucial moment—*bang!* Over the boulders of a washout the wheels would go thundering, and back would swing the desolate world, jolting as though to knock the stars from their heavenly sockets. "Get used to it," was the advice urged by various stagemen; but these were not always familiar with the nature of this particular line, where time piled up ahead and behind like the surrounding desert mountains.

Long ago, it seemed to the traveler, his companions had told all their stories, threshed out the important affairs of the world, and confided their private histories in shameless detail. He too had been guilty of unnecessary confidences. Now he regretted it. And just as this monotony might have seemed less wearing had there not been so many brands of it, so too he might have felt less lonely now were there no companions at all. The way passengers, the new ones— the ones who boasted a liking for this sort of thing—he found intolerable. He tried to smoke up a screen between himself and their smiling faces; he held himself to a rigid, almost bitter silence; he resorted to drink, which would cheer him none at all; he glared savagely out upon the suffering expanse of desert— something extremely unpleasant to have to gaze upon, yet somehow more in accord with himself. At least it sizzled by day and nearly froze by night and was infested by a thousand devils.



"Fifteen Miles an Hour in Later Days." From an original and technically accurate painting by Chapin of the Los Angeles *Times.*

OUT OF TUCSON, on a general northwesterly course toward the Gila River and the villages of the Pimas and Maricopas, the large mesas began spreading farther and farther away until they stood out like sawteeth on the horizon. Lesser ones, close at hand, were breaking up into isolated benches where an occasional giant *sahuaro* stood meditating in its solitude. All else was greasewood —the dull green, scraggly, and ubiquitous greasewood—and prickly-pears and boulders.

Maricopa, however, brought some relief. There were friendly Indians and some cultivation; but there were also many things about the place with little appeal to any but the most morbid sensibilities. Only several months before this party had come through, the allied Pimas and Maricopas had been attacked by a force of seventy-five Yumas. The latter had expected the support of the Mojaves and Tonto Apaches, but had been deserted. Only three of the attacking warriors had lived to tell the tale of their defeat. And now, since it was contrary to the custom of Pimas and Maricopas to touch their dead enemies, the remains of seventy-two Yumas, filled with arrows and torn by the coyotes, were strewn over the plains within sight of the station house.

If, however, one could disregard this sorry spectacle, here was a haven of comparative rest. It was rest, of course, on the ground, and in a hut of sticks, where a fire burned in the center after the fashion of the Indians and nettled one's eyes with its smoke; but, thanks to the rather industrious Pimas, there was roast chicken for dinner, and there were fresh eggs for breakfast, and similar luxuries to be taken away in exchange for the various trinkets with which these stages were regularly provided. Now, at last, the world seemed to brighten considerably.

After crossing the horseshoe bend of the Gila known as the Forty-mile Desert, there was the sound of running water once more, and the occasional sight of willows, alders, and cottonwood-trees. The stage went scratching through thickets of mesquite, it rocked and banged over the dry river beds, yet sometimes the traveler was able to come up smiling. He could even listen to the old tales of the Oatman massacre and of the murderer of Murderer's Grave, as stations bearing the names of these horrors were passed. The fact was he was nearing California. The approach suggested it. The desert was becoming more desert, but there was the river. At times he could smell the green foliage. There were sparrows, linnets, and even quail.

As though, indeed, this had anything whatever to do with it.

After a hot, heavy pull over gravel and sand along the Gila, after crossing the silent Colorado River, he had only to proceed thence from Fort Yuma some few miles to behold a waste for his ultimate nightmares.

California! State of the journey's end!

A gila monster, hissing from its purple mouth, pushed back beneath a stone. Hissing, too, was the sand in the spokes of the wheels. The hoofs of the sweating mules plunged into it, ankle deep. It spread out on all sides with its windworked ribs; it lay heaped in glistening drifts against the escarpments, half filling the arroyos, half burying the few wretched shrubs which had fastened themselves like leeches upon the naked anatomy of land. Lying fierce and defiant in its torture of heat, it was a desolation whose vastness was terrifying; whose bounding rim of slashed and broken hills seemed to hem in some mysterious menace, something that lurked above the silence—heavy and oppressive. There was a desperate urge to hurry, to get away; but the barrier of horizon moved on before the stage, the sand clung.

The soaked and frothy animals, spangled with its glistening particles, pulled heavily into their collars. The driver "touched up" his wheelers with the stock of his whip, while his swamper went stumbling along by the leaders, prodding them with a stick, though he could scarcely haul his own feet through the drifts.

The movements of the conductor were strange. His mood seemed to fluctuate between an utter lethargy and the most acute expectancy. Either he sat with his head buried in his arms, the back of his red, wet undershirt exposed to the burning sky, or he arose suddenly, as though someone had tapped him on the shoulder; he began staring about from his bloodshot eyes. Then mopping himself with a scarlet bandanna, he would grumble something to the driver and wilt forward again.

Even he was aware of something about to happen; but he left his passengers sweltering in their doubts. What could happen? Who cared if it did? Spared in the east by the Comanches, in the west by the Apaches, and throughout by all the worst of the elements, anything extraordinary now would be welcome indeed.

These ever-dangling menaces were maddening.

But they were dangling nearer. The stage wagon had reached a point some fifteen miles beyond the dry well of Alamo Mocho, when the hot air grew definitely sulphurous; the low sun became dull and tarnished. A black cloud beneath it arose like smoke from the jagged edge of a crater. It covered the sun and became splotched with fire. Long shreds of it tore themselves from the mountains. A great yellowish shadow spread over the world; and a black one came waving like a blanket across the dunes.

Wind-storms were not of frequent occurrence on the Colorado desert; but they were listed no less among the potential furies, all of which struck rarely, but one breed or another of which was likely to attack in the course of so long a journey. Warning, on this occasion, had sufficed for some preparations; and the first hot draft found the animals unhitched, hobbled, and tied loosely together by their necks, so that, free of the wagon, they were yet unable to stray and could turn their tails to the first blast of sand.

When it came it was with a sound like the heavy back-sweep of a sea. It struck upon the vehicle like a burst of it. like the green-frothing body of it, breaker upon breaker. It smashed with a dull impact upon the leather of the high forward seats and glanced from the boots like driving hail. The wagon trembled and rocked, the staunch covering of its afterpart bulging with the intermittent concussions that pressed in from both sides. The animals, with heads nearly down to their forefeet, the blown hair of their hides sticky with the drying sweat, remained as rigid as though made of wood. The gaunt world had turned to a golden yellow; the heavens deep red and gray, one blending into the other, into a sweeping mass, a whistling chaos.

Hours passed. Distant screams came down from forms that appeared and vanished through the blizzard-like waves. They were the forms of the bonding mesquite, yet they appeared to be moving, to be stalking into the sand-blast. It was a land for all things unearthly. Yet it was California; the State of the journey's end.

Then night. There were stars, and the wind was gone. And a certain waterhole called Indian Wells had gone with it. So had the covering of the wagon, so had all vestige of road, all landmarks. Mountains would not be visible until daylight; then the hot sun would take its toll of that which the wind had parched. Indeed, if the stage were ever to reach the station at Carrizo Creek, there could be no rest through the night. The contents of the canteens had become precious stuff; there was no water at all for the team. The beasts slogged on over the dry and starry wastes, through hills of sand which had never existed before, over patches of gravel that were new, barrancas that were filled, old banks smothered over, strange ones uncovered along with the skulls and bones of other beasts upon whom the sun had once risen too soon.

Carrizo Creek was not far away; but perhaps the stage was not bearing toward it. The conductor was visibly worried. He seemed to be staking all on a driver's "hunch."

" 'Pears like I recollect that star."

THUS, to venture a composite of several old travelogues published in the journals of the day, came stage-coach passengers of fifty-seven over the deserts to California. Adventures differed vastly, of course, but trials were cut to a pattern peculiar to the "Jackass Mail."

This passenger service was not advertised to commence until October 1857—three months after the inauguration of the mail. The line was then equipped with some 400 mules, the best possible animals for the purpose, and with twenty-five Concord coaches and stage wagons to travel singly or in trains, as the case might warrant, twice a month from each terminus.

From San Francisco the traveler could proceed by steamer to San Diego, thence by stage to San Antonio, thence by various means to New Orleans and the Atlantic Coast. There were also the connections from El Paso (or from Fort Fillmore farther up the Rio Grande) to Independence, Missouri, by way of Santa Fé. But due to the fact that New Orleans was at least thirty-eight, and more likely forty-eight, days' journey from San Francisco, whereas steamers thence to New York by way of Panama could now traverse their route within twenty-five or thirty days, obviously the steamers still had their advantages.

The first authentic record of a passenger coach pulling out for a through trip (with no traveling in saddles involved) relates to the first week in November 1857, the chronicler, "B. H. M.," writing for the San Francisco *Herald*, being one of the party. Having started from the western terminus, he went no farther than Tucson, whence the stage pulled on. As no attempt had been made to put passengers through on mail time, "B. H. M." had been obliged to devote twenty-three days to a journey of 470 miles!

Another itinerary is provided by a Charles F. Hunning, who was a passenger out of San Diego early in the following month. His party avoided a long detour over the California Coast Range by traveling some eighteen miles on horseback; yet he spent only one day less time than his predecessor on the way to Tucson. He tells of meeting, on his third day out, the west-bound coach, one of whose five passengers was a bride on her honeymoon. Her fellow-travelers "complained very much, and had had a very hard time of it," but this lass was "fat and hardy, and had got along better than any of the men."

It spoke well for the trip. Had the men been subjected to unusual hardships, it is probable that they would not have complained at all. The trials to which they, as frontiersmen, were accustomed were naturally the trials about which they grumbled. Otherwise they were put on their mettle, as in a case frequently quoted from the writings of Silas St. John, an employe of the line.

Over a vast section of the country there had been a famine. Stations, settlements, and military posts were on the verge of starvation. On top of this the playful Comanches had swept over a two-hundred-mile stretch of road and stampeded all relay animals. When the stage pulled through, passengers were obliged to subsist for five days on the grain from the animals' grain bags. Better-humored travelers than these, it appears, were rare. They were hardy men! They were used to this sort of thing! "Hie, Jim! Hook on your nose-bag. Do you prefer corn or barley?"

The ordinary fare provided by the stage company, which was as palatable as could have been soberly hoped for, was seldom so cheerily received; but the traveler was apt to gain weight on the trip unless his ennui drove him to bad whisky. Bad whisky was plentiful along the route; and according to Hunning, it was apt to be very bad indeed.

On this hazardous section of road, lying between Tucson and La Mesilla, he says, "We had a very good coach, plenty of mules, and seven men well armed with Colt's and Sharp's rifles." The captain of these "side-riders" was one Mr. Holliday, who was further armed with two bottles of whisky which he had bought before leaving Tucson. It was "Ratified Whisky." A dealer in this excellent desert grog had guaranteed it as such; but not until this worthy old plainsman had consumed the contents of one bottle and begun to contemplate the next could he have vouched for the worth of its guarantee. Without a doubt, the liquor had been put through a kind of "ratifying" process. Four baby rats had been drowned in it, embalmed in it, sealed in it, and there they were.

Whether or not Holliday was used to that sort of thing is not of record; but they were hardy men indeed—these guards through the Apache lands. While the ravages of Indians along their route were frequent, invariably the stage went through unscathed.

In the fall of fifty-seven, during a hostile Indian demonstration in Arizona wherein nearly all settlements from Fort Buchanan to Calabasas were plundered of their stock, a party of forty Apaches attempted to stop the east-bound mail, but was routed in a hurry by the first flourish of arms, a mere gesture from this convoy of six.

"The mail travels so rapidly," explained the San Francisco *Herald* in all seriousness, "that the Indians have no means of making any combination to stop it."

It is true that the *Herald* carried a large advertisement for "The Jackass Mail" (which it mentioned in terms more dignified); but, in the face of all odds, the service was not considered slow even by those who wondered whom it served besides the politicians of Washington, D. C.

What little mail was carried came through regularly according to contract within thirty days, twice every month and without failure. Indeed, it was building up a reputation for its efforts to better a self-imposed schedule of twenty-seven days.

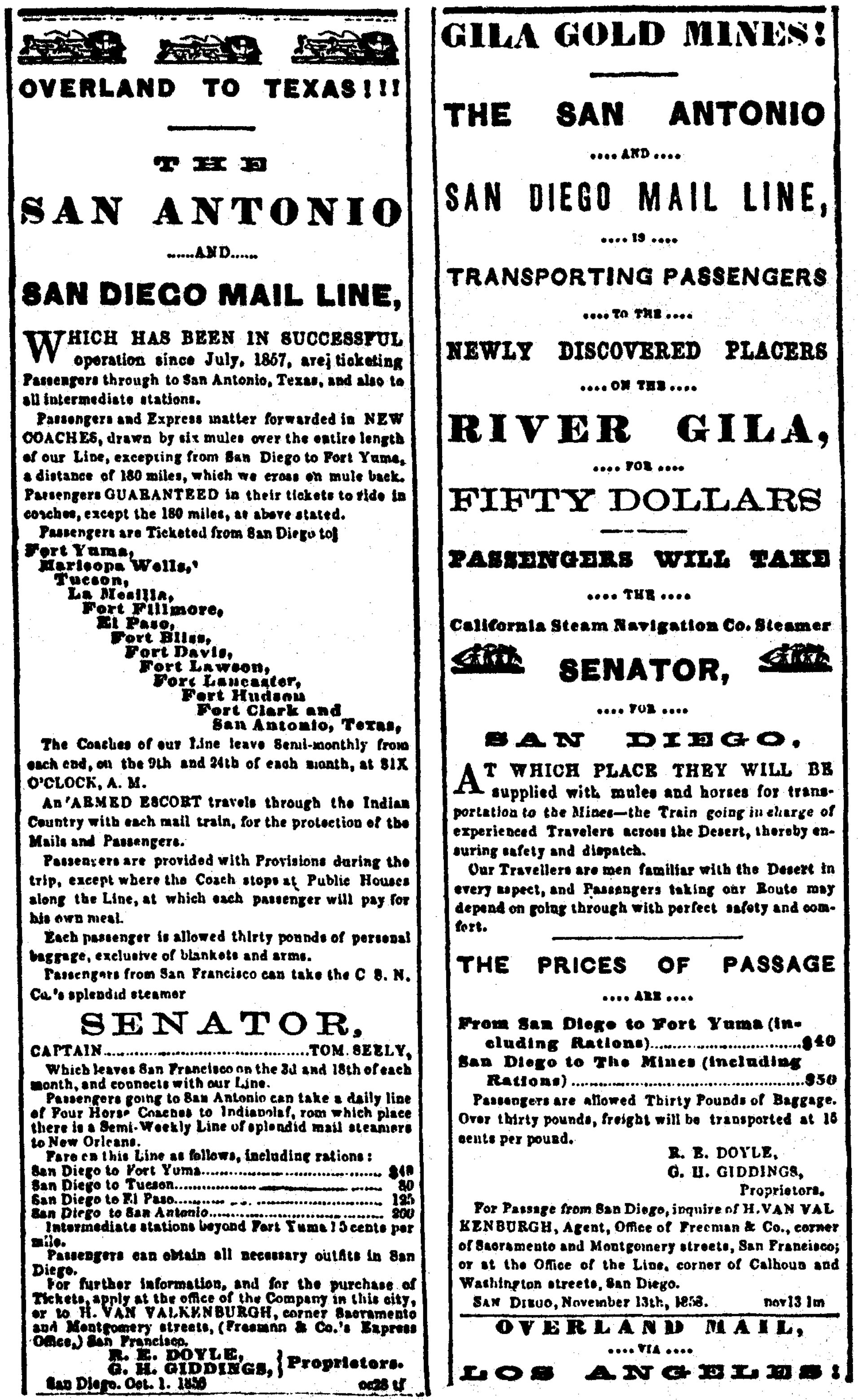
In March 1858, when four, five, and six mule stage-coaches were well established and running from one end of the line to the other, one mail came through in twenty-three and a half days. Two in the following month were within twenty-five, and June brought a record of twenty-one. It was an average rate over the distance of 1,476 miles of approximately sixty-seven miles per day, nearly two and eight-tenths miles per hour. There was some room for improvement; but the line, as a unit, was given little opportunity for any further demonstrations.

Down from St. Louis and from San Francisco in September came the rumble of the Butterfield wheels—the great overland giant which was to steal the thunder of its forerunner, gobble much of the identity of the pioneer. At El Paso in the east and Fort Yuma in the west, it swept directly into the tracks of the old San Antonio Mail. Predictions were that "The Jackass" would be absorbed. But it was not. Indeed, during the following two months its subsidy was increased from $149,800 to $196,448. It was improved from a semi-monthly to a weekly line, but much of its individuality passed with the improvement. Its central section—that between El Paso and Fort Yuma—was discontinued. It had abandoned some 600 miles of its length to Butterfield & Company and become two lines instead of one. Yet, always as Mail Route No. 8067, it was to continue with various vicissitudes until shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War, ending its long career August 2, 1861, as "The Los Angeles, San Diego & San Antonio Mail" under the firm of Gidding & Doyle, Woods superintending, Frank Stevens of the Birch estate still worrying over its finances.

"It was the pioneer of all these [overland] undertakings," said the San Francisco *Herald*, rejoicing in the success of the evolving institution. "The company has been running their stages with strict regularity, and has faithfully performed the terms of the contract, and this was the principal inciting cause to the establishment of the other routes."

But the editor might as well have gone back a little farther. He might even have recalled the days of forty-nine when Jim Birch had cracked his whip above the ears of his four mustangs and gone rattling off for the mines.

Courtesy Bancroft Library



OVERLAND TO TEXAS!!!

THE

SAN ANTONIO

.....AND.....

SAN DIEGO MAIL LINE,

WHICH HAS BEEN IN SUCCESSFUL operation since July, 1857, are ticketing Passengers through to San Antonio, Texas, and also to all intermediate stations.

Passengers and Express matter forwarded in NEW COACHES, drawn by six mules over the entire length of our Line, excepting from San Diego to Fort Yuma, a distance of 180 miles, which we cross on mule back. Passengers GUARANTEED in their tickets to ride in coaches, except the 180 miles, as above stated.

Passengers are Ticketed from San Diego to

Fort Yuma,
Maricopa Wells,
Tucson,
La Mesilla,
Fort Fillmore,
El Paso,
Fort Bliss,
Fort Davis,
Fort Lawson,
Fort Lancaster,
Fort Hudson
Fort Clark and
San Antonio, Texas,

The Coaches of our Line leave Semi-monthly from each end, on the 9th and 24th of each month, at SIX O'CLOCK, A. M.

An ARMED ESCORT travels through the Indian Country with each mail train, for the protection of the Mails and Passengers.

Passengers are provided with Provisions during the trip, except where the Coach stops at Public Houses along the Line, at which each passenger will pay for his own meal.

Each passenger is allowed thirty pounds of personal baggage, exclusive of blankets and arms.

Passengers from San Francisco can take the C. S. N. Co.'s splendid steamer

SENATOR,

CAPTAIN.............................TOM. SEELY,

Which leaves San Francisco on the 3d and 18th of each month, and connects with our Line.

Passengers going to San Antonio can take a daily line of Four Horse Coaches to Indianolaf, rom which place there is a Semi-Weekly Line of splendid mail steamers to New Orleans.

Fare on this Line as follows, including rations:

San Diego to Fort Yuma	$40
San Diego to Tucson	80
San Diego to El Paso	125
San Diego to San Antonio	200

Intermediate stations beyond Fort Yuma 15 cents per mile.

Passengers can obtain all necessary outfits in San Diego.

For further information, and for the purchase of Tickets, apply at the office of the Company in this city, or to H. VAN VALKENBURGH, corner Sacramento and Montgomery streets, (Freeman & Co.'s Express Office,) San Francisco.

R. E. DOYLE,
G. H. GIDDINGS, } Proprietors.

San Diego. Oct. 1. 1858 oc28 tf

GILA GOLD MINES!

THE SAN ANTONIO

.... AND ....

SAN DIEGO MAIL LINE,

.... IS ....

TRANSPORTING PASSENGERS

.... TO THE ....

NEWLY DISCOVERED PLACERS

.... ON THE ....

RIVER GILA,

.... FOR ....

FIFTY DOLLARS

PASSENGERS WILL TAKE

.... THE ....

California Steam Navigation Co. Steamer

SENATOR,

.... FOR ....

SAN DIEGO.

AT WHICH PLACE THEY WILL BE supplied with mules and horses for transportation to the Mines—the Train going in charge of experienced Travelers across the Desert, thereby ensuring safety and dispatch.

Our Travellers are men familiar with the Desert in every aspect, and Passengers taking our Route may depend on going through with perfect safety and comfort.

THE PRICES OF PASSAGE

.... ARE ....

From San Diego to Fort Yuma (including Rations)	$40
San Diego to The Mines (including Rations)	$50

Passengers are allowed Thirty Pounds of Baggage. Over thirty pounds, freight will be transported at 15 cents per pound.

R. E. DOYLE,
G. H. GIDDINGS,
Proprietors.

For Passage from San Diego, inquire of H. VAN VALKENBURGH, Agent, Office of Freeman & Co., corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets, San Francisco; or at the Office of the Line, corner of Calhoun and Washington streets, San Diego.

SAN DIEGO, November 13th, 1858. nov13 1m

OVERLAND MAIL,

.... VIA ....

LOS ANGELES!

Left: From the San Francisco *Herald* of October 1857. Right: From the *Herald* of November 1857.

ACTION ALONG THE RAINBOW TRAIL

A STAGEMAN of more brilliant qualifications and personal resources than James Birch would have been difficult to name; but his death, with its threatening effect upon the San Antonio & San Diego line, makes it evident that President Buchanan had not erred in diverting the major contract from his hands to those of a firm. As it proved, moreover, John Butterfield, as the active head of this organization, was exceptionally well suited to his position.

"Like one or more of our railroad presidents," writes A. L. Stimson in 1858, "he had been a stage driver in his younger days, and a very popular one he was, too." Yet, more than this, he had risen to control all the principal stage lines in the center of New York State. The year of forty-nine had found him expanding broadly into other fields—he was in the Panama freighting business and at the same time was building up a lively opposition to Wells & Company's Express in the Atlantic States. He was known also as a promoter and builder of telegraph systems; as a founder of formidable lines of lake and river steamers, and finally, as one of the foremost expressmen in the country.

His Butterfield, Wassen & Company and his Wells, Butterfield & Company had associated themselves with similar New York express firms in the names of Fargo, Livingston, and others, and were now a part of the grand combine known as the American Express. Of this association Butterfield was the line superintendent, and from it had been recruited various of the joint contractors for the Great Overland Mail Company. With Butterfield as president of the latter, there were apt to be glittering results; but in spite of his sound potentialities and those of his associates—Dinsmore, Fargo, Holland, and the rest—misgivings were broadcast.

From September 15, 1857, these contractors had been allowed exactly one year in which to complete all preparations. Within that period there were 165 stations to be constructed. They were to be fashioned, not of mesquite and willow branches, but of adobe or stone or logs. There were an equal number of corrals to be erected from similar materials. There were many springs to locate, wells to drill, cisterns to dig, tanks and tank-wagons to build, fording sites to grade, bridges, supply bases, and blacksmith and repair shops to establish. Over some 3,000 miles of road, to include a branch, there were to be distributed 1,200 horses, 600 mules, fodder by the thousands of tons, some hundred stage wagons and coaches, together with 750 selected and organized men—superintendents, agents, conductors, drivers, station keepers, hostlers, etc. And what of the wild desert wastes from which almost all of this was to spring? It did not seem possible that these New York expressmen could realize the stupendous nature of their undertaking.

"Were it not for the newspapers puffing of their ability along the whole line," came one rather weighty observance from El Paso, fully three months after the contract had been closed, "no man would ever know that they were in existence as contractors. . . . Their want of action goes plainly to show that they never intended complying with the contract," and so on at considerable length. This correspondent, though anonymous, professed to be a "practical stageman." Having gone into all the intricate details of stocking the line, the idea appalled him. "This thing," he concluded, "is an absurdity."

BUT it was not simply the stocking of the line that worried John Butterfield. He had been wasting much of his precious time in a futile attempt to bring about an amendment of his contract. He saw no practical reason for adopting the route foisted upon him by the Postmaster-General. Any course bending south of the thirty-fifth parallel, he insisted, would be unnecessarily long. But the Honorable Postmaster having violated the apparent intentions of Congress, if not the written law, in behalf of the Southern route, was not to be swayed by any mere contractor now. The route was fixed. There would be no amendments of the contract—that is, unless it were, perhaps, to cut off the Missouri terminus!

For it seemed now that the branch line to St. Louis had been recently surveyed by the Government and declared not altogether negotiable. In short, it appeared that the Postmaster-General's home town of Memphis was the one and only real practicable site for an Eastern terminus!

In the end, however, the threatened northerly branch was spared. But this same branch was, in return, to show no mercy to those who had spared it. It may be mentioned that the spur line to St. Louis was soon to afford such speed to the mail out of St. Louis, that the coach arriving at the junction of Fort Smith, Arkansas, would be obliged very often to wait from twenty-four to thirty-six hours for the mail out of Memphis! And it was to result in such speed in the opposite direction that letters dispatched overland directly to Memphis could be beaten by those directed to the same town by way of St. Louis and the river boats! Indeed, no section of the line—not even the Indian-ravished Tucson-El Paso division—was to cause John Butterfield more annoyance than this Memphis branch.

But it was not, by the way, a "branch." The Post-Office Department, far from admitting it as a useless appendage, insisted that its dignity be upheld. Memphis, it appeared, was on the "main line." *St. Louis* was on the *branch!*

In the light of such piffle, obviously some of Butterfield's troubles were cut out for him; but what he was able to make of a route that was either a political outrage or a stupid blunder might well grant him the very highest honors among all eminent overland stage proprietors before the railroad. One of the most noteworthy of his methods tending toward success had to do with his genius as an organizer.

Cutting his long line into two equal parts, joined by the town of El Paso, the eastern half was given over almost wholly to an eastern and middle-western personnel, while the remainder was operated principally by Californians. Not only did this create standards suggested by the flourishing Pacific Coast institution, but to an *esprit de corps* which the stage-faring personality of Butterfield might have compelled under any circumstances there was added an element of keen rivalry which the journals at both ends of the line were continually whetting.

The route, disregarding the short railroad extensions at the two eastern termini, was further cut into nine "divisions," the first extending from San Francisco to Los Angeles, the second thence to Fort Yuma, the third thence to Tucson, and so on—El Paso, Fort Chadbourne, Colbert's Ferry, and Fort Smith, whence the two branches extended to their respective rail termini of Tipton (for St. Louis) and Little Rock (for Memphis).

Over each of these divisions was an agent, and over the agents, superintendents, all of whom had been chosen from among the most experienced stagemen of the country. There was James Glover of Memphis, a former bidder against Butterfield for the mail contract; there was Warren F. Hall of the old firms of Hall & Crandall and the California Stage Company; A. N. Fisher, the late proprietor of nearly all staging through California's southerly mining district; William Buckley from New York, a veteran of later renown; Charles McLaughlin, owner of all local stage-coaches out of San Francisco, agent for the "Jackass Mail," former general superintendent of the California Company, and one of the outstanding pioneers—all of these and others like them were enlisted in the Butterfield service.

Contractors in person, having made this splendid selection of line officials, had traversed the route from end to end; and the work on construction had followed in their dust. Things began tumbling together in the amazing manner of a circus. Soon horses and mules in troupes of several hundred, coaches and stage wagons in grand processions of eight to twelve were coursing the tracks of supply trains, eastward and westward, bound for stations that were still in the process of construction. Gloomy predictions began to go by the board; and, just as stages from the East and stages from the West were soon to come rolling into El Paso, ofttimes within sight of each other's approach, system prevailed all throughout the latter months of preparation. It was a clock-works building a clock; and the very day scheduled by contract for the commencement of service was to see the wheels going round.

SOME laudation is due to the daring of many workers who were left in small parties with sundry tasks at the various remote points of the deserts. Mishaps were astonishingly few; but the story of the massacre near Dragoon Springs, Arizona, suggests what hazards there were to contend with besides the hostilities of Indians.

Dragoon Station, located about a mile from the Springs proper and nearly sixty miles from the closest protected settlement, Tucson, belonged to the dangerous El Paso-Tucson division—that portion of road where the tracks of the "Jackass Mail" were still accompanied by the imprints of a half-dozen mounted guards. It belonged no less, perhaps, to the Cochise nation, since the prowling inhabitants of this region had not yet learned to recognize the claims of any company of white men, nor those of any flag. And dangers were increased by the fact that here was a passing point for the Apaches bound to and from Sonora, and that stations, though placed at intervals to average about seventeen miles over the entire route, averaged fully thirty over this particular division.

Even such veterans as Colonel James B. Leach, who had been superintending the construction of a military road—the mail route—between Fort Yuma and the Rio Grande since the spring of fifty-seven, were not given to any show of indifference while traveling through these parts, as witness his approach to Dragoon, some sixteen months later, accompanied by three wagons and a sizable detachment of men.

The date was September 12, 1858—three days before the overland mails were to be dispatched from San Francisco, St. Louis, and Memphis on their initial trips across the plains. All along the road, as Colonel Leach's party moved from the eastward toward Dragoon, mail stations had been passed, their flags flying, their builders busy laying on rafters and roofing, storing sacks of grain o tending stock; but Dragoon, still roofless, stood like a deserted ruin.

The stone walls of its corral, built especially high to serve as barricade against Indians, seemed now as likely t conceal a formidable band of them as th mail company's animals. The Colonel ordered a detour to the southward fo cover, then, with a small force deployed cautiously advanced on foot. But signs o ambuscade began to diminish. Magpie crows, and buzzards were strutting alon on the naked rafters. Several of ther flapped awkwardly up against the h morning sky and down to alight upon heap of bones; the party moved on . . human bones, a skull crushed as thoug

Photo by William Foeurr

Graves and ruins of old Dragoon Station, scene of the massacre of '58.

from the blow of a sledge, the remainder torn by coyotes. But there had been no Indians here; there were mules, still alive, half famished behind the walls.

And there were men, as it developed, still alive within the dwelling.

The sun beat down between its ribs of roof. Vultures cast shadows that moved sluggishly along the floor—over splattered hatchets, a rifle, a pistol, a sledge of stone. A saddle pillowed the cleft head of a corpse. Time had worked horrors; but death was the least ghastly of all that remained. Two men were breathing—one standing, staring out from mad eyes, unable to speak. His dry tongue was swollen between his teeth; his body was torn like his garments. A strip of rag bound up an arm that had been all but severed.

There were no physicians in Leach's party at the time, nor any yet in Tucson; but while some treatment was being rendered, riders were dispatched toward Fort Buchanan, three days' journey on horseback over the only route which any small detachment would dare. It was clear, meanwhile, that there was hope only for the one survivor, Silas St. John, a former carrier for the San Antonio & San Diego Mail, now head of the late construction crew under superintendent William Buckley. Mercifully, the other lay as he had slept, his head on his saddle, unconscious from a wound which was soon to carry him away. He was buried there in the desert along with one other and the desecrated remains of the third.

St. John, responding to what rude treatment could be offered, said that Buckley had passed through late in August, leaving him with a party of three other Americans, now dead, and three Mexicans to complete Dragoon Station in time for the first Butterfield stages. It must have been about one or two o'clock on the morning of September 9 when the trouble arose. There had been one American sleeping outside the walls. Another having been relieved from his night watch by a Mexican, had joined St. John and the fourth within the station. All, in short, were intrusting their lives to the Mexicans. It may be that the latter had coveted the stock, or simply that there were motives of revenge. In any event, St. John was the nly one to recognize daylight again.

A stir among the animals in the corral, whistle— he heard it vaguely, and was roused an instant later by dull, heavy lows, feeble cries. Some chance alone arried the swing of an ax blade which ust have ended his life; and a dizzy succession of similar chances saw him, mpty-handed, wounded, one-armed at ast, bear up through a conflict with two exicans wielding hatchets, then three. ut by this time he had seized his rifle. ne Mexican, on sight of it, fled; the thers followed; although St. John, ounded as he was, had been unable to aise the weapon to an aim. He dropped for a pistol in his saddle holster. But ne shot from this and the affray was ver. The Mexicans, running, faded off to the dark. The night passed . . . then ree more nights.

The companions of St. John had been und beyond help. The man who had slept in the open had been killed outright; a death-rattle had passed the throat of another before the dawn of the second day, and the third had lain insensible, his groans mingling eternally with the barks of coyotes and the braying of half-famished mules, while night after night, with ever increasing torment, wore through.

A spring of water trickled coolly a mile away, but the survivor had been unfit to stir beyond the meager shade of the walls. One morning a horseman had appeared on the road; but, fully a half mile away, he had decided to come no closer, had passed on a detour. Weak from his loss of blood, feverish from his many wounds, and tortured by thirst, St. John might have ended his miserable life that day but for the opportune arrival of Colonel Leach.

Silas St. John, having come at last into the hands of a surgeon from the fort, survived for a useful life on the plains. His story, related briefly by the journals of the time and at length by his own report as quoted in Farish's "History of Arizona," is not the only one of depredation and murder along the Butterfield line. Lone Willows Station, California, was the scene of a similar massacre a few months later, the wife of the station-keeper being numbered among the victims. Stations were open to plunder, and generally far more worth the plundering than the stages themselves. Indians were soon to realize the fact and to take considerable toll. It was all to be expected; and in spite of it, the stages, starting according to schedule, continued with an average that was well within schedule; and at no time, until near the last, with the eruption of war, were there any suspensions of operations. No finer record of reliable service can be found in the history of the great overland lines.

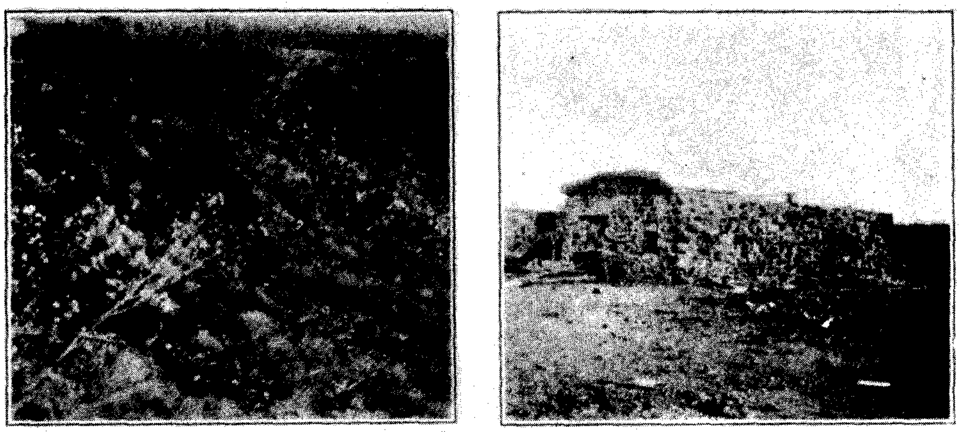
CHIEF BUTTERFIELD AND THE INDIANS

BUTTERFIELD & COMPANY had agreed to carry the mail between San Francisco and the eastern termini of St. Louis and Memphis twice a week, making the through trip within twenty-five days. Common prediction had added about ten days more to this schedule and regarded this rate only as a hopeful possibility. An early pamphlet published in Washington and indorsed evidently by scattered journals, having reviewed the prospects in some detail, reached the conclusion that stages could not be driven across the "Seven Deserts" as proposed "in twenty-five days, nor in forty days, nor at all."

"Human ingenuity," it held, "cannot devise a plan for such an unheard-of achievement. . . . It never had been done. It never will be done."

At the time the first coaches set out

Left: Old emigrant and stage road leading from the Gila Valley to Oatman Flat, the site of the Oatman massacre of 1852. Right: Ruins of the Butterfield Station of Oatman Flat.



(September 15, 1858), Colonel Leach had not yet completed the Fort Yuma and Rio Grande road; nor had Butterfield either completed or established all his stations. More than this, the west-bound stage from St. Louis was held up twenty-four hours at the Fort Smith Junction waiting for the Memphis mail. Yet, in spite of it all, and of other delays due to the newness of the vast organization, both the east and the west bound stages, carrying mail and passengers from one end of the line to the other, arrived not only within schedule time, but in less than twenty-four days.

The mail from California, having been met by "the cars" of the Missouri Pacific Railroad some hundred and sixty miles west of St. Louis, was received in the latter town with such acclaim as might be imagined. Human ingenuity had achieved the "unheard of"—twenty-three days and four hours between San Francisco and St. Louis! The town's "Silver Band" was all but silenced by the throat-bursting cheers of a multitude and by the blasting of locomotive whistles, the ringing of bells and the firing of guns. Passengers and mail and John Butterfield himself were seized from the platforms of the Tipton train and borne off in a triumphant march for the post-office. There were speeches of roaring welcome poured out upon the successful contractor, to include a telegram of congratulation from President Buchanan in Washington. But much as the overland mail could mean to Missouri, there was some reason for ecstasy at the more isolated end of the line.

There, due to the delay caused by the Memphis "main line," time across the plains was recorded at twenty-three days and twenty hours—sixteen hours more than that of the east-bound stage; but it was fast enough to stand San Francisco on her head.

When the coach itself, behind six sweating, snorting grays, came rattling through her streets, there were horsemen in advance to clear a path through the surging mob. Flags were draped from crowded windows and flying from congested rooftops; while the driver, proud as Louis Napoleon at the fêtes of Cherbourg, nodded a response to a shrieking, whistling riot with all the dignity of a field marshal. Cannon and brass band boomed together, "stovepipes" crushed beneath tramping boots in a howling stream of color that flooded the plaza. Then a mass-meeting jammed the Music Hall in honor of "a new epoch" and "the end of the steamship monopoly."

As the weeks and months passed, and the stages continued with unfailing regularity, the name "overland" became the word of the day. One bought "over land" hats," "overland boots," "overland coats," "overland ponies," "overland chickens," even "overland eggs," to the tune of a blast from a real overland horn whose echoes sounded cheerily through the valleys and over the plains from St. Louis to San Francisco.

"Admiral" John Butterfield, as he was known all along the line, was in his element, his glory. What stage driver could ever have been more so? Throughout the several thousand miles of his phenomenal route he became the recipient of attentions paid to a traveling prince. Word of his genial presence breathed in any tavern more than filled it. He was the "Great Chief Butterfield" to the Cherokees. He was the Great Father of the "swift-wagon."

The swift-wagon, so called by all the Indians, was received by the tribes of the interior as a marvel of all creation. On one occasion six hundred Comanches, at their proverbial wildest, pounced down upon it in a body. For five hours the driver was obliged to await their pleasure and the passengers to tolerate their insistent company. *"Ugh!"* They looked under the seats. *"Ugh! Oh!"* They unstrapped the rear boot. *"Ugh!"* They examined the wheels; they turned over the mail sacks, inspected the pole, couplings, and trappings. Patiently the driver allowed them their time, though his chronometer may have burned in his pocket. Then, at last: *"Ugh! You go on! Go swift!"* They liked swift-wagons. But not railroad. No. Just swift-wagons.

Their term for coach or stage wagon may have been derived from the obvious; and yet it was very similar to the name of a certain vehicle used very extensively on the Butterfield line—namely, the "Celerity Wagon." The "Celerity" was a type of "mud-wagon" (though evidently no stage was so called at this time). It was adapted especially for use on heavy roads, or for rugged, mountainous country where, given a coach, there might be some danger of capsizing. It was comparatively light, having a trim body with firm duck superstructure provided with roller flaps at the sides. Thorough-braces, of course, were used in place of springs, as in the cases of all other stages of the West worthy of mention. For there were, incidentally, various makes and types of stage wagons to include several splendid Concord vehicles by the manufacturers of the celebrated coach. But, as was already being realized, there was "only one coach."

Butterfield was now using at both extremities of his line, and over an aggregate distance of perhaps a thousand miles, Troy coaches (saved, perhaps, from his early staging days) as well as Concords; but the former type was fast waning in popularity, the Concord being the typical and ineffable. Let a true craftsman examine the workmanship involved, and he will marvel a bit more than did these wild Comanches of fifty-eight to whom all stages were simply swift-wagons. Their appreciation, however, was all too genuine.

They knew, for example, that the swift-wagon, unlike the detested locomotive, depended on stations—Indian supply stations where stock could be had for much less than the asking. Among the six hundred braves engaged in that friendly powwow with passengers along the road, there may have been many who had recently visited James Glover's division just east of the Rio Grande and walked off with some thirty-five animals. They had been friendly enough even on that occasion. They had explained to the helpless station masters that if, at any time, the mail company needed the stock any more than they did, then the mail company could come and take it, just as they had. But the mail company did not make the attempt. Naturally, then, they came back.

Thirty-five mules were few compared with the number they really needed. So they proceeded to devastate some four hundred miles of the Big Chief Butterfield's route; and before the section could be restocked, several stages on passing through were obliged to depend upon their passengers as well as their worn-out teams for progress through a considerable part of the plundered region.

On such occasions as this—and they were not infrequent—the fare for a through passage, which varied upward with time from one to two hundred dollars, may have seemed rather high; but there was food for the heart of adventure to be deprived thus of the swift-wagon's swiftness in the very region where speed seemed most desirable.

The stage, however, carrying heavily armed passengers, was something of an arsenal on wheels. For every horse or mule that the savage could hope to capture from its team, he was apt to pay with at least two "good Indians" shot from his dusty ranks. The swift-wagon, moreover, had sometimes more speed even than an Indian cavalcade, whose animals generally were too poorly fed and cared for to match the endurance of the mail team. The latter, given sufficient head start under favoring conditions, might be expected to outdistance the enemy. In fact, it was not until the middle sixties, when the Indian began fighting for his existence on earth, that the stage-coach became a frequent victim of his attack.

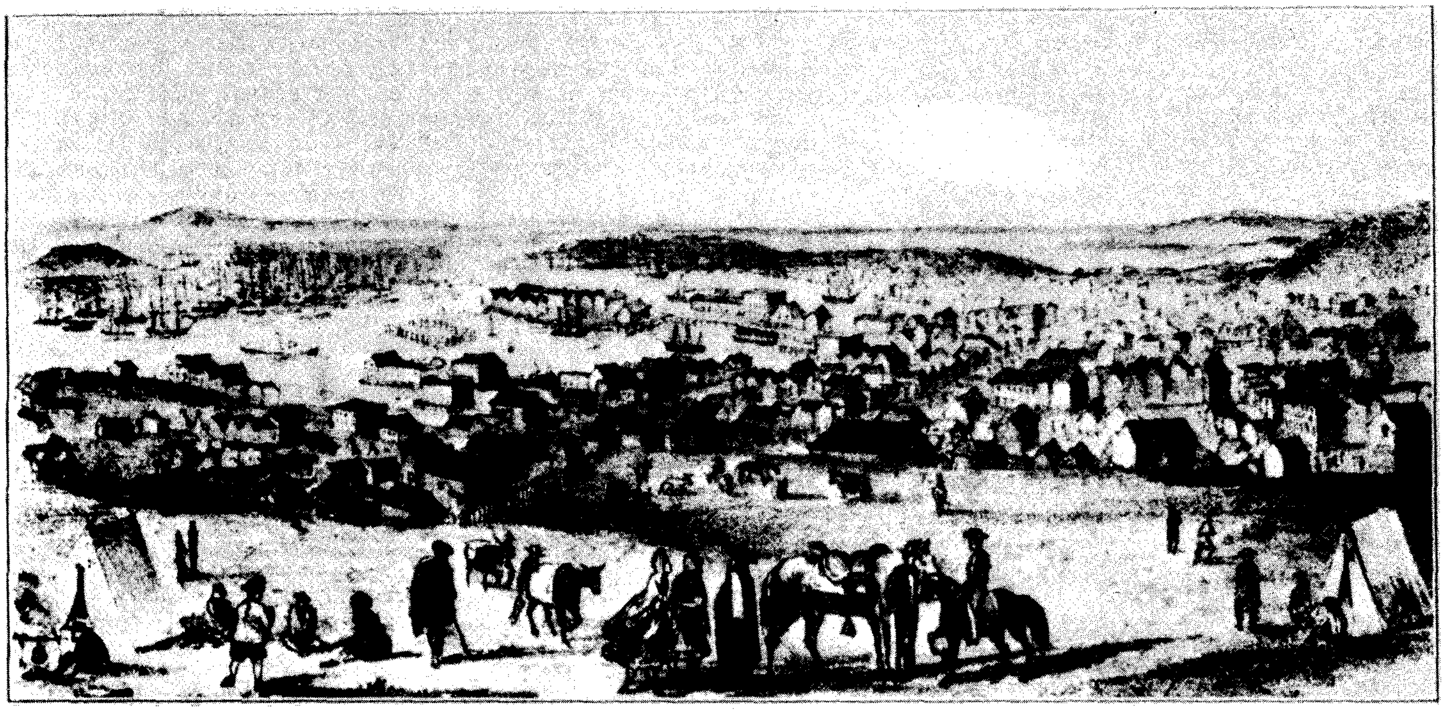
But the stations! The lonely huts of mud on the deserts—these were the objectives for plunder. And the men, or families, living in them—theirs were the bullets to chew. They waited, while the Indians planned, estimating what forces would be needed, what time would be most favorable to them. Then down they would swoop, presenting odds overwhelming; and, resistance or none, they were not always satisfied with just stock.

One rather pathetic account, amon many instances of such plundering, relates to a certain Camp Johnson in Texas Here, in a lonely adobe hut, lived a station master, three attendants, a wife, tw children, and two little pigs. This famil became aware of callers one morning a sunrise (September 2, 1859) when arrows and bullets from some thirty Indian announced them, several mounted warriors following up to the barricade door. Being invited to help themselve to the nine mules in the corral, they di so very promptly; then killed a bulloc and commenced to eat it on the spot.

A stage was due. It arrived in time t interrupt another firing upon the hous but too late to hope for a fresh team i its travels onward. . . . Swift-wagor The load had been increased by the won an and her children; the old team, wit perhaps eighteen miles to go, appeare scarcely able to put away the first them. The four men walked along in tl rear; and not far behind, waddling ai squeaking, came the pigs.

It was a part of the life of stati

Courtesy Bancroft Library



A lithograph of Old San Francisco originally in John M. Letts's *California Illustrated.*

dwellers; and along with the hundreds of horses and mules lost to the Indians by Butterfield & Company, there were some lives to go in the bargain. But there came a time near the end of the Southern régime, when the Apaches in the vicinity of the notorious Tucson-El Paso division, decided not to confine their hostilities to the stations alone. They openly declared war on all travel through their land.

THE TROUBLE had originated (February 1876) when an infantry detachment of sixty men under a certain Lieutenant Bascomb from Fort Buchanan had visited a party of Apaches near the station at Apache Pass, a point approximately forty miles east of Dragoon. The intention had been to recover a kidnapped Mexican boy; but the attempt proving futile, the troops moved off to encamp at the station, bringing with them six braves as reprisal. They had captured Chief Cochise himself; but he had escaped, and no doubt with some feeling of bitterness, and some thought of immediate revenge.

On the following afternoon (February 3) the stage from the east arrived some ours earlier than usual—a happening which may have saved the lives of all f its occupants. Apache Pass had long een recognized by emigrants as the most langerous stretch of trail along the route. t extended westward from the station, oursing darkly through the shadows of recipitous mountains for a distance of bout two miles. Slaughter here was as ld as travel; but due to a dearth of waer elsewhere, there was no possible deour. It had to be risked, and had been isked four times every week by the tages of Butterfield & Company.

This particular stage usually passed hrough at night. Now, in the late afteroon, it became plain to the driver that, hether or not he was stealing a march n the Indians, at least they had not executed him before dark. The road was blocked with great heaps of loose hay. Where the hay was not heaped, it was strewn; and leading off here and there were long spurs of it which, if set on fire, would soon have converted the entire area into flames. The victims, attempting to escape, would be clearly revealed by the blaze and be fired upon by an enemy they could not see. It was an old trick. And now, even in the absence of its success, there was reason enough for excitement among the passengers. They were clearing the road for the wagon, breaking on through, without knowing at what minute they might be flanked by a hundred arrows from the cliffs above. Soon, however, with the fire trap destroyed and behind them, they reached the west end of the pass. Here there had been an encampment of emigrants. Now there were only the remains. Nine of the unfortunates, chained to their wagon wheels, had been burned alive.

The stage clattered on. Another, from the opposite direction, met it shortly; but though it received the warning, including news of the massacre, all of its nine passengers were determined to risk the pass and reach the station that night. Superintendent William Buckley himself was aboard. They were all ready, they said, for the Indians.

It was perhaps well that they were. Into the echoing dark between the mountains, they had no sooner come upon the remnants of the blockade than the bullets and arrows began to fly. The driver lurched and reeled on the box, yet clung to his lines, cracking and laying on the whip, while a battery of rifles in the hands of his passengers blazed away behind him from both sides. A loud clattering speed was maintained for a moment. Then suddenly, everything was paralyzed. Two mules shot down, and a piled-up team!

To be halted thus in the midst of such a gauntlet, yet to retain still a hope of escape, was to make some demands upon Providence; but there was promise in the roar of a defensive fire under whose cover Buckley and several others were cutting out the disabled mules.

"All aboard!" The stage was again on its way. A wounded driver, urging on the exhausted remnants of his team, brought his passengers at last, unscathed, to Apache Pass Station. Bringing also the first news of the massacre to Lieutenant Bascomb, volunteer horsemen were dispatched toward Fort Buchanan for reinforcements. The stage proceeded no farther. The Butterfield route, for the first time in its history, was blocked.

On the following morning the Indians appeared near the station in large numbers, bearing a white flag; yet none of them would advance to speak their minds. Nor would Lieutenant Bascomb venture among them or allow any of his men to do so; but the station master and one of his assistants, together with F. J. Wallace, a stage driver, strode out, hailing several of the chiefs whom they recognized, and with whom they had been on friendly terms.

It proved a foolhardy move. The three men were seized. Of two who broke loose and fought clear, one was shot dead. The other, scaling a wall of the corral, toppled down the other side severely wounded. Wallace, the driver, was carried off as a prisoner—a subject, rather, for their cruelty. For when the troops from Fort Buchanan finally arrived, his body, together with the remains of three emigrants from the ravished train, was found staked out on the plains and torn by coyotes.

This offense having been promptly avenged by the hanging of the six Indian captives, bitterness grew. More stations were raided, another stage was attacked, another driver was severely wounded; and, later, Giddings of the San Antonio Mail, was shot and killed.

One rather spectacular encounter occurred early in April, this time about forty miles west of Tucson, where two score Apaches lay in ambush waiting for the stage. There were no passengers aboard. William Willis, the conductor, was sound asleep in one of the rear seats when the discharge of rifles aroused him. He awoke under a raking fire that extended for many yards down the road, and saw the body of the driver fall to the ground. Making his way forward, however, he managed to recover the lines and drive on. Fortunately, in this case, it was the team that the Indians wanted rather than vengeance. At least, none of the animals was wounded. Willis, too, by the grace of chance, was whirled through the gauntlet unscathed, arriving shortly at the refuge of Picacho del Tucson.

The few slight departures from schedule to be noted throughout the history of this southern mail may be ascribed mostly to this one brief period in the spring of sixty-one—the latter days of the line's existence. Formerly, month after month, the time of arrival at San Francisco and St. Louis varied mostly as the rate of speed was being steadily improved from twenty-four days to twenty-three, and thence to twenty-two. On many occasions, however, the mail came through in twenty-one days, and in several instances twenty. Overland stages of later days, given shorter routes, were to reduce this time to seventeen (Indians permitting) but, on the whole, they were not to equal this reliability. There was to be, in fact, no overland staging more efficient in its management or more worthy of praise than that under John Butterfield.

DR. TUCKER'S WILD RIDE

TO EMBARK on a journey which was to involve approximately twenty-six hundred miles of unceasing night-and-day travel by stage from San Francisco to where the rails began was to undertake, at least, a unique experience, and sometimes a real adventure.

"To many people, doubtless, who think more of their ease than they do of robust physical health, a stage ride of two thousand miles may seem a very formidable undertaking. But for those who have a liking for adventure, and a desire to see something of the world, a long ride of two or three weeks, practically in the open air . . . possesses a wonderful charm, especially in remembrance."

H. D. Barrows, writing for the Historical Society of Southern California, goes on to tell of his trip over the Butterfield route. It appears to have been one of almost unadulterated routine—day and night, jog and bump over the deserts. But it was, none the less, an experience which had added some color to the tapestry of his life. It was an experience which the world had never offered before and was not apt to offer again in the years to follow.

"I know what hell is like. I've had twenty-four days of it," was the comment of another passenger, who had, at any rate, to acknowledge a rare experience. But certainly a "robust physical health" was needed in order to sense any "wonderful charm." Indeed, out of half a dozen contemporaneous accounts, mostly from the writings of such hardy newspaper correspondents as the journals of the time demanded, there was none to show quite Mr. Barrow's appreciation. It would seem, in fact, that something more than physical health had been rather necessary.

"One poor fellow went crazy from loss of sleep, and to prevent mischief to himself and others we were obliged to strap him fast in the boot and leave him at the next station"—this from the writings of Dr. J. C. Tucker, reminiscing for the San Francisco *Argonaut* in later days. Dr. Tucker's story is perhaps the most graphic of all, his adventures having been well worth the price of his ticket. Out of Syracuse, Missouri (to which point the railroad from St. Louis had been extended during the year fifty-nine), he set forth aboard "an elegant Concord coach" and behind "six spirited horses." Over the level pampas roads of Missouri and down through Arkansas he traveled to the commencement of a romance which is quoted here at length.

Shortly after crossing the Red River [he writes] we took aboard a party of four—two men and two women—all French. We three men who occupied the back seat, at once placed it at the disposal of these unexpected lady passengers and their escort. While politely acknowledging—in their own tongue—the courtesy, the party at once assumed an utter exclusiveness of manner and ignorance of English. The *patois* of the elder woman and man proclaimed their Canadian origin. The younger man of about thirty-five years, was evidently a Parisian—a haughty, supercilious fellow, who saw nothing but the young and handsome French girl.

But the bright, black eyes of the girl saw everything. Evidently she was fresh from some rural province in France, and hugely enjoyed the novelty of border life in this country.

"Mon Dieux—c'est extraordinaire!" was her constant exclamation.

Somewhere about here, we took on a typical border man—a tall, handsome young fellow in boots and buckskins, bound for his ranch in Texas. With Western familiarity, he was at once addressed as "Texas," as I was saluted as "California."

A few miles farther, a fat German Jew boarded us. It was raining, and this party—now all inside—filled the coach. "Dutchy," as Texas at once irreverently called our two-hundred-pound Teutonic acquisition, insisted upon sitting at the door in the middle seat, and Texas discomfited himself in the middle to give him the fresh air he wanted. It was sultry and close already, but when the rain began to pour down in torrents, and it became necessary to close the windows, it was stifling. The Americans passed around their flasks, joked and told stories. The Frenchmen distantly rejected, in French, all approach at companionship, while Dutchy disagreeably growled at the want of room and air.

Informed by the driver that the French party were professional gamblers, it was not surprising that our handsome Texan was soon broadly returning the admiring glances of the pretty, vivacious French girl. Texas was a blonde—straight, aristocratic features, well browned and bearded, with graceful curling hair falling upon his broad shoulders. His manly, well-developed figure, set off to advantage by the picturesque buckskin costume, long boots and belted weapons, was one calculated, at any time, to attract a woman's attention. Besides all that, while he was evidently educated and well-bred, there was an air of recklessness, and impulsive good nature in every act and word. By the time we took supper at a station near Texarkansas, the Frenchmen were furious. Evidently the men regretted their asserted—"No speak English."

We all wanted to smoke, but the presence of the women restrained us. Just then Dutchy pulled an enormous pipe from his pocket, and, deliberately loading, proceeded to light and smoke it, despite the remonstrances of all. The *"Mon Dieux"* of the women and the curses of the men only caused Dutchy to open his window to a torrent of rain and wind. Suddenly, Texas snatched the pipe from his mouth and flung it through the window.

Dutchy was disposed to fight, but was deterred by a general acceptance of responsibility by all of the men. After indulging in considerable abuse, which Texas good-naturedly returned, Dutchy slewed himself around with his back against the door, took a big pull at his flask, and grumbled himself to sleep.

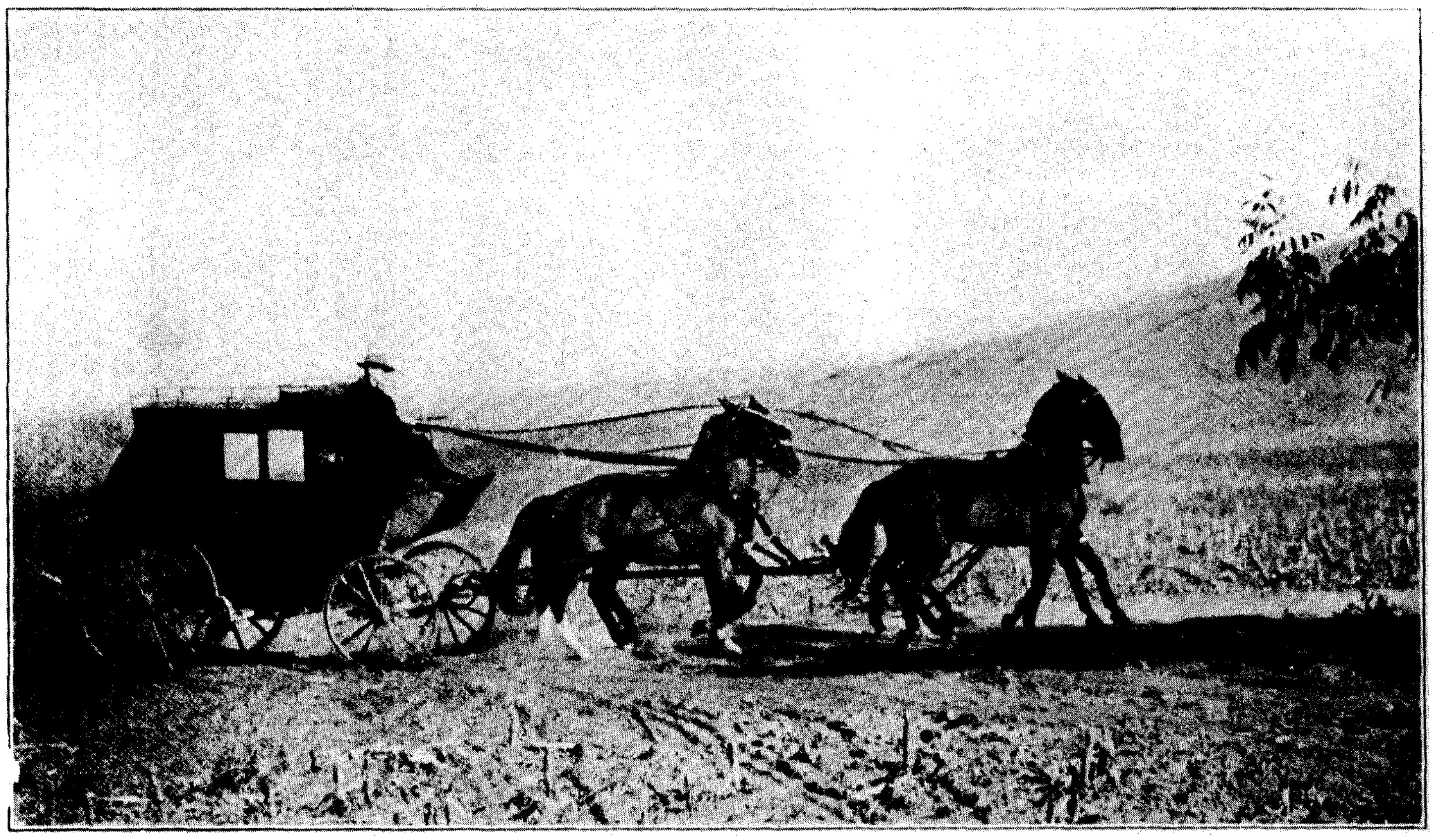
His snoring was equal to trombone practice and so annoying that Texas finally said: "We'll have to get shut of this porker."

Quietly reaching behind Dutchy, he turned the door-catch nearly around. The next jolt . . . the door gave way, and out went Dutchy heels over head into the road.

Texas at once sprang out, helped him up, and in a tone of bantering solicitude, inquired if he was hurt. Dutchy fairly foamed with rage and charged us all with an attempt to kill him. So violent was he that we would not allow him to re-ente the stage, insisting upon his riding out side, which he did to the next statio where he started off—the driver said—to get out warrants for the arrest o Texas and California for assault. W stopped here but a few moments; th driver did not care to wait for anybody he said, and so drove off, leaving Dutch behind.

THE FLIRTATION between the Frenc girl and Texas, by no means unob served by her attendants, was warming t a dangerous temperature. The little atten tions of a wild flower, a helping hand, o an admiring glance, which the dashin Texas managed to give her, elicited oat garnished rebukes in furious French. T stage had—the driver called out—roll across the boundary line into the gre state of Texas. It was nearing suns and the plain seemed alive with rabbit antelope, and wild turkeys. In a low tre quite near the road sat an immense haw As we passed it, he slowly rose in flig [and] one of the men said: "There's fine shot!" Texas was sitting at the do window upon that side. He pulled

Photo by Keystone



Concord "Hack Passenger Wagon," a type of stage reproduced with slight changes from old Abbot-Downing drawings.

pistol and with a quick, chance shot, knocked the great bird's head off. Unquestionably an excellent shot, he himself candidly admitted that chance had much to do with the decapitation. Nevertheless, it was noticed that the pretty French girl smiled approvingly and received less frowning censure.

As the dead bird's mate rose just beyond, Texas motioned to the girl to shoot it, at the same time tendering the girl his pistol. Instantly the younger man thrust the revolver aside, exclaiming, in excellent English:

"D---n you, don't address this lady!"

For a moment the men glared at each other, and then Texas, breaking into a laugh, quietly replaced the pistol in his belt.

"Well, Frenchy, you *do* speak English well enough to apologize at the next station," he said.

The Frenchman made no reply, but at once entered into a violent altercation with his companion. Above the woman's sobs, my limited knowledge of French enabled me to understand the fierce lenunciations of the infuriated lover of Marie.

A half-hour of grim oppressiveness 'ollowed, and then the horn sounded our pproach to the supper station. Both nen were evidently brave and determined o come together when the women should e out of the way. As the stage stopped, Texas sprang out first and at once passed ack of the station house. I was about to ollow when the older Frenchman laid is hand upon my arm. "I wish to speak 'ith you, sir, immediately I escort these idies to the house," he said.

I bowed in reply, and he was again 'ith me in a minute.

"Your friend, Texas, he must give my friend the satisfaction—here—now!"

"That depends upon his wishes," I replied, "after you have explained to him the blood-thirsty desires of your friend. I think Texas will know how to act for himself."

"I will see him," exclaimed the Frenchman, and he followed Texas behind the house.

In a few moments they returned together, and Texas called to me.

"Cal, this fellow brings me a challenge to fight with pistols before we eat our supper. I'm ready. Will you act for me?"

Expressing my regrets at the serious turn of affairs and finding compromise rejected by both parties, I reluctantly assented to his request.

"Now," said Texas, taking me aside, "these fellows are gamblers and not entitled to code recognition. There is a large empty corral back of the house; it has two gates opposite each other—north and south. Tell Frenchy to bring his fighting man to the south gate, and you put me into the north entrance. Then see that Frenchy don't interfere, and I'll fix the other frog-eater."

Returning to the elder Frenchman, I explained the conditions my principal demanded—a free fight to death.

"No, *monsieur*, it is barbarous—impossible," he replied. "I have the beautiful pistols made to fight the duel. We will fight only with these, like gentlemen, not with revolvers."

"No," I said. "Texas will fight your friend only in the way I've stated. If you don't accept, he will slap your friend's face before the ladies, and force him to use the revolver he carries. Texas knows your profession, and does not recognize you as gentlemen. Besides, we are the challenged party, and have the choice of weapons."

For a moment rage made the Frenchman speechless; then he hissed through his teeth: "D---n the man, he shall be shot in the corral like the beast he is. I will instantly bring my friend to the south gate."

As he turned to go, I said: "One moment—let us understand our position, also, in this affair. We are simply to see that our principals, when they once enter the corral by opposite gates, are to fight it out, unmolested. Until, through agreement or death, they cease fighting neither of us shall enter the corral. Any violation of this agreement will bring us into conflict, also. Do you clearly understand? . . ."

"*Oui, je comprends,*" he replied as he walked toward the house.

Whatever their profession, these Frenchmen were brave men, and it was with great apprehension of disaster that I returned to Texas who remained by the north gate of the corral.

He had not much more than given me his address and that of a friend, to whom I was to write should he be killed, before we saw the two Frenchmen approaching the opposite gate.

These entrances were quite two hundred feet apart, the ground level and unobstructed. Throwing my handkerchief into the air as a signal, the two combatants entered almost simultaneously and opposite each other, They had their revolvers cocked, the Frenchman carrying his raised for a drop, while Texas held his by his side for a rising shot. Sheltered by the heavy gate-posts from flying balls, we seconds watched the principals, who cautiously walked toward each other across the broad corral. While the Frenchman, with upraised pistol, and eyes gleaming malignant hatred, was edging sideways across the tract, Texas was carelessly and rapidly approaching him with square front.

Suddenly the Frenchman dropped his revolver and quickly fired two shots. At the second discharge, Texas half-wheeled to the left and staggered. His exposed left arm was shattered near the wrist.

As if realizing his carelessness before, Texas now sprang forward several paces and fired. Almost the same instant the Frenchman's pistol spoke, but neither was touched.

The blood was pouring from Texas' wounded arm as he again sprang several yards nearer his antagonist, who paused, and they quickly fired together. The Frenchman's shot knocked off Texas' hat; but as yet the Frenchman was unhurt.

Then Texas dropped upon one knee, and setting his revolver across his wounded arm, fired with deliberate aim. His antagonist was, at the moment, also in the act of firing, but Texas' bullet reached his heart before he could press the trigger. Throwing his arms wildly in the air, the Frenchman fell dead.

The firing had attracted all of the inmates of the station—not more than half-a-dozen. These—with the two French women—quickly surrounded the fallen man. The driver had eaten his supper, fresh horses were in harness, and Texas and myself could only squeeze some food and jump into the coach, as the six wild mustangs started off on a fierce gallop. I also carried off the roller-towel and some shingles to splint the broken arm.

The French party remained behind; we saw nothing more of them. Of their history from the driver, an old Santa Fé trader, we heard much. He had known the men as hard cases for many years upon the border. The older woman dealt faro for them, while the younger was doubtless a new acquisition. The men had a wild reputation for bravery and skill with weapons, and had killed many men. They were typical characters of that day—the well dressed border tigers that met debauchery or death with equal nonchalance.

DR. TUCKER might have met adventure of the more typical kind had he proceeded by the customary route, the notorious Fourth Division, but—

Owing to the Indian troubles and a burned station, we were obliged to cross the Rio Grande just east of El Paso, and go down into Mexico for a day. There was a slight delay in getting horses, but, at a ranch, the usual untamed mustangs were initiated into the harness, and after piling up in a heap a few times, started off. [It was undoubtedly due to the Indian troubles that Dr. Tucker met so many "untamed mustangs." When stage horses were broken in it was the custom to hook them up along with two or four well-trained animals—this for obvious reasons. "Mustangs," moreover, would have been phenomenal if they existed on the Butterfield or any other first-class line. Strangely, the term "mustang" has appealed to writers more than the animals themselves ever appealed to stage-men.] Once started the horses seldom relaxed their gallop until a steep mountain or a station was reached. Once a poor animal dropped dead, and we were obliged to assist the driver in reharnessing but four horses, turning the fifth one loose. We were now in thorough-brace mud-wagons. The mail-bags left scarcely room for our feet; while the seats were narrow for three occupants each. Seated upon the outside end, I tied a hay rope across to keep from falling against the wheel.

Up and down the mountains, through the valleys, streams and gorges, forest and deserts, on we rolled, day and night, seldom stopping more than ten minutes at any station. Our approach to one was heralded by a horn; a fresh team was ready-harnessed; our bacon and slapjack, with a bottle of coffee, ready for us to take into the stage, and the new and impatient driver's "All aboard!" left little margin of time. Twice only we had an opportunity to bathe—by stripping and jumping into a river we forded.

The wearied gunner can sleep beneath his bellowing gun, the sailor amid the roar of ocean storm, but three on a seat in an open mud-wagon, tearing ten miles an hour through a wild country, is a situation calculated to set at defiance any such rest. Youth, health, and trained endurance of loss of sleep in professional clinics, somewhat fortified me, but the extended suffering was intense and poignant beyond description. Greeley's wild ride down the Sierras, with the famous stage driver Hank Monk, was railroading to the bounding we experienced. Three in a row, and actuated by the same instantaneous impulse, we would solemnly rise from our seats, bump our heads against the low roof, and returning, vigorously ram against the rising seats we had incontinently left. You never encroached upon your neighbor, but upon waking you seldom failed to find him lying across you or snoring an apology into your ear. For we did sleep, somehow. The horribly weird feeling that accompanies the effort to resist slumber would give way for a few moments, and the blissful calm of a storm-tossed vessel gliding into quiet waters would fall upon our weary senses. Often did I wake refreshed by a seeming sleep of hours of dreaming, to be told by my watch that minutes only had elapsed. One poor fellow went crazy from loss of sleep. Texas suffered acutely with his wound [but] after the crazy man left, was less crowded and more at ease. He got off at Deming. A brave and manly fellow, I was glad years after to meet him in California, when he renewed his expressions of friendship and gratitude for my friendly surgical aid. He had become a staid and wealthy cotton-owner in Texas.

Dr. Tucker's dreary ride on over the deserts of California was one of the usual monotony. In the outskirts of San Francisco, at last, the stage was met by Mr. E. S. Alvord, vice-president (or chief superintendent) of the Overland Mail Company; but the doctor concludes:

I much fear that at the time we failed to appreciate his courtesy. Just then we were happy to arrive and could appreciate almost anything—except a stage and a stage company's vice-president.

THE WHIP OF MAJORS AND RUSSELL

BUCHANAN PLAYS THE PONIES

THE OVERLAND mail program of 1858 involved such a splurge of stage lines over the southern deserts that any little crust of consideration favoring the central plains must have come hard.

The Southern system, with the year just starting, had already the Santa Fé & Independent Mail, the El Paso & Santa Fé Mail, and the San Antonio & San Diego Mail. In September, of course, there would be the prodigious Butterfield creation; yet, as though all this were not enough, there was on the Postmaster-General's lavish bill of fare a line which, though scarcely mentionable for its utter uselessness and consummate failure, was to star in October with monthly trips between Kansas City and Stockton, California, by way of Albuquerque, New Mexico. All this was to cost the Government, disregarding appropriations for roads and wells, an annual expenditure of about one million one hundre thousand dollars.

Added to this extravagant outlay, however, were further appropriations: $320,000 annually for overland mails in th North—the result of unforeseen circumstances which the Buchanan factions di well to view with alarm.

If the South were to have her Pacifi Railroad—*in* the South, for the South of and by the nation—it behooved he now to countenance the roughshod meth ods of her political exponents in Wash ington; to tolerate such obvious legei demain as had enabled them to dictat the route for Butterfield and thus t bring home the spoils. It behooved th Cotton States, in a word, to grab whil their hands were in the basket, and t waste no time even in a statesmanlik gesture. Clearly, there was no time t lose.

Something was bound to occur in tl North which might advertise, beyor hope of further disguise, a strange od in the cabinet of His Excellency.

Given, for example, a mere line of r lay horses strung in the hit-or-mi fashion along the Central route; giv also a season of the year when the sno of the Sierra Nevada and Salt Lake r gions would be most "impassable" in t eyes of the Buchanan forces; given th and a challenge to Butterfield & Co pany! A challenge for a fair and squa horse race, as an impromptu winter spo across the continent, the long Southe route against the short but chilly C tral!

In view of the improvements bei

made on the latter, makeshift and frail though they were, only a small sum of the money would be needed to stock the line for such a contest, and to bring perhaps certain ridicule upon the whole Southern system, the hope for a Southern railroad. It was unthinkable.

And yet it happened—a horse-race melodrama of real life; of virtue, therefore, unrewarded; but with a real villain in it, stealing "the papers," as it will be seen, from "the child"!

Since the summer of 1850 and over a period of nearly eight years the Government had been obliged to maintain for the sake of the Mormons a crude monthly mail service between Independence, Missouri and Salt Lake City. And since the spring of the following year over a similar period, a service of ruder type had existed onward to California. Mail over the latter section had been carried on mule-back or, at times through the mountains, on man-back, coursing more often than not an old Mormon trail leading southwestward from Salt Lake to the southern part of California. Over the other—the eastern section, which followed the main emigrant routes—the line ad been equipped generally with a few overed wagons and mule teams. But not ore than $50,000 a year, to include eavy contractors' indemnities, had been he average cost of this whole service to he Government.

Both lines were so primitive in nature hat a time allowance of nearly two onths between the Pacific and Missouri ermini had proved none too liberal. Car-iers bound for Salt Lake over one of hese joint lines had been known to turn ack and forward the mail by sea around o the other. They had been known to ibernate for several months in the ourse of a single journey. Naturally the ervice had won few friends beyond the alls of the National Capitol.

But here, oddly, were those who pinned pon it a great deal of faith and reliance. hat is to say, they could rely upon it to e wholly unreliable. For the grim trials nd tribulations of carriers they could ell afford to recommend the payment f attractive indemnities and thus feed e files of the Post-Office Department ith records to prove the awful nature the Central route! It might appear, deed, that these pioneer carriers were e lodestars of anything but the developents that later arose in their trials. or had the Pioneer Line provided any mediate incentive for extending the heel tracks onward. It had opened a gotiable gateway into northern Calirnia and was already commencing to urish, but it had not yet improved itlf sufficiently to be wholly winteroof. Officially, moreover, it simply sn't being recognized—wasn't being scussed among the best people of Washgton, D. C.

HE GOOD SAMARITAN for the Central—the effectual and immediate d-send—was, as it happened, the "Morn Rebellion." It was not such a benetor as other ill winds were to be— Civil War, for example; but this st windfall had sufficed to set the War partment before Congress with demands for means of rapid and frequent communication eastward and westward from the headquarters of the American troops near the Mormon stronghold of Salt Lake. It was a pressing military need. Congress was obliged to act, and the Postmaster-General to contract for another stage line across the wilderness.

So it was in April of 1858—the month before peace was made with the Latter-day Saints—that an agreement was signed and the first stageman was created for the "Central Overland."

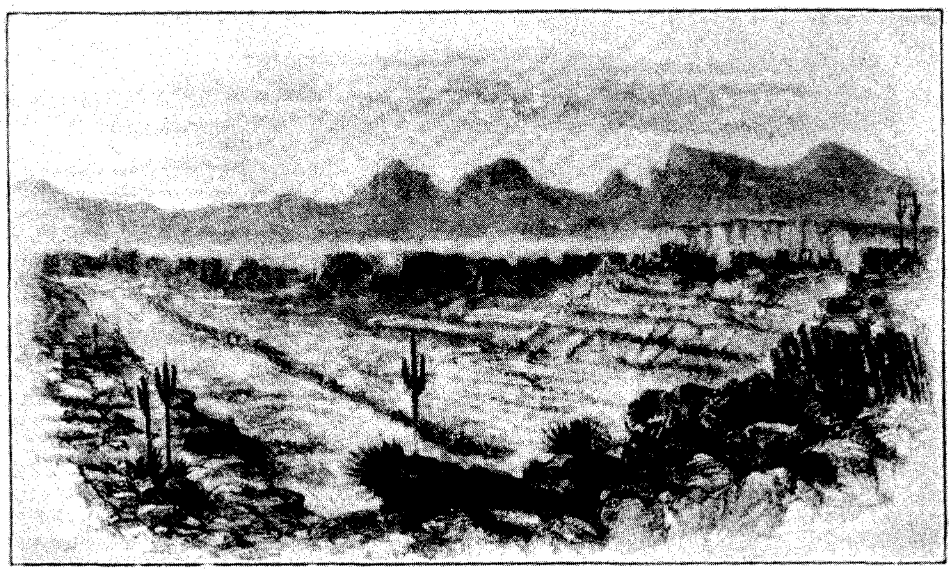
He was John M. Hockaday of Missouri, a young law student barely twenty-one years old, who had done better, perhaps, to have remained with his studies. But as the head of a firm, he had agreed to perform a twenty-two-day service between the Missouri River and Salt Lake City, at a compensation of $190,000 a year.

In June, though by now the Mormons had accepted the President's pardon, the military need of communication remained; and the western section of the joint mail routes was the next to be improved. George Chorpenning, a pioneer carrier of the earliest and longest standing in this region, took over a new contract whose annual $130,000 subsidy called for a sixteen-day weekly stage service between Salt Lake and Placerville, following the old emigrant trail along the dreary Humboldt, and doubling over the tracks of the Pioneer stage line upon crossing the high Sierra Nevadas.

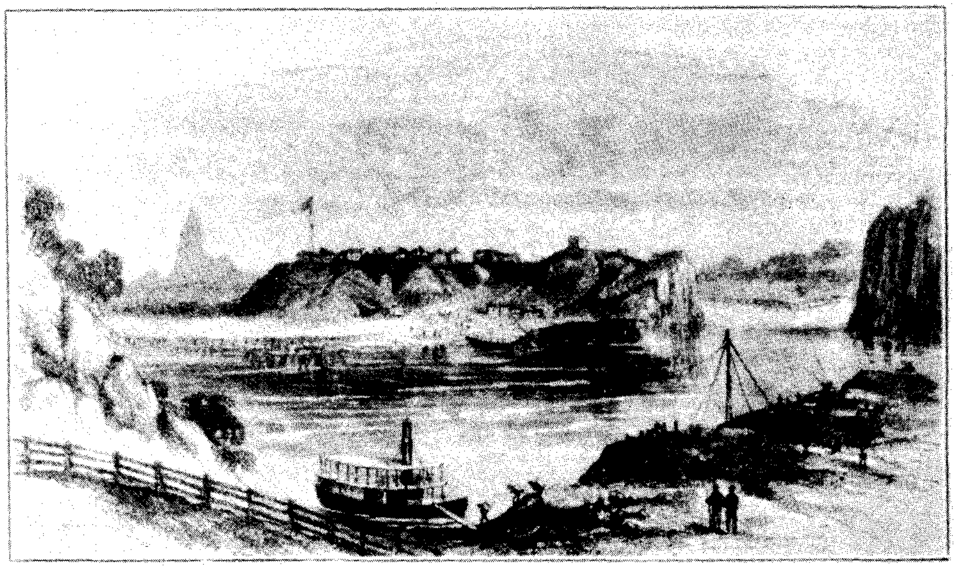
It was in the following month—weeks before Butterfield had completed his preparations for action in the South—that both the Hockaday and Chorpenning lines were actually running. There was a weekly service between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Placerville, California, on the first Central Overland stage line, the mail coming through within the thirty-eight days allowed by the two combined schedules.

Needless to say, it was no speed to

Both photos Courtesy Bancroft Library



Original illustrations from *Adventures In The Apache Country*, by J. Ross Browne. Along the Gila (above) and Fort Yuma (below).



boast of in the presence of Butterfield men. They had had a full year to prepare the Southern line, and large capital by which to stock it; while the Central, on the strength of pinch-penny financing, had had scarcely enough time to set up tents for stations at intervals to average sixty or seventy miles—sixty or seventy as opposed to the Butterfield eighteen! Over one three-hundred-mile stretch along the Humboldt, Chorpenning had no relays at all.

Conditions would be ameliorated; but if these contractors dared to invest capital for improvements beyond their barest needs, they would be treading upon very dangerous ground. It was within the power of the administration to reduce the compensation along with the service at any time; and at no time would the political powers be more apt to do so, as history was soon to make clear, than in the face of any threatening opposition by the Central to the Southern route.

Better, indeed, had they infringed on their contracts and brought down the wrath of the press, than to have done what they actually did, as though in defiance of the reluctant hands that fed them. They gave far better service than their agreements called for. It appeared as though they couldn't help it. Stock might stray from drunken tenders, old wagons might break down, mail parties might rest in camp every night, and count it as fortunate if a forty-eight hour trek provided fresh teams; still the mail *persisted* in beating the schedule by several days or more.

Meanwhile Chorpenning was buying new stages, of the ambulance type, with accommodations for sleepers. Improvidently, too, he was shortening his route by one hundred miles, and planning to shorten it much further. He was driving, while the world cheered him onward, to his ruin. West-bound, his stages had been hauling around the *north* of Salt Lake into Idaho, passing through the hostile Goose Creek Mountains before reaching the head of the Humboldt. By eliminating the mountains, which he promptly did, the whole distance was cut from 850 to about 750 miles. Further than this, he proposed to pass south of Salt Lake, and south also of the Humboldt—the route to be coursed eventually by the Pony Express.

WITH no more staging facilities than were warranted by the two Central contracts; with no more staging experience than could be boasted by either contractor; and with scarcely a pretense of competing with Southern interests, the dreadful probability was that a casual twenty-five-day service here was forthcoming.

But so was winter. The Buchanan forces may have smiled with the thought of winter. This winter especially. It was bearing down with a cold in the North "unprecedented" in the estimate of "the oldest inhabitants." Some fury had turned on the blizzards and left them running.

But the mail ran faster. It ran all the season. It ran, as even the Postmaster-General was obliged to concede, with such "remarkable regularity as to merit special commendation" (if not the guillotine!). "It has received from the people of California the warmest applause and called forth public demonstrations of a most enthusiastic character."

One occasion found Hockaday's stages running so foolishly fast, and another, Chorpenning's running so much faster, that to combine these record trips of winter was to count the joint schedules beaten by thirteen days, with positive proof, therefore, that the Central—the forlorn and cringing Central—could in winter exact the demands imposed upon its Southern rival. There was, as the great bulk of all contemporaneous records show, an unqualified victory for the short line; and only upon one occasion had any energetic attempt been made to suggest the real possibilities.

That was the time of the horse-race across the continent—a melodrama that spoke an eloquent volume in one short, tragic act, wherein the *villain* stole *the papers* from an under-nourished, undeveloped, virtuous, and innocent Hockaday-Chorpenning *child.*

The occasion arose in contemplation of Buchanan's annual message—its dispatch over the plains to California.

It was known that George Chorpenning and Hockaday & Company had pooled about $8,000 between them for the purpose of making a record delivery and a cold winter's exhibition of speed. No doubt they were licking their chops as they stocked their lines with fleet saddle horses, providing relays at intervals of about eighteen miles. The indefatigable J. B. Crandall, having sold his interest in the Pioneer (to a Louis Brady & Company) to become a superintendent for Chorpenning, supervised much of the work. Experienced riders to include Howard Egan, Lot Huntington, and his brother of the later-famed "Pony Express," were enlisted and given the orders: "Don't mind a few horses—put the message through."

Fifteen days between St. Joseph and Placerville was the hope. Considering the season, it was an extravagant hope. Butterfield proceeded, therefore, to post riders and fast saddle animals along his own line from St. Louis to San Francisco; while the new Tehuantepec steamers prepared and proposed to beat both!

It was planned that all contestants were to start simultaneously. Advance copies of the President's message had been promised. Before being released to the Eastern press, they were to be on the roads to California. Special agents were appointed by the parties concerned—one by President Buchanan to handle all copies of the document, and to accommodate the protagonists according to their mutual understanding so that there would be fair play.

On the morning of December 6, 1858, the Tehuantepec liner was steaming up in her dock at New York. The Hockaday courier from St. Joseph had come all the way down to the Butterfield terminus of St. Louis with orders not to start thence with the document until the Southern messenger was on his way.

The Tehuantepec steamer pulled out that morning. The Butterfield carrier did likewise. And left the Central route man standing with an empty stare, and emptier hands—there was to be no President's message entrusted with him!

There was a hitch, some mistake, of course. Anything else seemed too mean a thing to be credible. St. Louis correspondents, later explaining the juggling were not believed in California even by the papers that published their writings —not until one corroboration was heaped upon another, and there was only one thing to believe:

President Buchanan had "refused a copy of his message to go by the Central Overland Route via Salt Lake, although urged to do so."

One account charged bribery, laying the guilt in part on Buchanan's appointed agent; but whatever the facts of the case may have been (biographers of Buchanan don't discuss them), the Hockaday courier did not start on his way until, in the ordinary course of events, he was given a copy of the message by a newspaper editor. And it was not until the fourteenth of the month, not until the Butterfield rider had been more than a week on the road, that the Central route pony was enabled to spring away from th river bank at St. Joseph.

On Christmas night, which followe five weeks of incessant blizzard, its ride came lunging through the drifts into Sal Lake City, where the Chorpenning pon stood ready to receive and carry on.

Almost within the same hour, however the President's great message, by th Butterfield route, reached San Francisco It was in the fastest time that had eve been achieved over any route, includin the sea, to California, beating the Tehuantepec steamer by several days. Th Butterfield line held the record.

But it was a record smartly broke on New Year's Day when the Chorpenning pony came whisking his tail int Placerville—seventeen days and twelv hours from St. Joseph, beating the Bu terfield time by two days and its ow contract schedule by twenty days, in spi of the villain and the papers.

The cry rang out for a just recogn tion of this feat, though it was far le emphatic than it might have been given ordinary justice at the startin point, so that the race in its finish cou have told. But it could be argued, no the less, that if the Central held the wi ter record in its present condition, wh chance had Butterfield? If his oppone could better or even equal his time at th season, what would happen in summer?

Perhaps certain politicians knew. Pe haps the strange manner in which t President had *delivered* his message the Californians was more to the poi than anything in the message itself. was Horace Greeley of the New Yo *Tribune* who believed it very unw for a government thus to run in op sition to itself. The Government may ha taken this to heart; for it acted eff tively toward an early adjustment this rather vexing affair. Chorpenn and Hockaday should have known bet than to play the ponies with His cellency.

—To be continued in the Winter I *Old West.*

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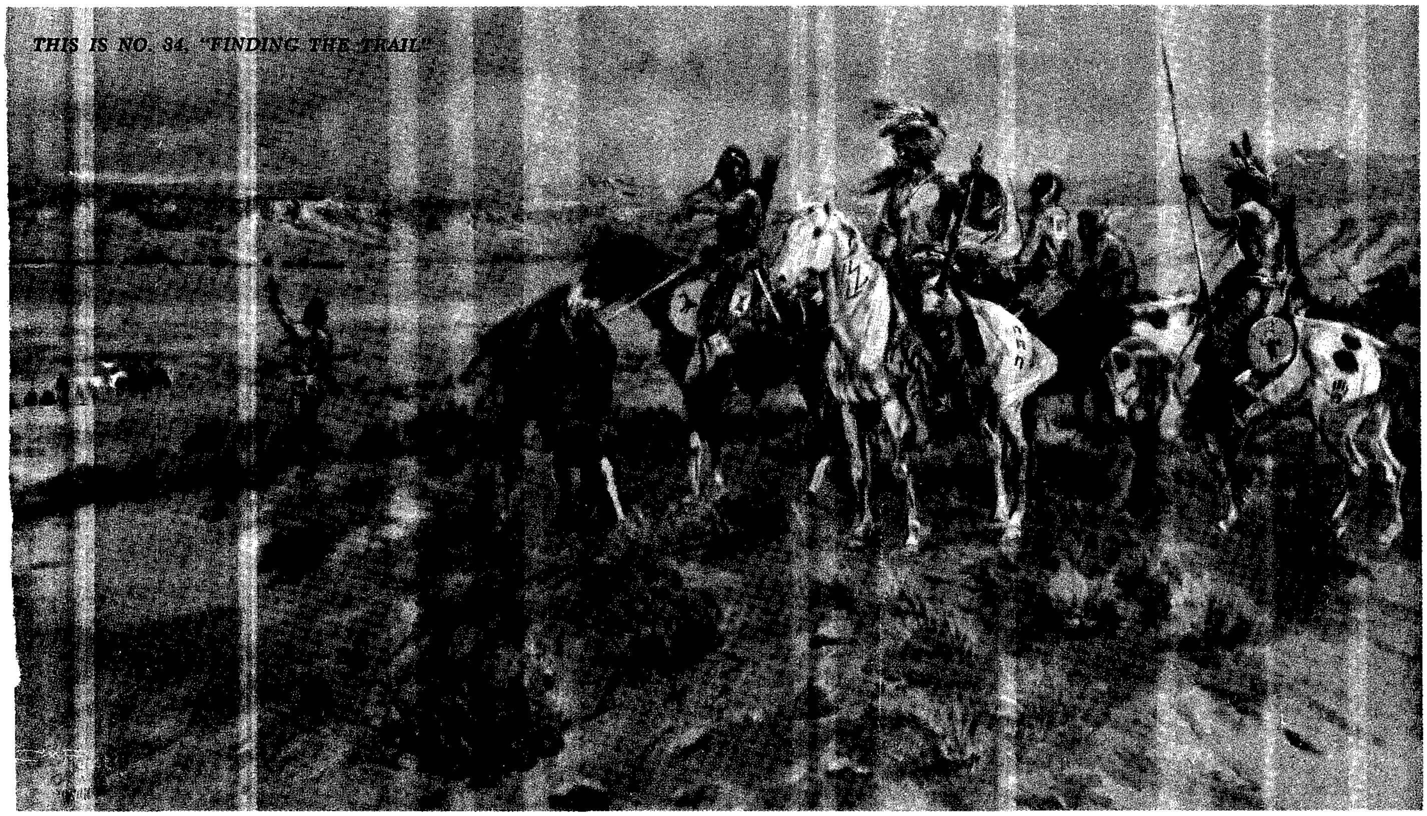

THIS IS NO. 34, "FINDING THE TRAIL"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½

77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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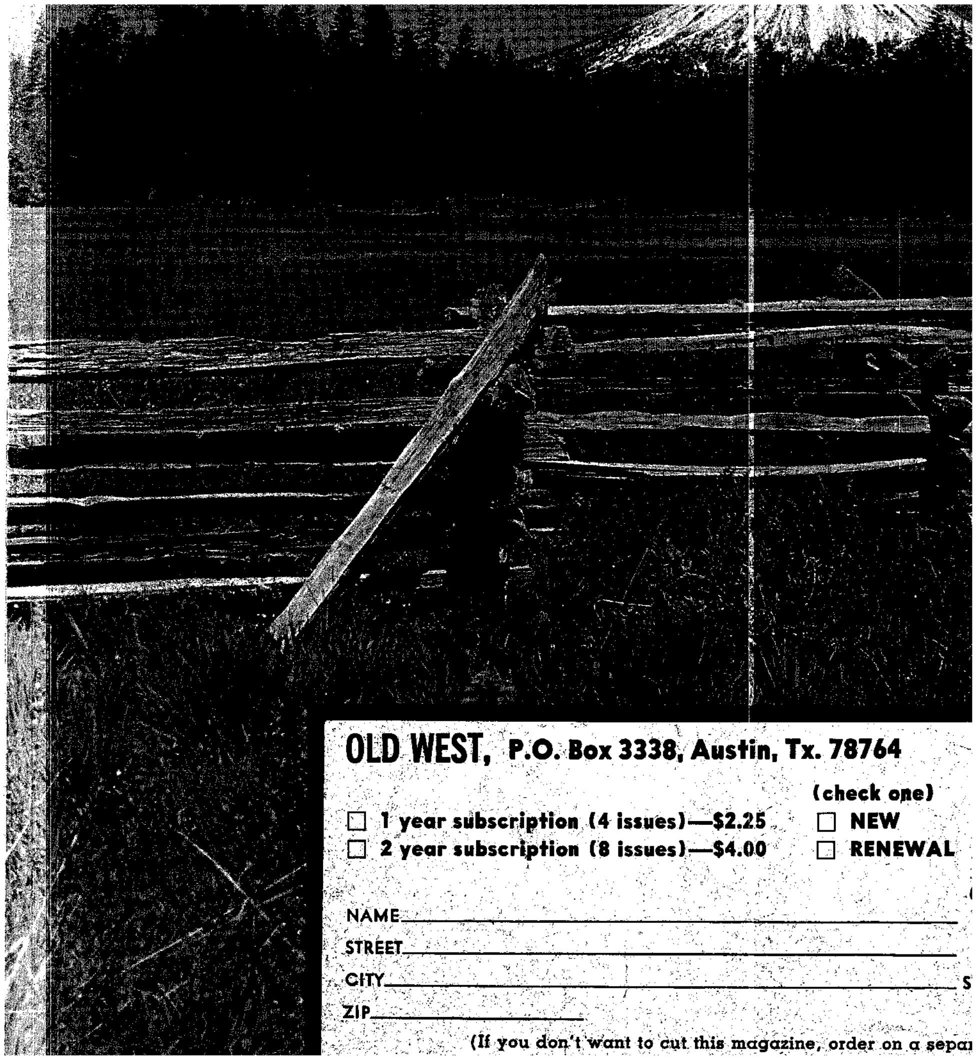

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